CLASSIC
G.I.JOE
2
VOLUME

# CLASSIC G.I. JOE

## VOLUME 2

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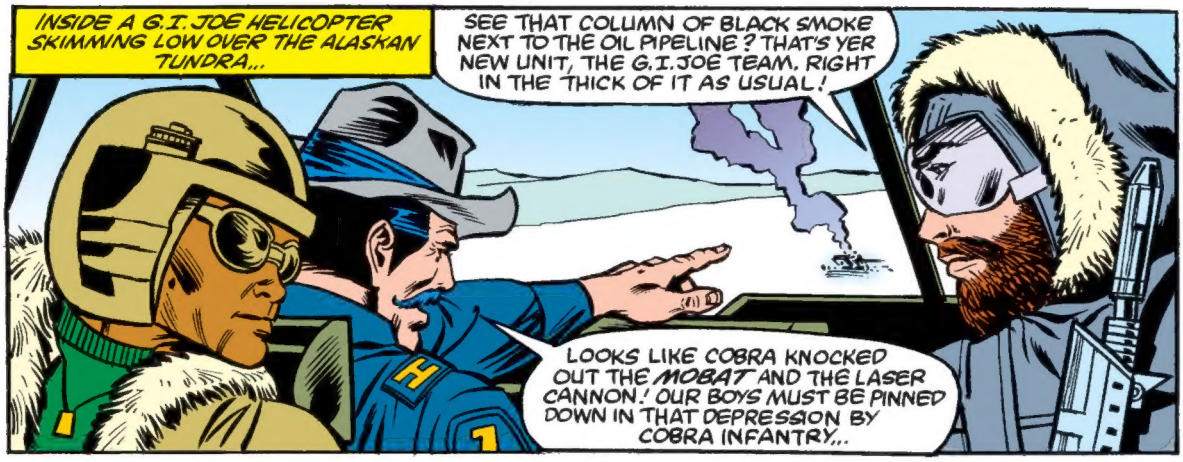


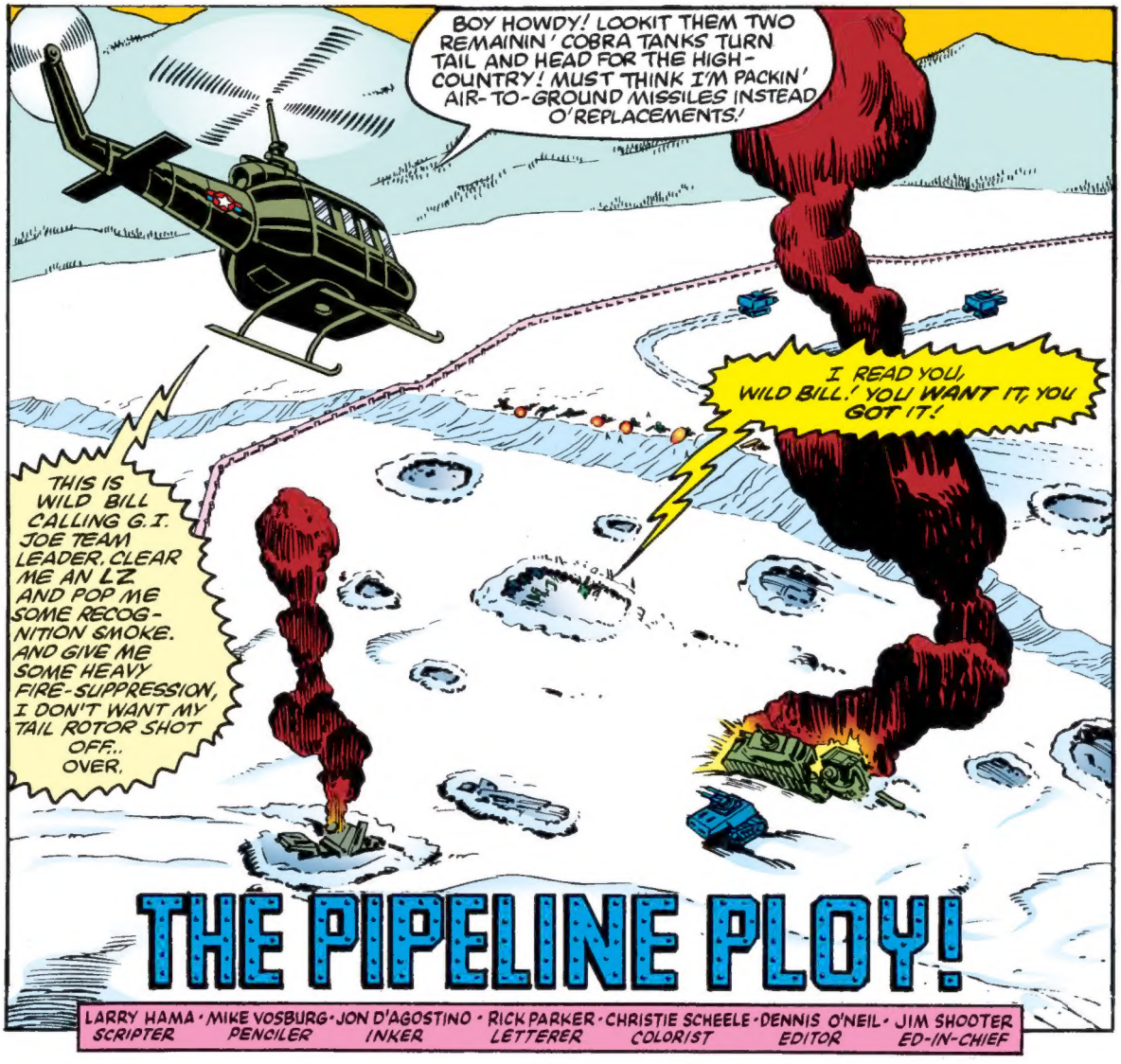


# THE PIPELINE PLOY!

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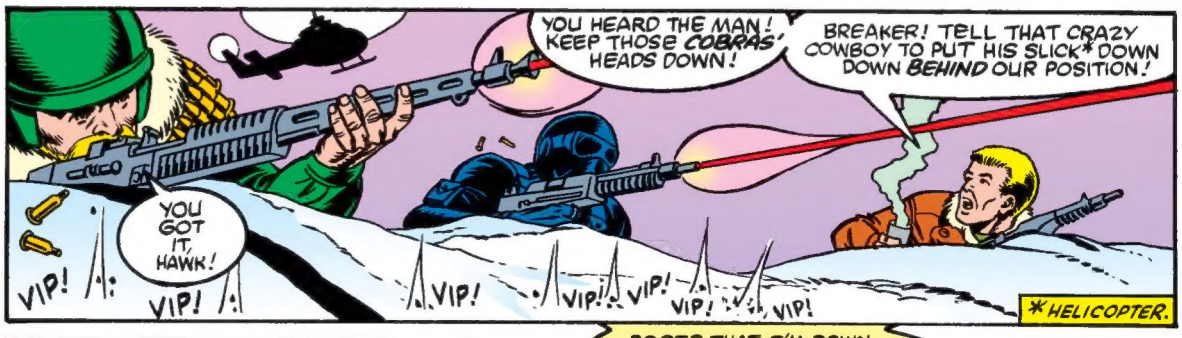
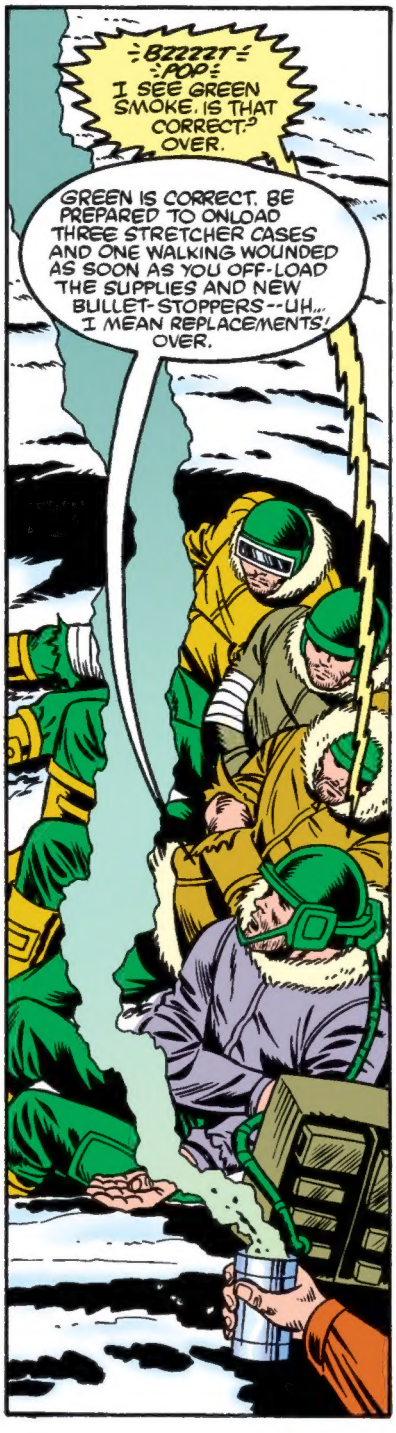
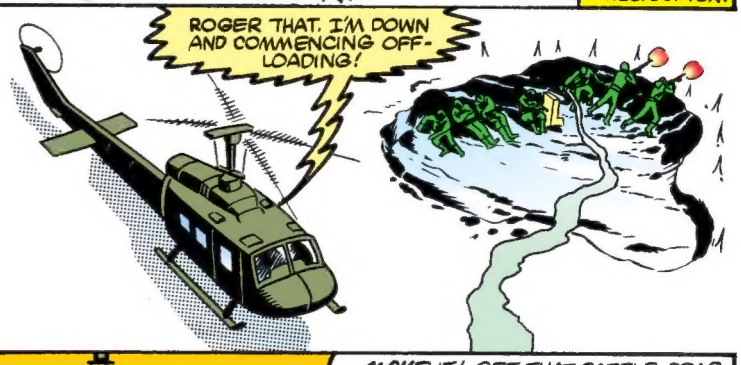
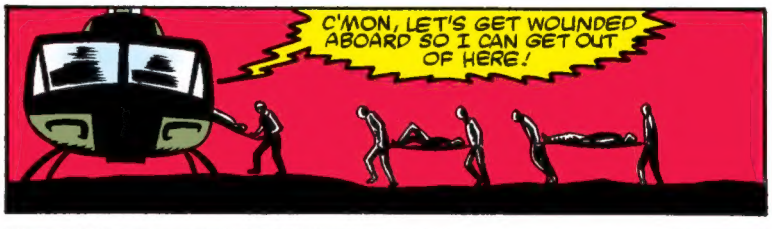

YOU HEARD THE MAN! KEEP THOSE COBRAS' HEADS DOWN!
BREAKER! TELL THAT CRAZY COWBOY TO PUT HIS SLICK* DOWN DOWN BEHIND OUR POSITION!
YOU GOT IT, HAWK!
VIP! VIP! VIP! VIP! VIP! VIP! VIP!
*HELICOPTER.

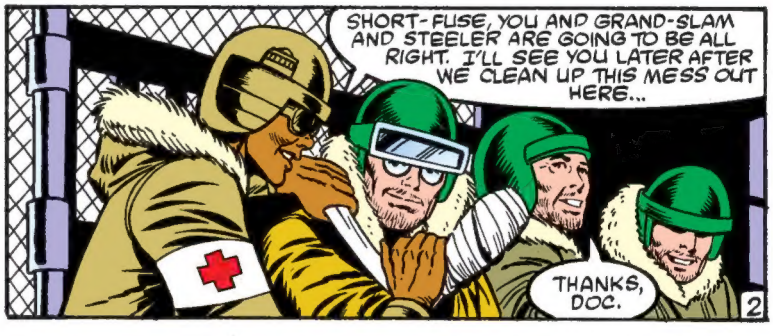

BZZZZT POP
I SEE GREEN SMOKE. IS THAT CORRECT? OVER.
GREEN IS CORRECT. BE PREPARED TO ONLOAD THREE STRETCHER CASES AND ONE WALKING WOUNDED AS SOON AS YOU OFF-LOAD THE SUPPLIES AND NEW BULLET-STOPPERS--UH... I MEAN REPLACEMENTS! OVER.

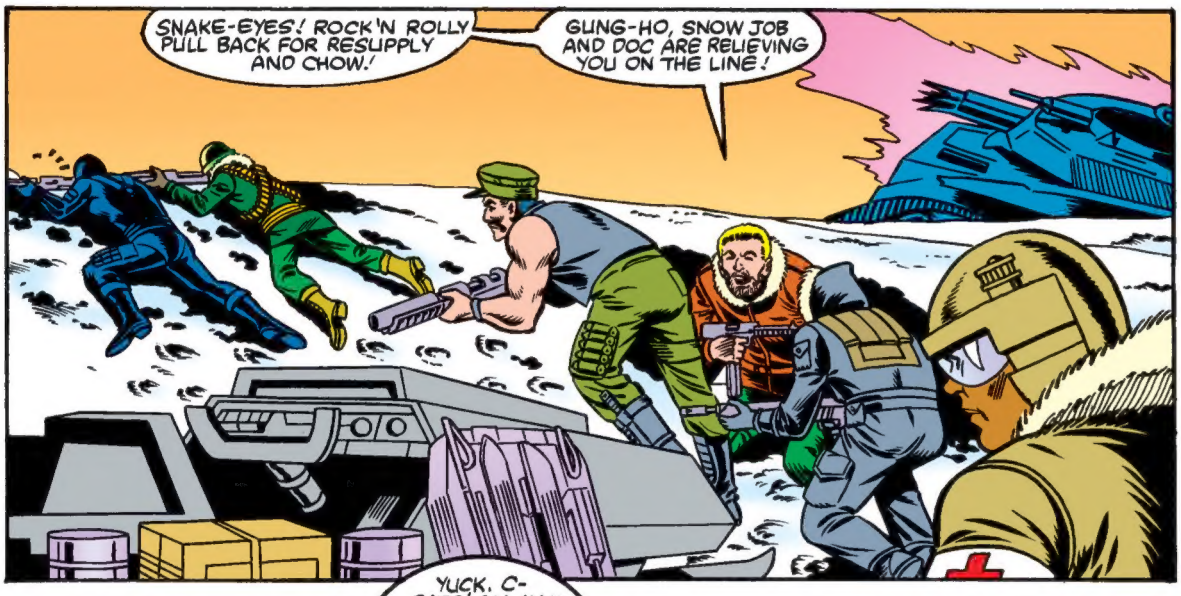

ROGER THAT. I'M DOWN AND COMMENCING OFF-LOADING!

MOVE IT! GET THAT BATTLE BEAR SNOWMOBILE UNDER COVER AND HUSTLE WITH THOSE STRETCHERS!

I HOPE WILD BILL BROUGHT PLENTY OF AMMO, 'CAUSE I'M DOWN TO MY LAST BELT.
RATATATATATATATAT

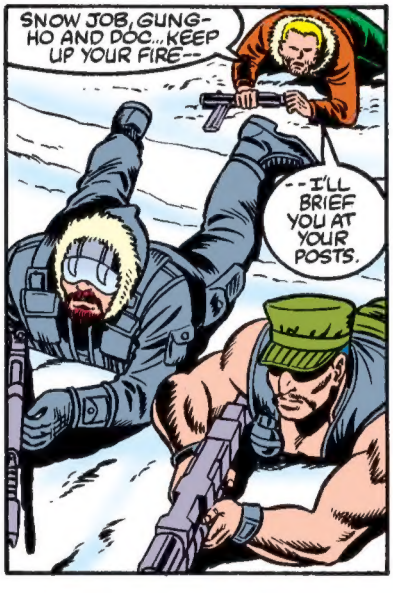

C'MON, LET'S GET WOUNDED ABOARD SO I CAN GET OUT OF HERE!


SHORT-FUSE, YOU AND GRAND-SLAM AND STEELER ARE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT. I'LL SEE YOU LATER AFTER WE CLEAN UP THIS MESS OUT HERE...
THANKS, DOC.
2

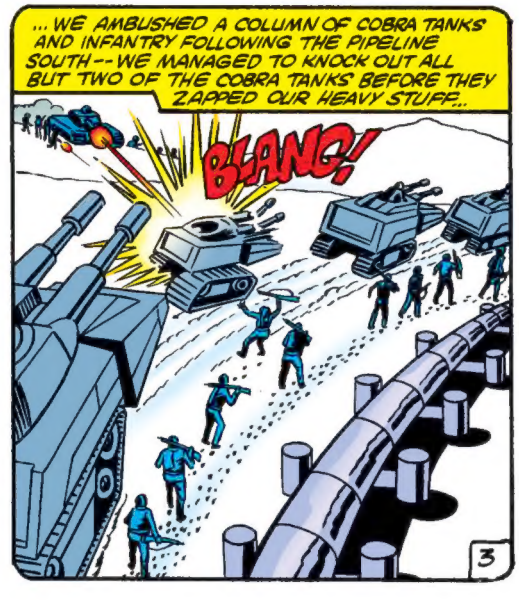

SNAKE-EYES! ROCK'N ROLLY PULL BACK FOR RESUPPLY AND CHOW!
GUNG-HO, SNOW JOB AND DOC ARE RELIEVING YOU ON THE LINE!

YUCK. C-RATS! ALL HAM AND LIMA BEANS! HQ SENDS US THE WORST. WE ASK FOR REPLACEMENTS AND THEY SEND US A FOUR-EYED MEDIC, A SKI-BUM AND A MARINE.

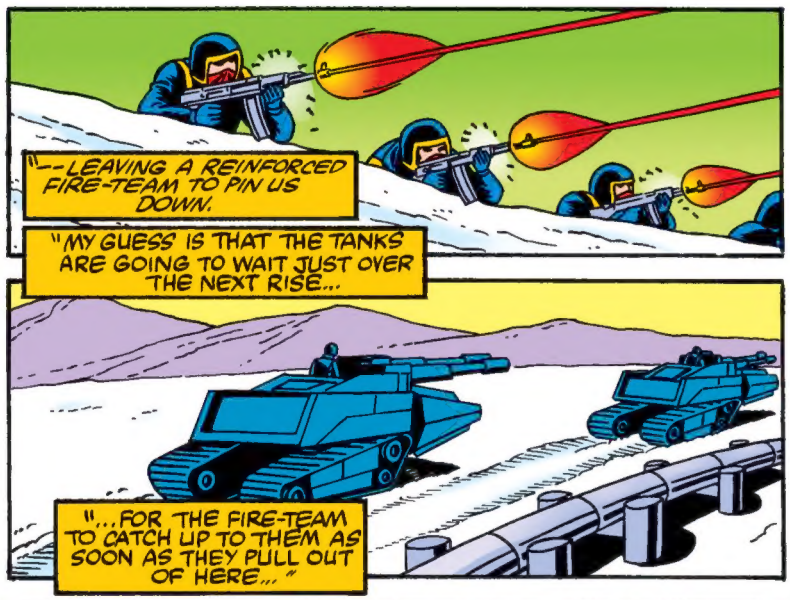
HAWK, IT'S FIVE BELOW ZERO AND THAT MANIAC GYRENE IS RUNNIN' BARE-CHESTED JUST SO WE WON'T MISS HIS CORPS TATTOO.
DON'T TALK WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL, ROCK'N ROLL, IT'S DISGUSTING.


SNOW JOB, GUNG-HO AND DOC... KEEP UP YOUR FIRE--
--I'LL BRIEF YOU AT YOUR POSTS.

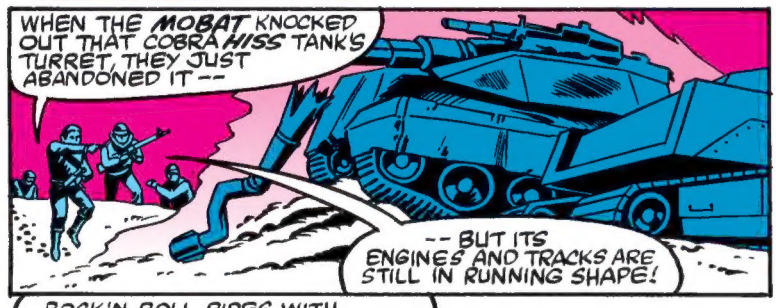
WE'VE BEEN OUT HERE FOR A WEEK INVESTI-GATING REPORTS OF COBRA ACTIVITY ALL AROUND THE ALASKAN OIL PIPELINE.

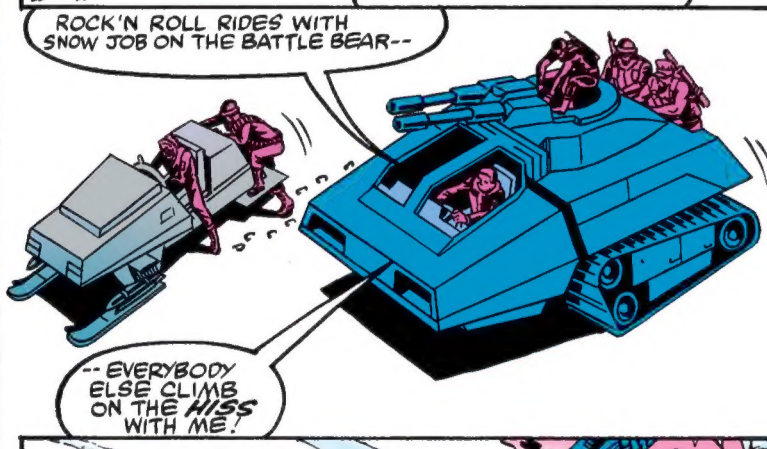

... WE AMBUSHED A COLUMN OF COBRA TANKS AND INFANTRY FOLLOWING THE PIPELINE SOUTH--WE MANAGED TO KNOCK OUT ALL BUT TWO OF THE COBRA TANKS BEFORE THEY ZAPPED OUR HEAVY STUFF...
BLANG!
3

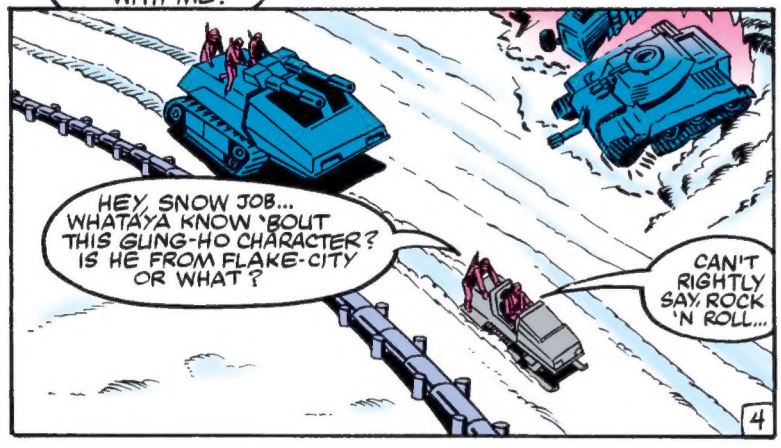
WHEN THEY SAW YOUR SLICK COMING IN, THEY MUST'VE THOUGHT IT WAS A TANK-KILLER GUN-SHIP.
THEIR LAST TWO TANKS TOOK OFF FOLLOWING THE PIPELINE SOUTH AGAIN--


"--LEAVING A REINFORCED FIRE-TEAM TO PIN US DOWN.
"MY GUESS IS THAT THE TANKS ARE GOING TO WAIT JUST OVER THE NEXT RISE...
"...FOR THE FIRE-TEAM TO CATCH UP TO THEM AS SOON AS THEY PULL OUT OF HERE..."

YOU'RE RIGHT, HAWK! THE COBRA INFANTRY IS WITHDRAWING! THEY'RE DOUBLE-TIMING ALONG THE TANK TRACKS!
ONCE THEY CATCH UP TO THE TANKS, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE GOOD TIME. WE CAN'T FOLLOW THEM BECAUSE THE BATTLE BEAR CAN ONLY CARRY TWO OR THREE AT THE MOST...
WELL, LUCKY FOR US COBRA LEAVES A REAL MESSY BATTLE-FIELD...

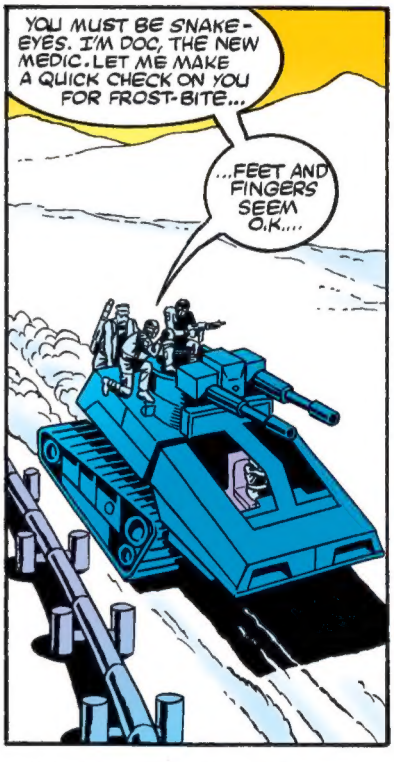

WHEN THE MOBAT KNOCKED OUT THAT COBRA HISS TANK'S TURRET, THEY JUST ABANDONED IT --
-- BUT ITS ENGINES AND TRACKS ARE STILL IN RUNNING SHAPE!


ROCK'N ROLL RIDES WITH SNOW JOB ON THE BATTLE BEAR--
-- EVERYBODY ELSE CLIMB ON THE HISS WITH ME!


HEY, SNOW JOB... WHATAYA KNOW 'BOUT THIS GUNG-HO CHARACTER? IS HE FROM FLAKE-CITY OR WHAT?
CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY, ROCK 'N ROLL...
4

... ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE'S A CAJUN FROM DOWN NEW ORLEANS WAY AND HE HAS A SISTER WHO'S A HIGH-FASHION MODEL--
SAY WHAT?
--KNOCK YOUR EYES OUT AND LEAVE THEM SPINNING IN TIGHT LITTLE CIRCLES.

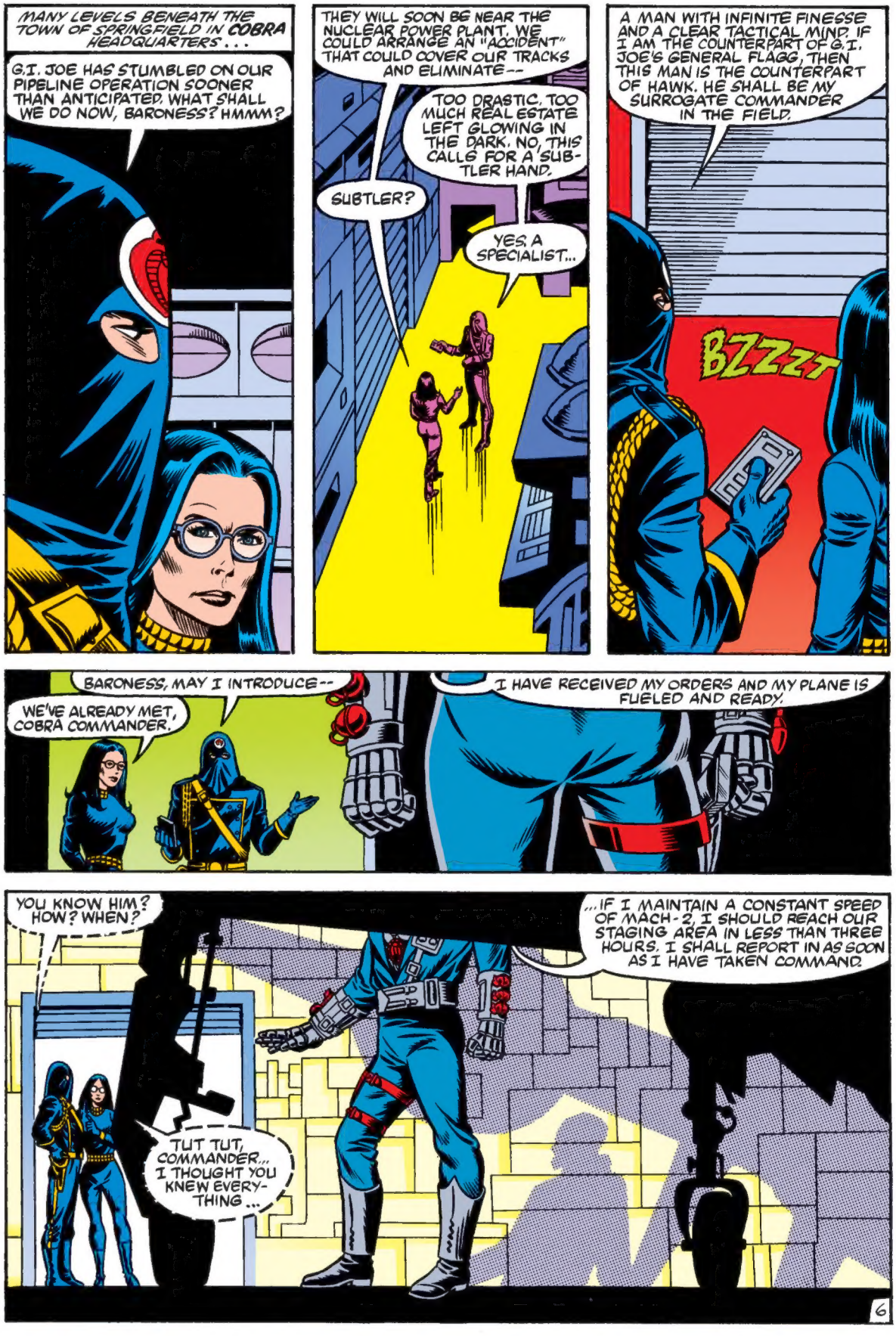
YOU KNOW, MAYBE THE MARINE CORPS HAS SOME SAVING GRACES AFTER ALL. SAY, HOW'D YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE SISTER?
HE LIKES ME. OFFERED TO SET ME UP WITH A DATE. BUT SHE DOESN'T SEEM LIKE MY TYPE. TELL YOU WHAT I CAN DO THOUGH...


YOU MUST BE SNAKE-EYES. I'M DOC, THE NEW MEDIC. LET ME MAKE A QUICK CHECK ON YOU FOR FROST-BITE...
...FEET AND FINGERS SEEM O.K....

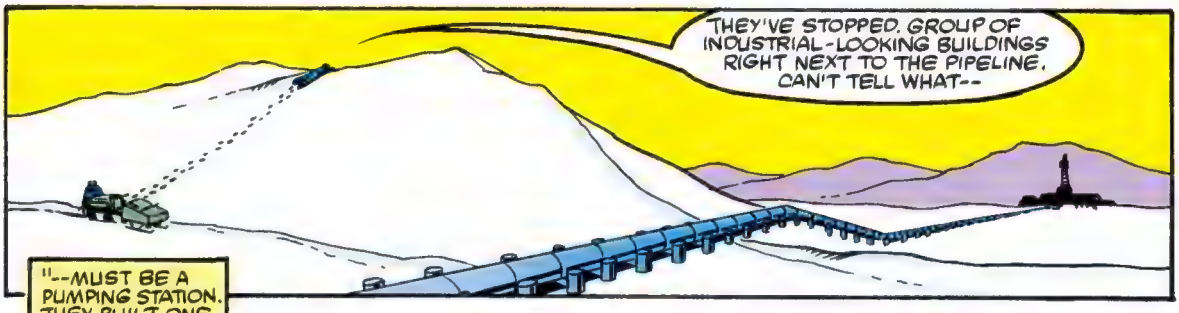
... HOWSABOUT WE LIFT THAT MASK AND CHECK OUT YOUR EARS AND NOSE--

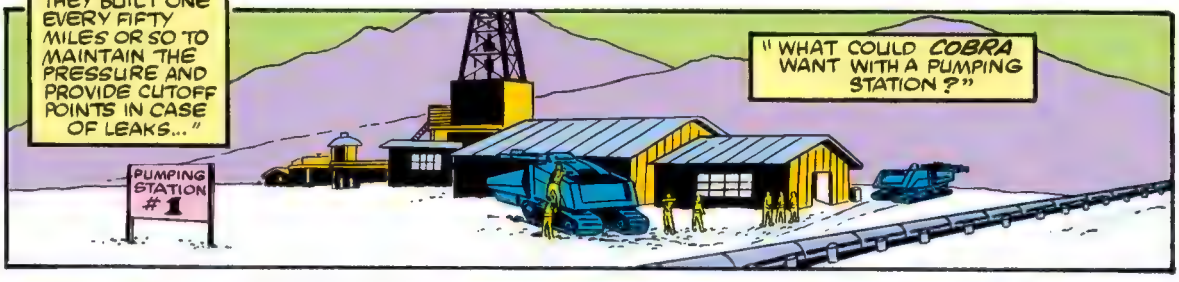
YLP!

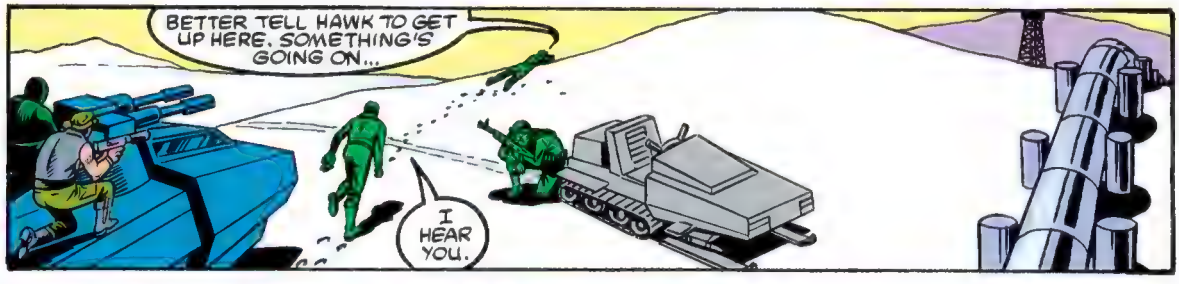
SORRY, DOC. SHOULD'VE WARNED YOU.
NOBODY EVER TAKES OFF SNAKE-EYES' MASK. EVER.
5


MANY LEVELS BENEATH THE TOWN OF SPRINGFIELD IN COBRA HEADQUARTERS...
G.I. JOE HAS STUMBLED ON OUR PIPELINE OPERATION SOONER THAN ANTICIPATED. WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW, BARONESS? HMMM?
THEY WILL SOON BE NEAR THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT. WE COULD ARRANGE AN "ACCIDENT" THAT COULD COVER OUR TRACKS AND ELIMINATE--
TOO DRASTIC. TOO MUCH REAL ESTATE LEFT GLOWING IN THE DARK. NO, THIS CALLS FOR A SUBTLER HAND.
SUBTLER?
YES, A SPECIALIST...
A MAN WITH INFINITE FINESSE AND A CLEAR TACTICAL MIND. IF I AM THE COUNTERPART OF G.I. JOE'S GENERAL FLAGG, THEN THIS MAN IS THE COUNTERPART OF HAWK. HE SHALL BE MY SURROGATE COMMANDER IN THE FIELD.
BZZZT
BARONESS, MAY I INTRODUCE--
WE'VE ALREADY MET, COBRA COMMANDER.
I HAVE RECEIVED MY ORDERS AND MY PLANE IS FUELED AND READY.
YOU KNOW HIM? HOW? WHEN?
...IF I MAINTAIN A CONSTANT SPEED OF MACH-2, I SHOULD REACH OUR STAGING AREA IN LESS THAN THREE HOURS. I SHALL REPORT IN AS SOON AS I HAVE TAKEN COMMAND.
TUT TUT, COMMANDER... I THOUGHT YOU KNEW EVERYTHING...
6

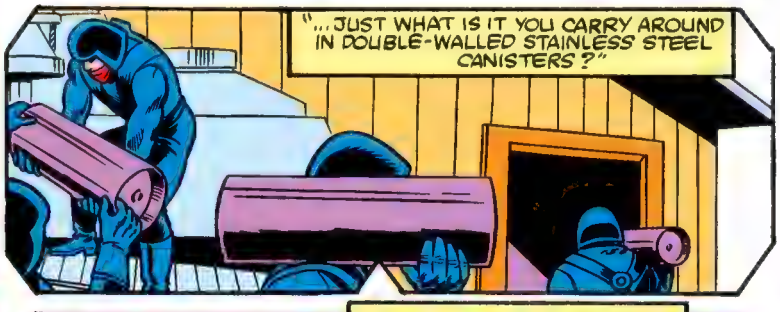
FOUR HOURS LATER, IN ALASKA...
WHAT IS IT, SNOW JOB?

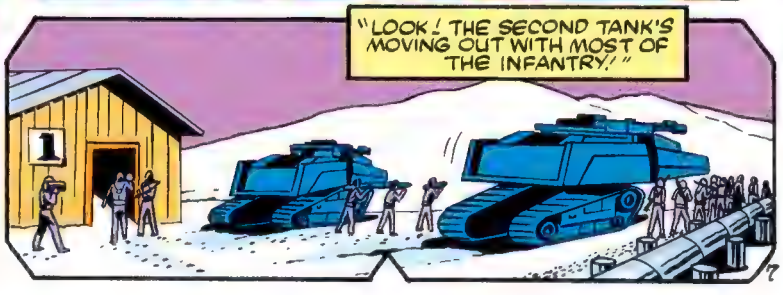

THEY'VE STOPPED. GROUP OF INDUSTRIAL-LOOKING BUILDINGS RIGHT NEXT TO THE PIPELINE. CAN'T TELL WHAT--


"--MUST BE A PUMPING STATION. THEY BUILT ONE EVERY FIFTY MILES OR SO TO MAINTAIN THE PRESSURE AND PROVIDE CUTOFF POINTS IN CASE OF LEAKS..."
"WHAT COULD COBRA WANT WITH A PUMPING STATION?"
PUMPING STATION #1


BETTER TELL HAWK TO GET UP HERE. SOMETHING'S GOING ON...
I HEAR YOU.

WELL, WELL, WELL... LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE UNLOADING CARGO FROM ONE OF THE TANKS...
MIGHTY STRANGE CARGO, TOO.


"...JUST WHAT IS IT YOU CARRY AROUND IN DOUBLE-WALLED STAINLESS STEEL CANISTERS?"


"LOOK! THE SECOND TANK'S MOVING OUT WITH MOST OF THE INFANTRY!"
1

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, ROCK'N ROLL?

I THINK WE SHOULD SPLIT UP AND SEND THE STRONGER FORCE AFTER THE TANK AND INFANTRY...

...SINCE IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE MAIN OBJECTIVE AND THE SMALL PARTY IN THE PUMPING STATION IS JUST A REAR-GUARD.

SPLIT UP? NOT SO GOOD. I THINK BETTER TO TAKE OUT STATION FIRST, CAPTURE TANK AND THEN GO AFTER MAIN BODY. NO?

I THINK MAYBE THAT SNAKE-EYES HE AGREE WITH ME, HE NODDING LIKE HUNGRY 'GATOR...

SO DO I. BESIDES, I'M REAL CURIOUS ABOUT THOSE CANISTERS.

THAT GUNG-HO IS MAKING IT REAL DIFFICULT FOR ME TO LIKE HIM. YOU SURE ABOUT THAT SISTER OF HIS?

WOULD I LIE TO YOU?

FURTHER SOUTH ALONG THE PIPELINE...

COBRA COMMANDER, I AM REPORTING IN AS ORDERED.

...I HAVE TAKEN COMMAND OF THE MAIN BODY AND AM ENROUTE TO THE PRIMARY OBJECTIVE.

THE TECH-CREW HAS INITIATED PROCEDURES AT THE PUMPING STATION--

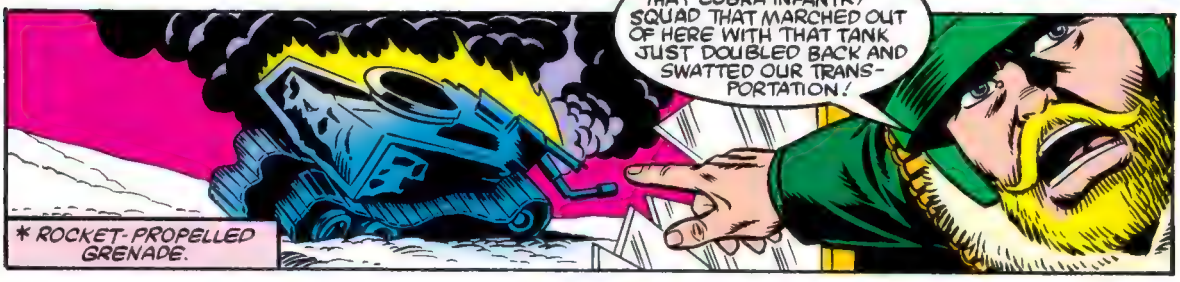
THE G.I. JOE TEAM SHOULD HAVE THE STATION UNDER OBSERVATION BY NOW...

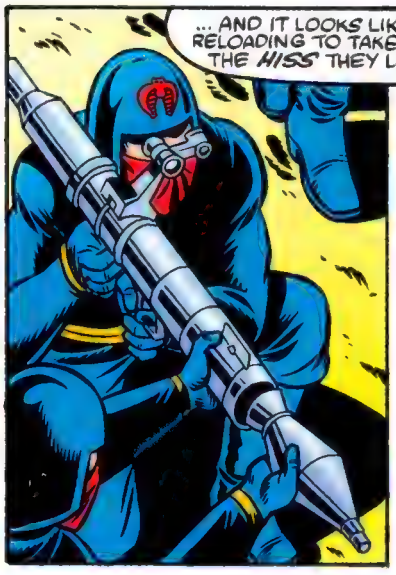
I HAVE TAKEN THAT INTO CONSIDERATION.

8

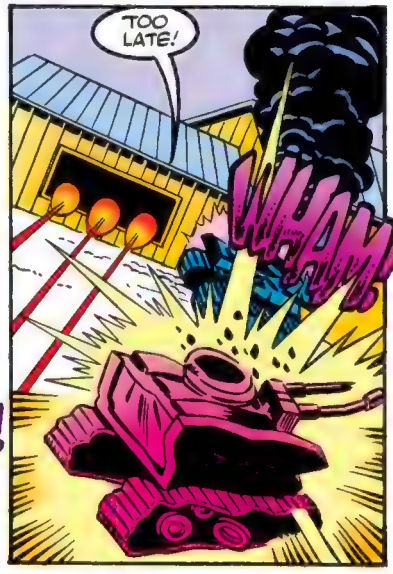
AT THE PUMPING STATION...
CAREFUL! DON'T SPILL ANY OF THAT STUFF!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME HOW DANGEROUS THIS IS! I JUST WANT TO GET THIS STUFF INTO THE PIPELINE AND GET OUT OF HERE!
JUST THE SAME, I'D RATHER BE HERE THAN WITH THAT "SPECIALIST" THE COMMANDER PARACHUTED IN TO US... HE GAVE ME THE CREEPS! DID YOU SEE HIS--
PARTY'S OVER!
RATATATATAT
THOOM!
ROCK'N ROLL'S GOT THE DOOR, I'VE GOT THE WINDOW...
BRRRAAAPPP
...AND SNAKE-EYES SHOULD HAVE GOT THE GUARDS IN THE BACK BY NOW!
EVERYBODY'S ACCOUNTED FOR AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE GOT OURSELVES A PRISONER!
UHHHHH... YOU FOOLS!
YOUR FIRE BROKE OPEN THE CANISTERS!
THOSE CANISTERS CONTAINED A PLAGUE TOXIN! WE'VE ALL BEEN EXPOSED! WE'VE GOT LESS THAN SIX HOURS TO LIVE!
QUICK, RADIO HEADQUARTERS FOR AN ANTIDOTE--
USELESS! IT'S A TOTALLY NEW STRAIN!
THERE WAS A COBRA BIG-SHOT SPECIALIST WHO LEFT HERE IN THE TANK. HE HAS THE ONLY BOTTLE OF ANTIDOTE!
9

SUDDENLY--
THOOM!
WHA--? MORTAR ATTACK!
THAT'S NO MORTAR--


THAT WAS AN RPG*! THAT COBRA INFANTRY SQUAD THAT MARCHED OUT OF HERE WITH THAT TANK JUST DOUBLED BACK AND SWATTED OUR TRANS-PORTATION!
* ROCKET-PROPELLED GRENADE.

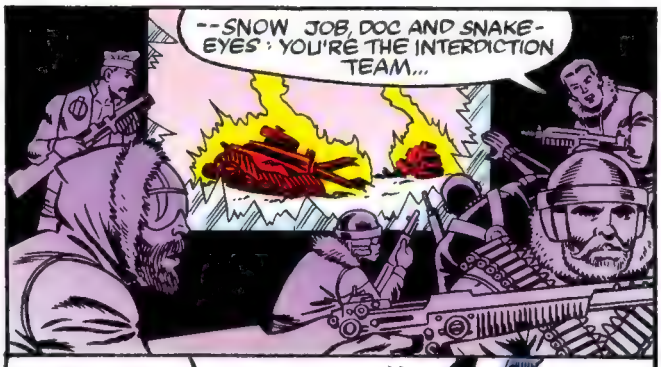

... AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE RELOADING TO TAKE A SHOT AT THE HISS THEY LEFT BEHIND!

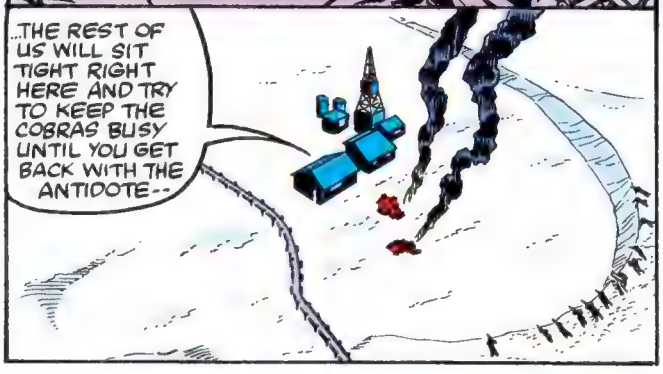
KAPOW!
BLAM!
PUNCH! PUNCH! PUNCH!
BUTTON 'EM DOWN! DON'T LET 'EM GET A CLEAR SHOT--


TOO LATE!
WHAM!

QUICK! WHILE THEY'RE RE-LOADING! GET THAT BATTLE BEAR UNDER COVER!
10

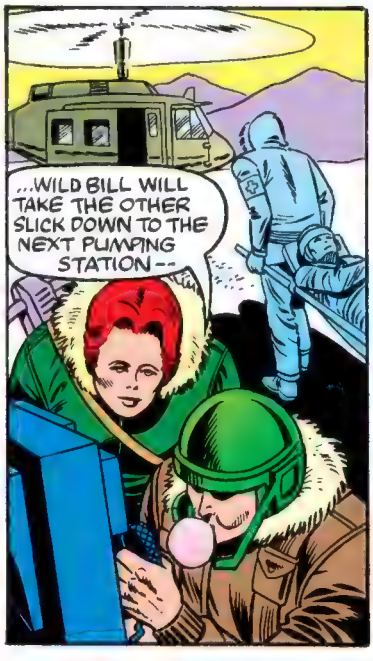
THE ONLY RADIO WE HAVE LEFT IS THE ONE ON THE BATTLE BEAR. WE'LL USE IT IMMEDIATELY TO WARN BREAKER AT THE REAR ABOUT THE CONTAMINATED OIL FLOW... MAYBE WILD BILL CAN FLY SOUTH AND INTERCEPT IT AT THE NEXT PUMPING STATION...
BRAKKA!
BRAKKA!
BRAKKA!
AN INTERDICTION TEAM WILL HAVE TO GO OUT ON THE BEAR TO TRACK DOWN THE REMAINING TANK BEFORE OUR SIX HOURS ARE UP--
VIP!
VIP!
VIP!
VIP!


--SNOW JOB, DOC AND SNAKE-EYES: YOU'RE THE INTERDICTION TEAM...

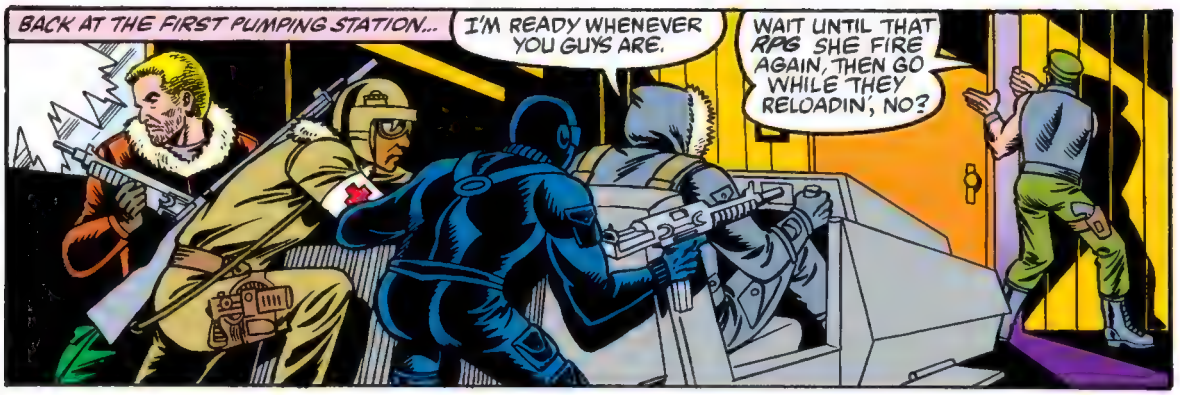

...THE REST OF US WILL SIT TIGHT RIGHT HERE AND TRY TO KEEP THE COBRAS BUSY UNTIL YOU GET BACK WITH THE ANTIDOTE--

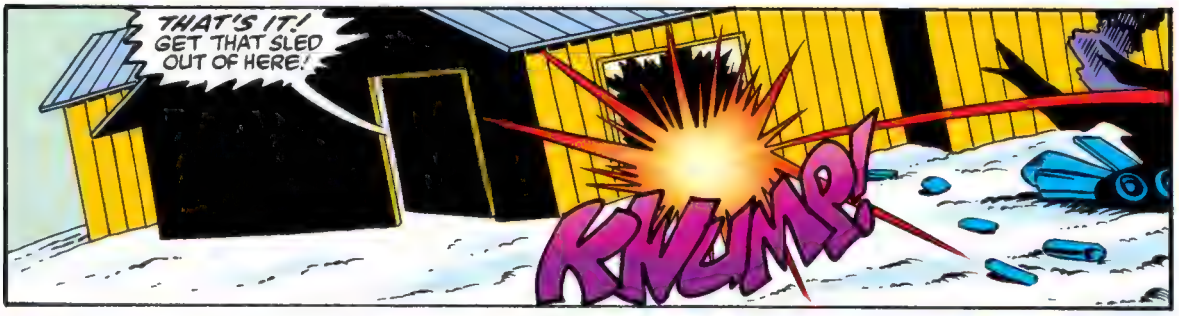
--OH, AND SNAKE-EYES... DO ME A FAVOR AND NEUTRALIZE THAT RPG ON YOUR WAY OUT.

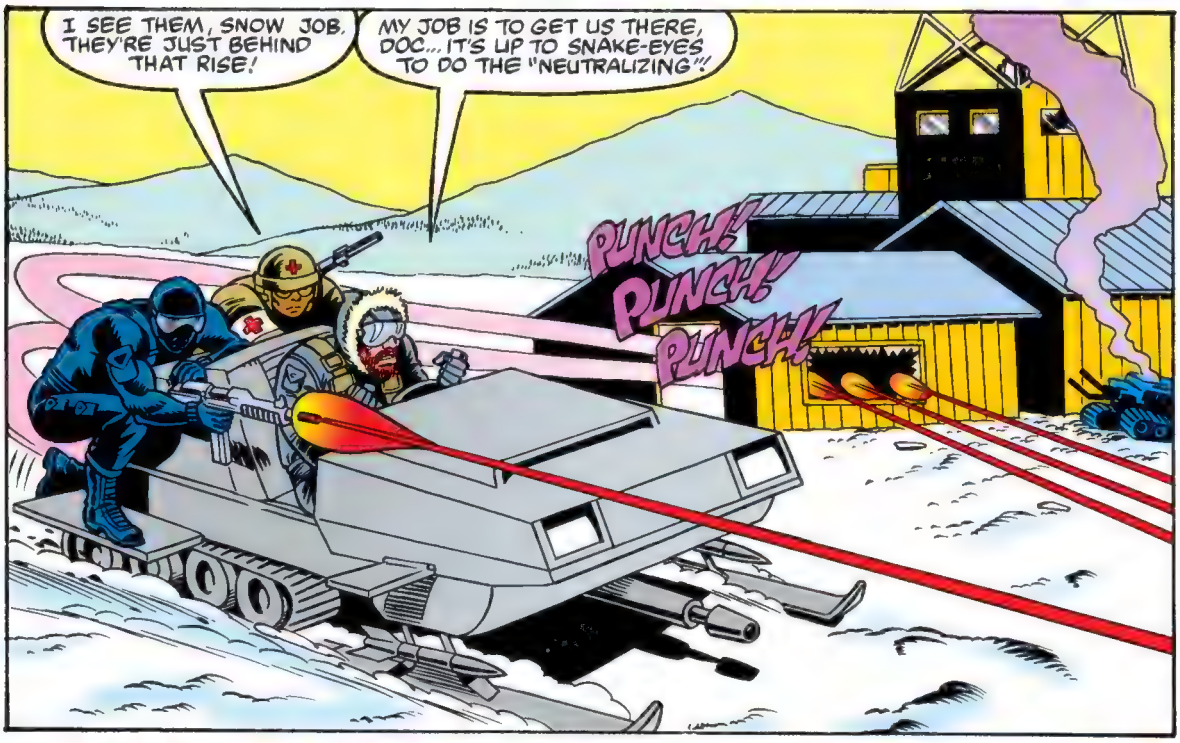
MINUTES LATER AT THE REAR LANDING ZONE...
... HERE'S THE SITUATION, HAWK: WE'VE GOT TWO SLICKS STANDING BY ON DECK--
--ONE OF 'EM IS FERRYING OUR WOUNDED BACK TO FIELD HQ WHERE IT'LL PICK UP REINFORCEMENTS AND A MEDICAL TEAM FOR YOU...

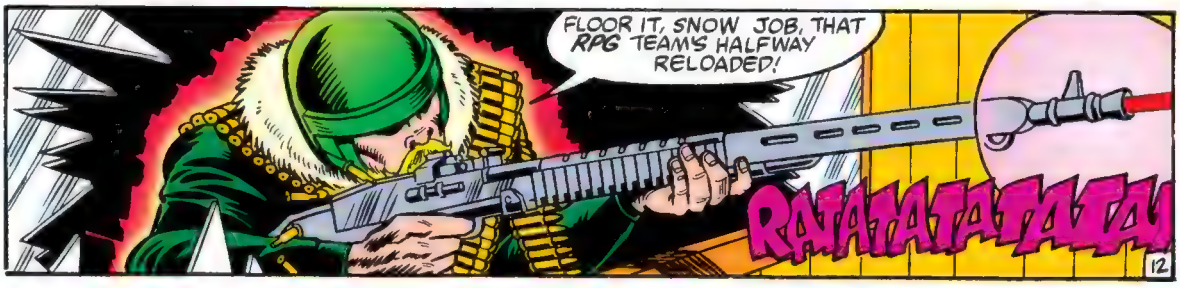

...WILD BILL WILL TAKE THE OTHER SLICK DOWN TO THE NEXT PUMPING STATION--

--HE'S TAKING AIRBORNE AND ZAP ALONG FOR BALLAST.
AIRBORNE?
OUR NEW REPLACEMENT. HE'S WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL OUR PORTABLE AIR-SUPPORT...
11

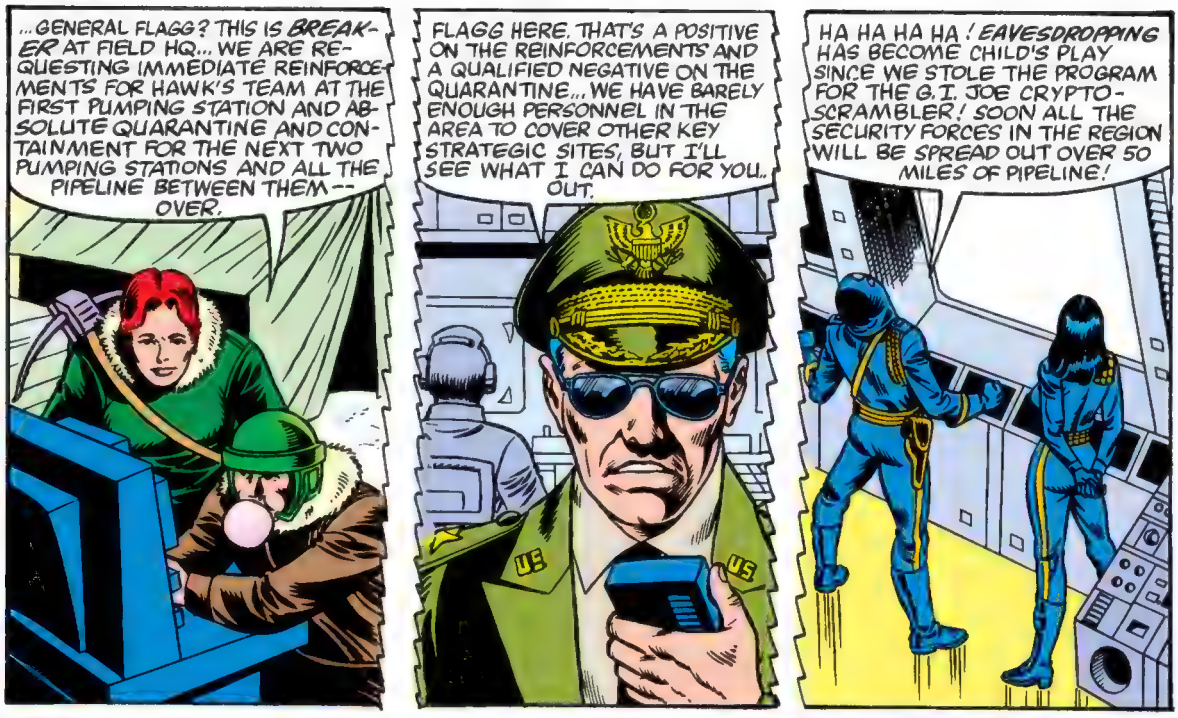

BACK AT THE FIRST PUMPING STATION...
I'M READY WHENEVER YOU GUYS ARE.
WAIT UNTIL THAT RPG SHE FIRE AGAIN, THEN GO WHILE THEY RELOADIN', NO?

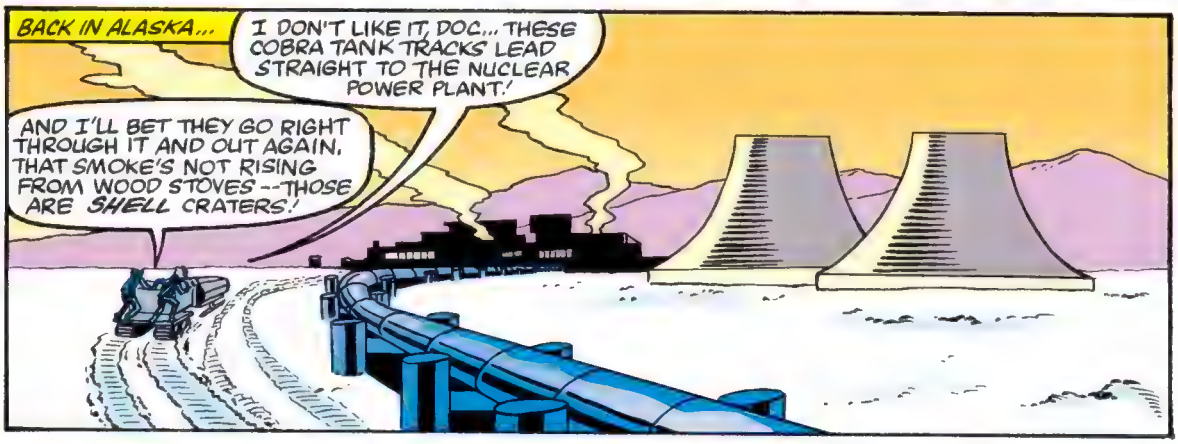

THAT'S IT! GET THAT SLED OUT OF HERE!
KWUMP!

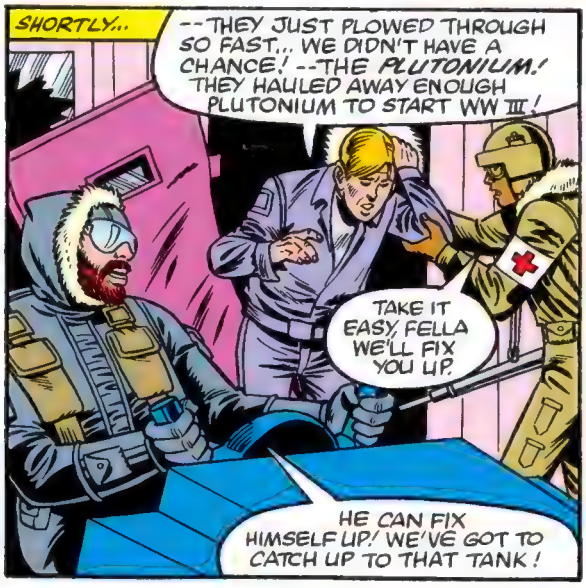

I SEE THEM, SNOW JOB. THEY'RE JUST BEHIND THAT RISE!
MY JOB IS TO GET US THERE, DOC... IT'S UP TO SNAKE-EYES TO DO THE "NEUTRALIZING"!
PUNCH! PUNCH! PUNCH!


FLOOR IT, SNOW JOB, THAT RPG TEAM'S HALFWAY RELOADED!
RATATATATATAT
12

FLOOR IT? MAN, WHEN I PUNCH OUT THIS BABY--
VIP VIP VIP VIP VIP
--SHE TAKES OFF!
HOW'S THIS FOR A WHEELIE?
PHEW! OL' SNAKE-EYES DIDN'T JUST "NEUTRALIZE" THAT RPG...
...HE CONFISCATED IT!
SLAMMM!
THEY MADE IT!
MAIS OUI... BUT MAKING IT BACK, SHE IS ANOTHER STORY, NO?
THAT'S WHY I SENT SNAKE-EYES! HE ALWAYS MAKES IT BACK!
13


...GENERAL FLAGG? THIS IS BREAKER AT FIELD HQ... WE ARE REQUESTING IMMEDIATE REINFORCEMENTS FOR HAWK'S TEAM AT THE FIRST PUMPING STATION AND ABSOLUTE QUARANTINE AND CONTAINMENT FOR THE NEXT TWO PUMPING STATIONS AND ALL THE PIPELINE BETWEEN THEM -- OVER.
FLAGG HERE. THAT'S A POSITIVE ON THE REINFORCEMENTS AND A QUALIFIED NEGATIVE ON THE QUARANTINE... WE HAVE BARELY ENOUGH PERSONNEL IN THE AREA TO COVER OTHER KEY STRATEGIC SITES, BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU... OUT.
US
US
HA HA HA HA! EAVESDROPPING HAS BECOME CHILD'S PLAY SINCE WE STOLE THE PROGRAM FOR THE G.I. JOE CRYPTO-SCRAMBLER! SOON ALL THE SECURITY FORCES IN THE REGION WILL BE SPREAD OUT OVER 50 MILES OF PIPELINE!


BACK IN ALASKA...
I DON'T LIKE IT, DOC... THESE COBRA TANK TRACKS LEAD STRAIGHT TO THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT!
AND I'LL BET THEY GO RIGHT THROUGH IT AND OUT AGAIN. THAT SMOKE'S NOT RISING FROM WOOD STOVES -- THOSE ARE SHELL CRATERS!


SHORTLY...
--THEY JUST PLOWED THROUGH SO FAST... WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! --THE PLUTONIUM! THEY HAULED AWAY ENOUGH PLUTONIUM TO START WW III!
TAKE IT EASY, FELLA WE'LL FIX YOU UP.
HE CAN FIX HIMSELF UP! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH UP TO THAT TANK!

YOU'RE RIGHT. I'LL MANAGE! THE TANK CUT BACK THROUGH THAT OPEN GROUND, HEADING SOUTH. I THINK THEY WERE HEADING FOR THE PIPELINE...
THANKS, PAL. WE'LL SEND HELP IF WE MAKE IT...
14

MINUTES LATER...

SNOW JOB, THIS IS WILD BILL... LOOKS LIKE YOU BOYS GOT YOURSELVES A PROBLEM: COBRA HANG-GLIDER STYLE!

OH, IT'S NOTHING A COUPLE O' BURSTS FROM YOUR DOORGUNNER COULDN'T SOLVE...

TRUE, BUT I CAN'T STOP. GOT PRIORITY BUSINESS DOWN AT PUMPING STATION # 2!

RATATATAT BRRAP

PING!

TUP TUP TUP TUP TUP TUP TUP TUP

BEST I CAN DO IS EVEN UP THE ODDS A BIT!

15

HEH-HEH-HEH! COBRA AIR SUPERIORITY WILL CRUSH THESE INSUFFERABLE G.I. JOES LIKE--

POKKA POKKA POKKA POK

LIKE WHAT, CHUMP?

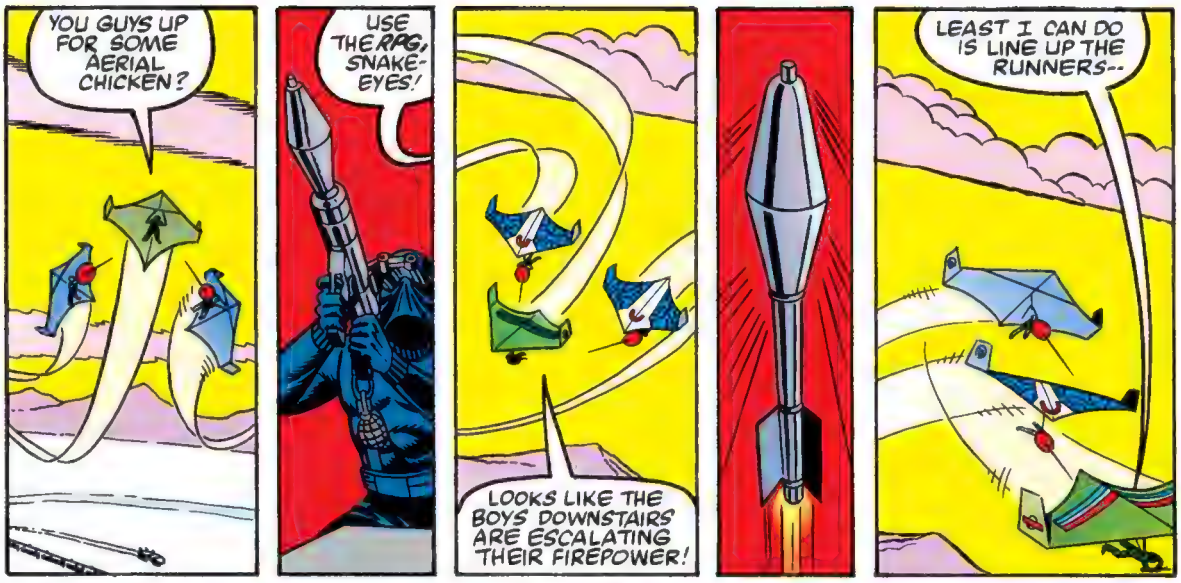
WHU? WHO--

PING!

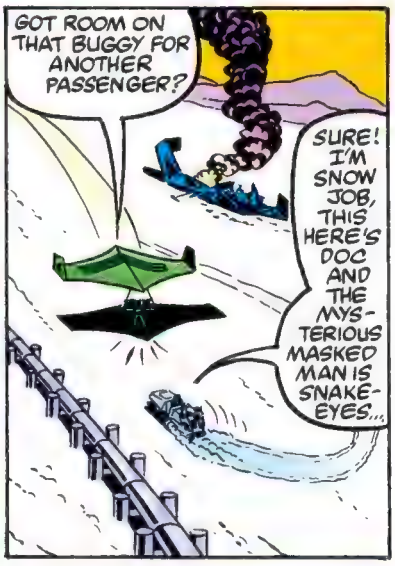
THE NAME'S *AIRBORNE*, AND I'M THE NEW JOE IN TOWN!

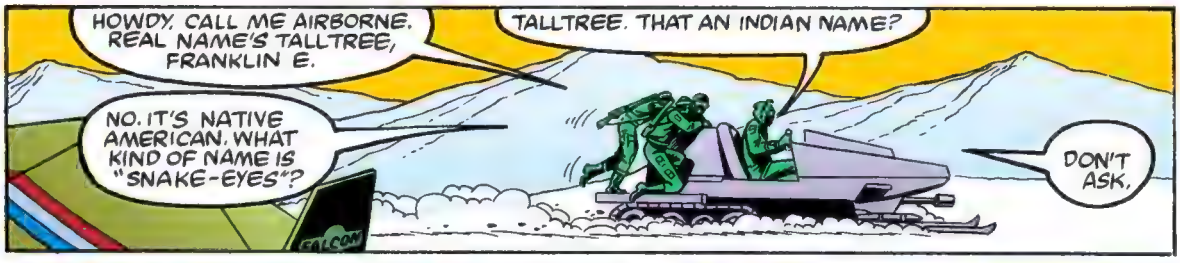
AIRBORNE

PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH

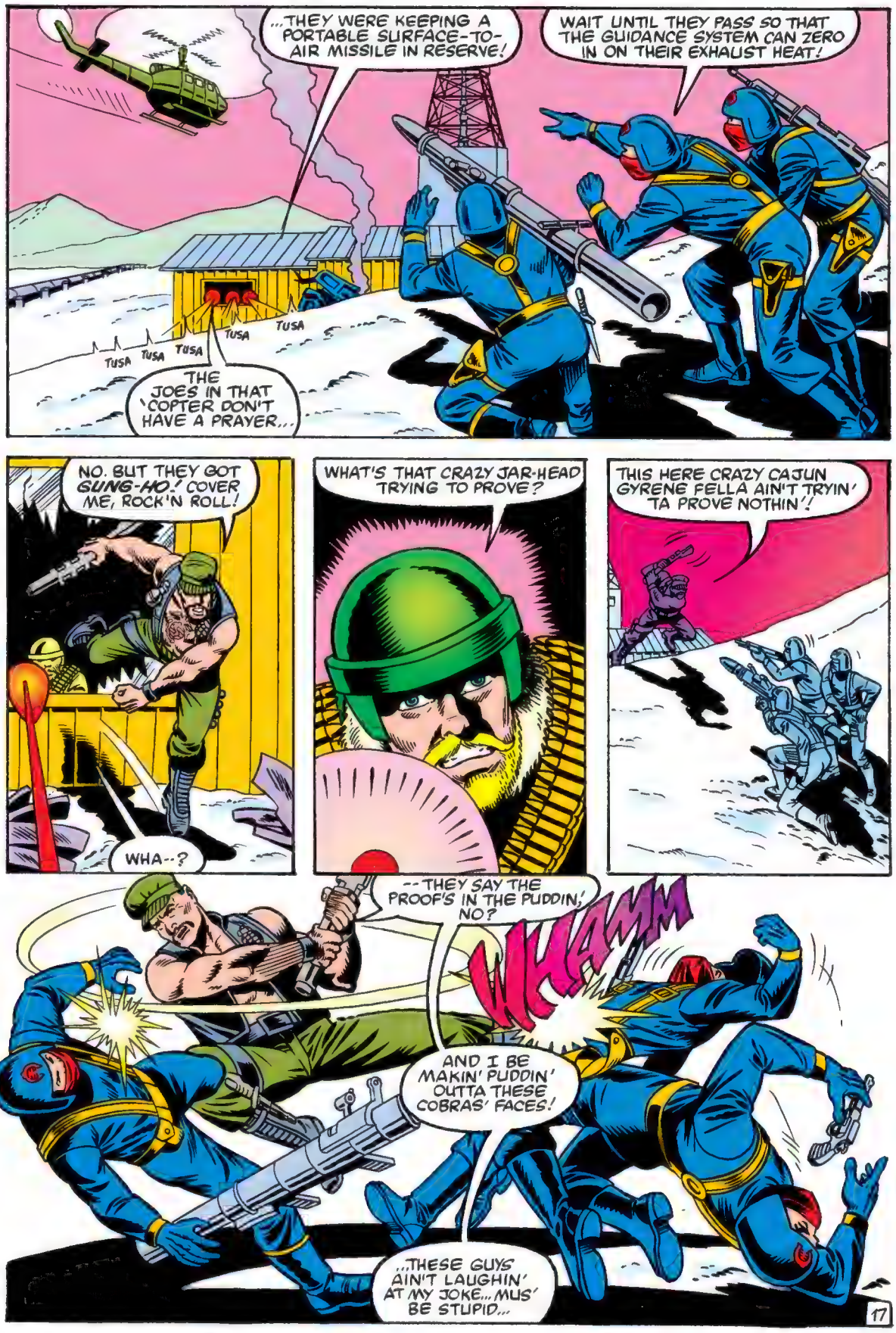

YOU GUYS UP FOR SOME AERIAL CHICKEN?
USE THE RPG, SNAKE-EYES!
LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS DOWNSTAIRS ARE ESCALATING THEIR FIREPOWER!
LEAST I CAN DO IS LINE UP THE RUNNERS--

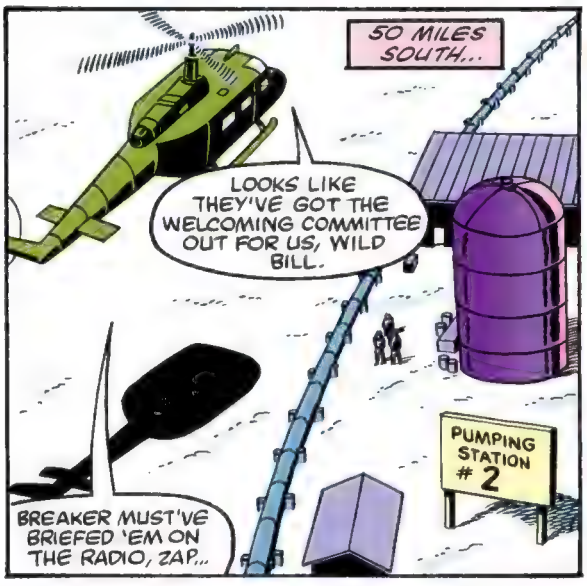
BA-DOOM
-- FOR A DOUBLE-PLAY!


GOT ROOM ON THAT BUGGY FOR ANOTHER PASSENGER?
SURE! I'M SNOW JOB, THIS HERE'S DOC AND THE MYS-TERIOUS MASKED MAN IS SNAKE-EYES...


HOWDY. CALL ME AIRBORNE. REAL NAME'S TALLTREE, FRANKLIN E.
TALLTREE. THAT AN INDIAN NAME?
NO. IT'S NATIVE AMERICAN. WHAT KIND OF NAME IS "SNAKE-EYES"?
DON'T ASK.
FALCON

AT PUMPING STATION #1...
G.I. JOE 'COPTERS! WE'RE SAVED!
NOT YET, ROCK'N ROLL.. COBRA HAD A TRICK UP ITS SLEEVE WE HADN'T RECKONED ON...
16

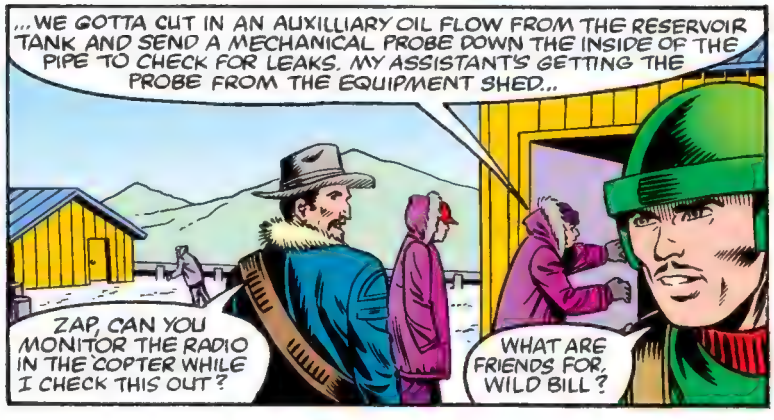

...THEY WERE KEEPING A PORTABLE SURFACE-TO-AIR MISSILE IN RESERVE!
WAIT UNTIL THEY PASS SO THAT THE GUIDANCE SYSTEM CAN ZERO IN ON THEIR EXHAUST HEAT!
TUSA
TUSA
TUSA
TUSA
TUSA
THE JOES IN THAT 'COPTER DON'T HAVE A PRAYER...
NO. BUT THEY GOT GUNG-HO! COVER ME, ROCK'N ROLL!
WHA--?
WHAT'S THAT CRAZY JAR-HEAD TRYING TO PROVE?
THIS HERE CRAZY CAJUN GYRENE FELLA AIN'T TRYIN' TA PROVE NOTHIN'!
--THEY SAY THE PROOF'S IN THE PUDDIN', NO?
WHAMM
AND I BE MAKIN' PUDDIN' OUTTA THESE COBRAS' FACES!
...THESE GUYS AIN'T LAUGHIN' AT MY JOKE... MUS' BE STUPID...
17

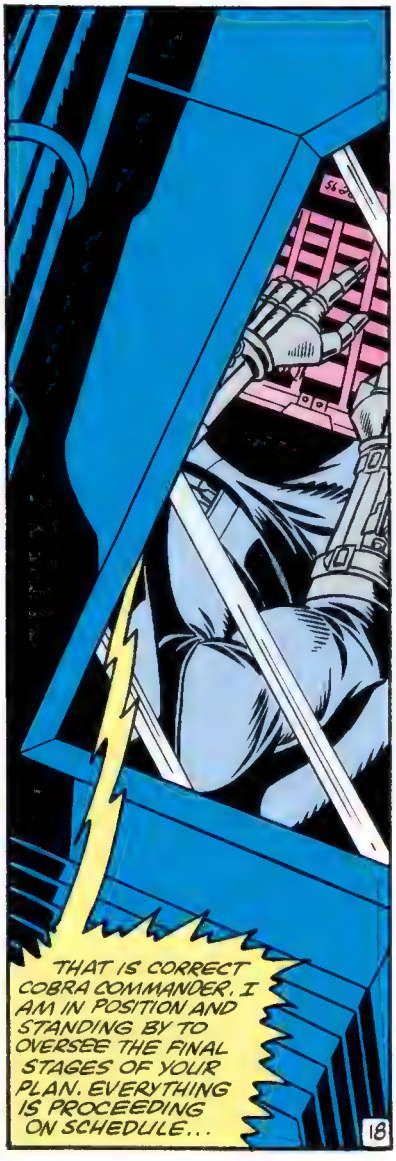

50 MILES SOUTH...
LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GOT THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE OUT FOR US, WILD BILL.
PUMPING STATION # 2
BREAKER MUST'VE BRIEFED 'EM ON THE RADIO, ZAP...

HI. WE'RE THE OIL COMPANY'S MAINTENANCE CREW...
WE RECEIVED THE MESSAGE FROM YOUR HQ ABOUT CUTTING OFF THE OIL FLOW AND WE'RE WORKING ON IT NOW--

ALL THAT TECHNICAL STUFF IS YOUR TURF, OUR JOB IS SECURITY AND QUARANTINE...
QUARANTINE? WHERE WE GONNA GO, HUH? THE OPERA?

C'MON INSIDE AND GET WARM. THIS MIGHT TAKE SOME TIME. Y'SEE WE JUST CAN'T CUT OFF THE OIL FLOW COLD--THE PIPES WOULD FREEZE AND BURST IF THEY WERE EMPTY...


...WE GOTTA CUT IN AN AUXILLIARY OIL FLOW FROM THE RESERVOIR TANK AND SEND A MECHANICAL PROBE DOWN THE INSIDE OF THE PIPE TO CHECK FOR LEAKS. MY ASSISTANT'S GETTING THE PROBE FROM THE EQUIPMENT SHED...
ZAP, CAN YOU MONITOR THE RADIO IN THE COPTER WHILE I CHECK THIS OUT?
WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR, WILD BILL?


THAT IS CORRECT COBRA COMMANDER, I AM IN POSITION AND STANDING BY TO OVERSEE THE FINAL STAGES OF YOUR PLAN. EVERYTHING IS PROCEEDING ON SCHEDULE...
18

BACK AT PUMPING STATION #1 THE G.I. JOE REINFORCEMENTS HAVE LANDED SAFELY AND FORCED THE SURRENDER OF THE COBRA INFANTRY ELEMENT...

ALL RIGHT, YOU SORRY LOSERS... KEEP THOSE MEAT-HOOKS IN THE STRATOSPHERE OR I'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN THERE AND BREATHE *PLAGUE* GERMS ALL OVER YOU.

AND YOU'RE NOT WEARING CBR* GEAR LIKE OUR REINFORCEMENTS HERE!

*CHEMICAL-BIOLOGICAL-RADIOLOGICAL

THAT WAS REALLY SOME-THING, GUNG-HO--THE WAY YOU ACED OUT THAT COBRA ROCKET TEAM... NOT BAD, FOR A *MARINE!*

SAY, IF SNAKE-EYES GETS BACK IN TIME WITH THE ANTIDOTE AND WE DON'T DROP DEAD OF THE PLAGUE, HOWSABOUT A LITTLE CELEBRATION? YOU, ME AND YOUR SISTER?

I THINK MAYBE I BREAK YOUR FACE--MY SISTER SHE BE NINE YEARS OLD!

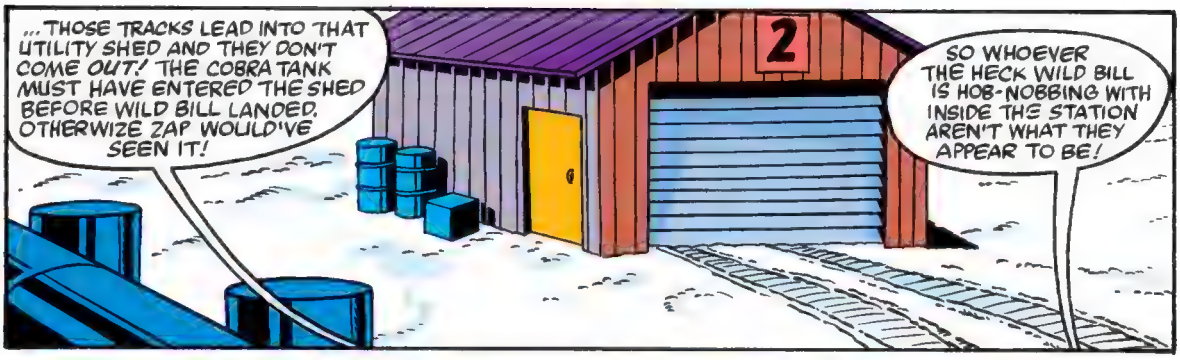
AT PUMPING STATION #2, THE "PROBE" IS INSERTED INTO THE PIPELINE...

...THE PROBE CONTAINS A SMALL RADIOACTIVE ELEMENT TO AID IN TRACKING--IT'S ACTUALLY VERY SAFE. THESE SUITS ARE SIMPLY TO SATISFY COMPANY SAFETY REGULATIONS...

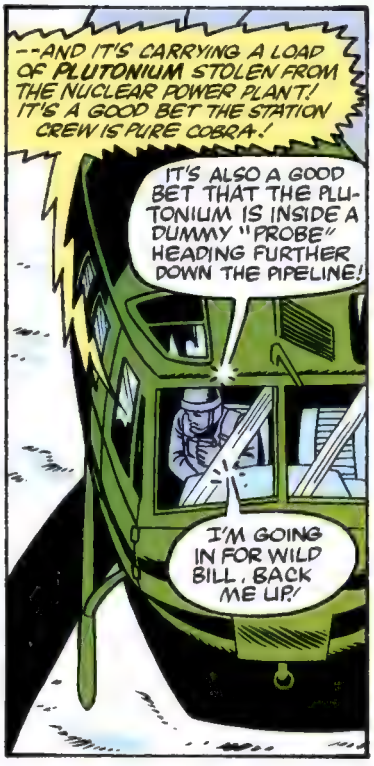
OUTSIDE, SNOW JOB, DOC, AIRBORNE AND SNAKE-EYES APPROACH THE STATION IN THE BATTLE BEAR.

THERE'S WILD BILL'S COPTER AND THAT'S ZAP SITTING IN THE CO-PILOT'S SEAT MAN-NING THE RADIO...

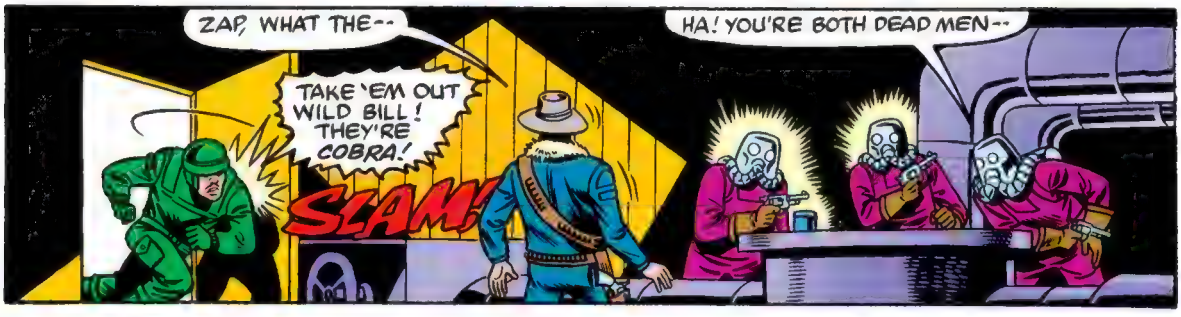
CHECK OUT THE COBRA TANK TRACKS...

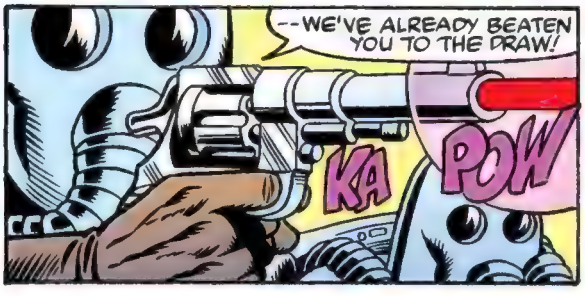

...THOSE TRACKS LEAD INTO THAT UTILITY SHED AND THEY DON'T COME OUT! THE COBRA TANK MUST HAVE ENTERED THE SHED BEFORE WILD BILL LANDED. OTHERWIZE ZAP WOULD'VE SEEN IT!
2
SO WHOEVER THE HECK WILD BILL IS HOB-NOBBING WITH INSIDE THE STATION AREN'T WHAT THEY APPEAR TO BE!

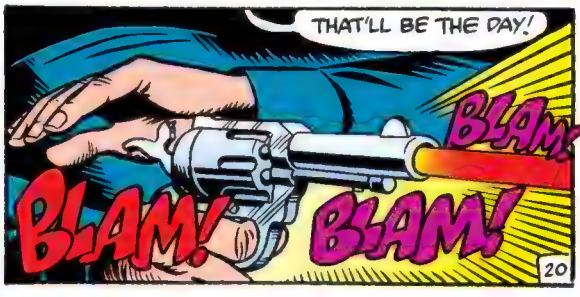
COBRA! THEY'VE BEEN ONE JUMP AHEAD OF US FROM THE START!
ZAP, THIS IS SNOW JOB. WE'RE NEXT TO THE PIPELINE APPROACHING THE UTILITY SHED. THERE'S A COBRA TANK IN THE SHED--


--AND IT'S CARRYING A LOAD OF PLUTONIUM STOLEN FROM THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT! IT'S A GOOD BET THE STATION CREW IS PURE COBRA!
IT'S ALSO A GOOD BET THAT THE PLUTONIUM IS INSIDE A DUMMY "PROBE" HEADING FURTHER DOWN THE PIPELINE!
I'M GOING IN FOR WILD BILL. BACK ME UP!

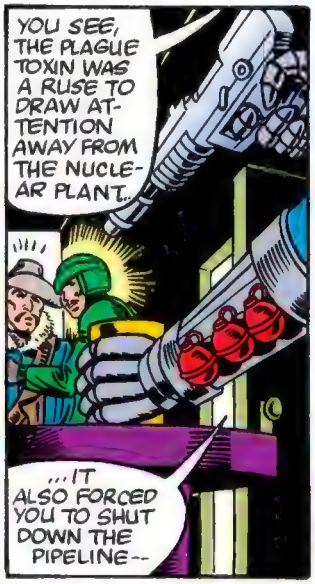
SNAKE-EYES IS GOING AFTER THE COBRA TANK BY HIMSELF?
IT'S ONLY ONE TANK, RIGHT?

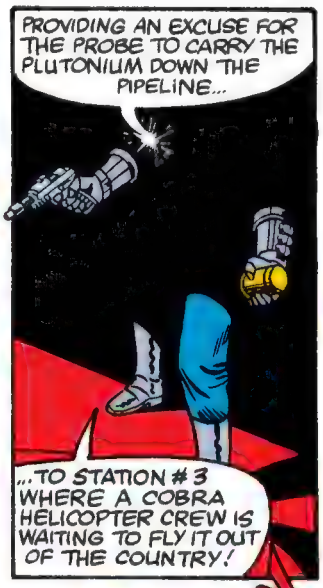

ZAP, WHAT THE--
TAKE 'EM OUT WILD BILL! THEY'RE COBRA!
SLAM!
HA! YOU'RE BOTH DEAD MEN--

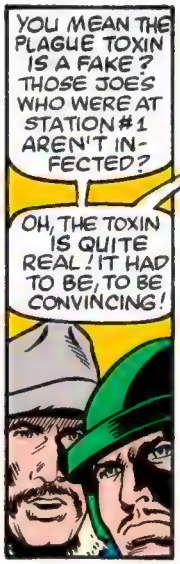

--WE'VE ALREADY BEATEN YOU TO THE DRAW!
KA
POW


THAT'LL BE THE DAY!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
20

THE PROBE! IS IT--
YES. AND CARRYING ENOUGH PLUTONIUM TO GIVE COBRA A RESPECTABLE NUCLEAR CABABILITY!
LONG GONE, ZAP. MUST BE HALFWAY TO PUMPING STATION #3 BY NOW...


YOU SEE, THE PLAGUE TOXIN WAS A RUSE TO DRAW ATTENTION AWAY FROM THE NUCLEAR PLANT..
...IT ALSO FORCED YOU TO SHUT DOWN THE PIPELINE--


PROVIDING AN EXCUSE FOR THE PROBE TO CARRY THE PLUTONIUM DOWN THE PIPELINE...
...TO STATION #3 WHERE A COBRA HELICOPTER CREW IS WAITING TO FLY IT OUT OF THE COUNTRY!


YOU MEAN THE PLAGUE TOXIN IS A FAKE? THOSE JOE'S WHO WERE AT STATION #1 AREN'T INFECTED?
OH, THE TOXIN IS QUITE REAL! IT HAD TO BE, TO BE CONVINCING!

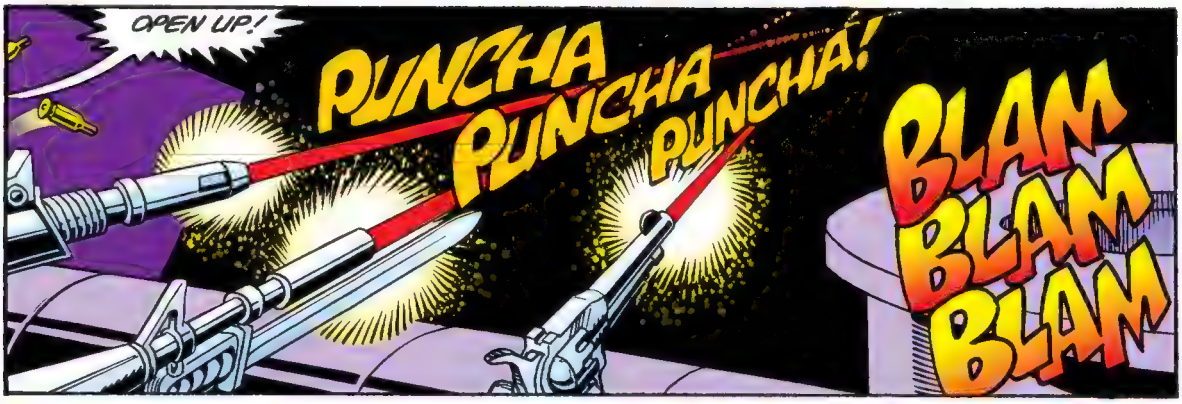
IN FACT, I'M HOLDING THE ONLY SUPPLY OF ANTIDOTE FOR THAT PARTICULAR STRAIN--

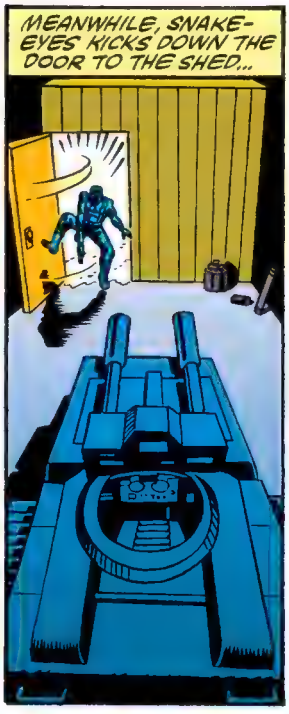
THE GENEVA CONVENTION SAYS I CAN'T FIRE A WEAPON BUT IT DON'T SAY A THING ABOUT SNOWBALLS!
WHUMP!

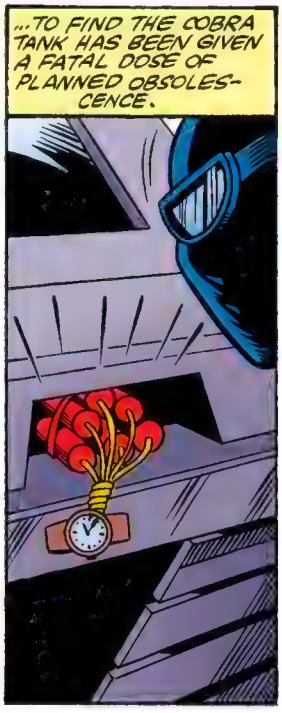
OOF!
--OR TACKLING!

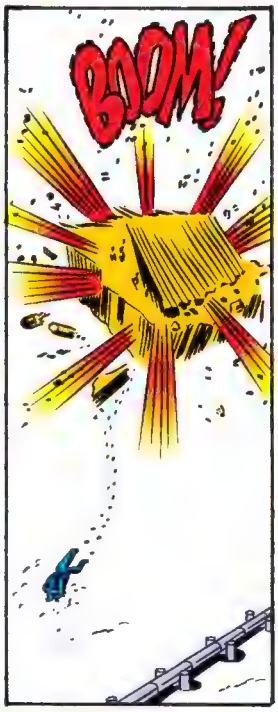
HOLD YOUR FIRE! THEY'RE BOTH IN THE SHADOWS!

YOU DARE TO LAY YOUR FILTHY HANDS ON ME?
WHAP!
DOC'S CLEAR--
21

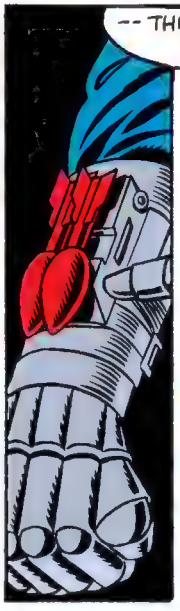

OPEN UP!
PUNCHA PUNCHA PUNCHA!
BLAM BLAM BLAM

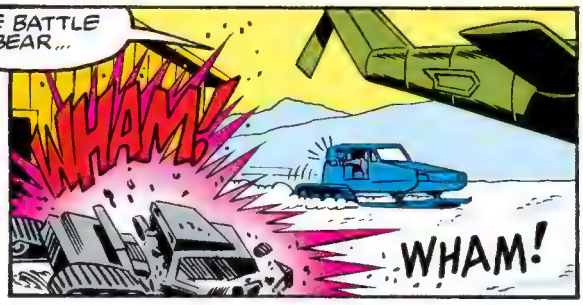

MEANWHILE, SNAKE-EYES KICKS DOWN THE DOOR TO THE SHED...

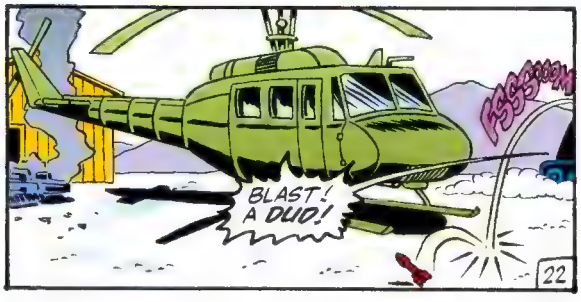

...TO FIND THE COBRA TANK HAS BEEN GIVEN A FATAL DOSE OF PLANNED OBSOLES-CENCE.


BOOM!

HRMPH! THE BLASTED JOES HAVEN'T WON YET!
MY WRIST-MISSILES WILL TAKE CARE OF--




-- THE BATTLE BEAR...
WHAM!
WHAM!


BLAST! A DUD!
22

QUICK! GET IN THE HELICOPTER! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM! HE'S GOT THE ONLY ANTIDOTE AND TIME'S RUNNING OUT!
NO! WE HAVE TO STOP THE PLUTONIUM FIRST!
AND BESIDES, I MANAGED TO GRAB THE ANTIDOTE WHILE I WAS BEATING THAT COBRA BUM MERCILESSLY ABOUT THE SOLES OF HIS BOOTS WITH MY FACE!

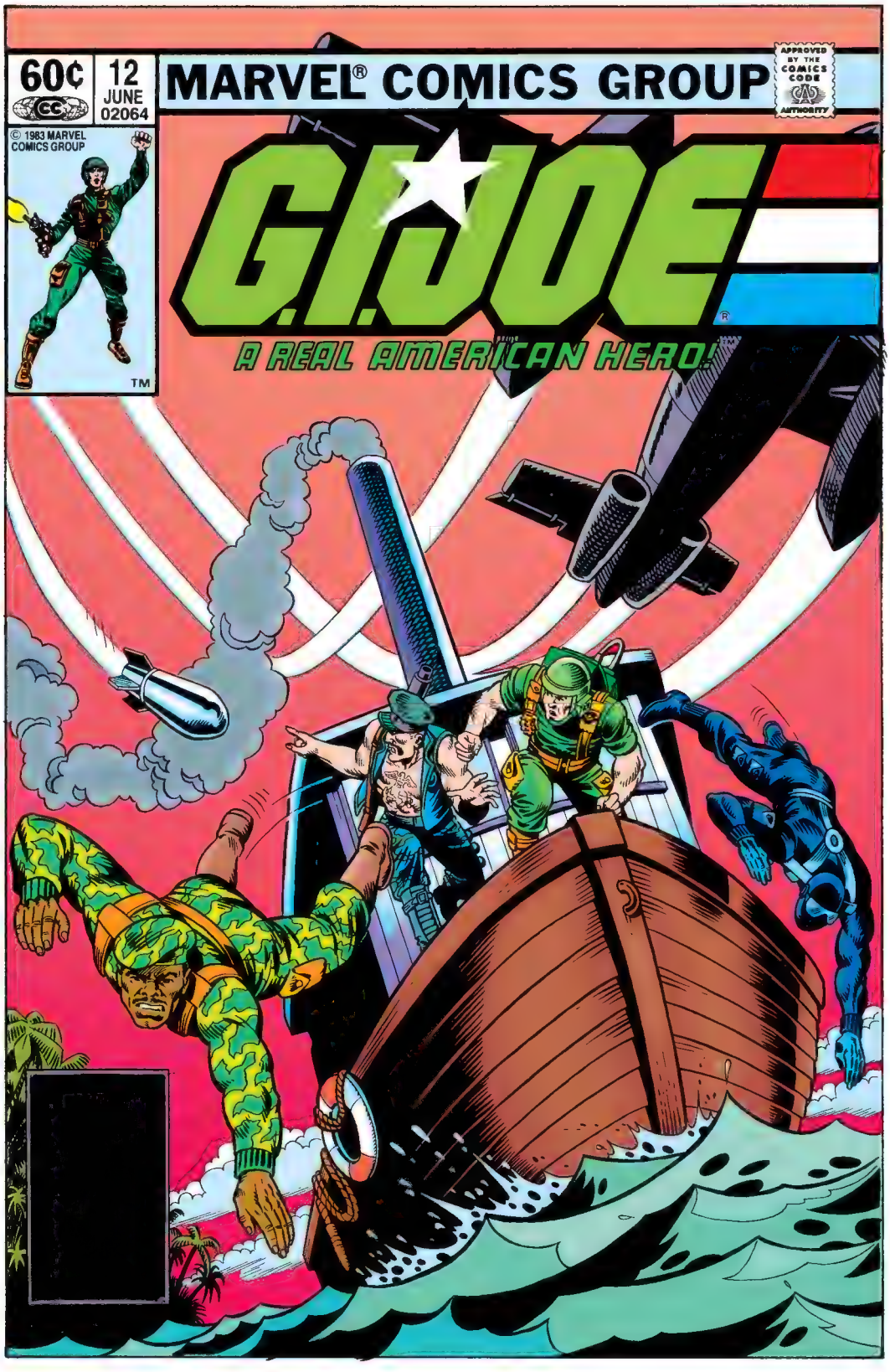
TWENTY-FIVE MILES SOUTH AT STATION #3...
A G.I. JOE HELICOPTER! SHALL WE--
NO. THAT COBRA SPECIALIST MIGHT HAVE CAPTURED IT. BESIDES, WE OUTGUN THEM.

IT'S ALL OVER, GUYS. WE CAPTURED STATION #2 AND REINSTATED THE CONTAMINATED OIL FLOW. YOU'RE ALL INFECTED AND HAVE SIX HOURS TO LIVE.

WE'RE WILLING TO MAKE A TRADE. THE PLUTONIUM FOR THE ANTIDOTE. BETTER MAKE UP YOUR MINDS BEFORE YOUR SIX HOURS ARE UP.

MINUTES LATER...
MADE THEIR MINDS UP RIGHT QUICK, DIDN'T THEY, PARD?
THEY MAY BE EVIL, BUT THEY'RE NOT STUPID.
23

BACK AT THE G.I. JOE BASE CAMP...
LET'S GET EVERYBODY LINED UP SO I CAN INJECT YOU WITH THE REAL ANTIDOTE!
SO WHAT WAS IN THAT BOTTLE YOU TRADED TO THE COBRAS FOR THE PLUTONIUM?
TETANUS BOOSTER FROM MY FIELD KIT. THEY WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT STEPPING ON RUSTY NAILS FOR TWENTY YEARS!
BUT WON'T THEY CARRY THE PLAGUE TO--
NOPE, WE NEVER REALLY TURNED THE CONTAMINATED OIL FLOW BACK ON, WE JUST SAID WE DID...
...I MUST ADMIT IT WAS QUESTIONABLE MEDICAL PRACTICE. LYING TO A PATIENT IS SUCH A NO-NO...
TALKIN' ABOUT LYIN'... I GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH THIS SKUNK ON SKIS OVER THERE--
--HOW COME YOU NEVER MENTIONED THAT GUNG-HO'S SISTER IS NINE YEARS OLD?
YOU DIDN'T ASK.
THAT WAS JUST THE "SET UP" ROCK'N ROLL...
...NEXT, HE WAS GOING TO HIT YOU UP FOR TWENTY BUCKS TO SET UP THE "DATE". BUT ACTUALLY, HE NEVER REALLY LIED TO YOU. GUNG-HO'S SISTER IS A CHILD MODEL AND SHE'S QUITE BEAUTIFUL...
...AND SHE PROBABLY WOULDN'T MIND HAVING ONE OF HER BIG BROTHER'S PALS TAKE HER TO THE FOUNTAIN FOR A DOUBLE-DIP ICE-CREAM SODA!
THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME "SNOW JOB"!
24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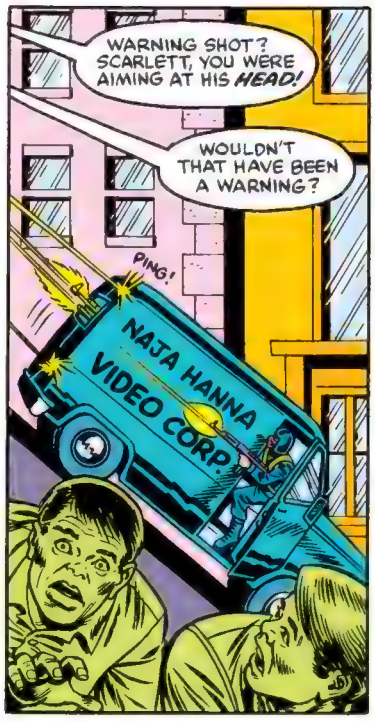
G.I.JOE
A REAL AMERICAN HERO!

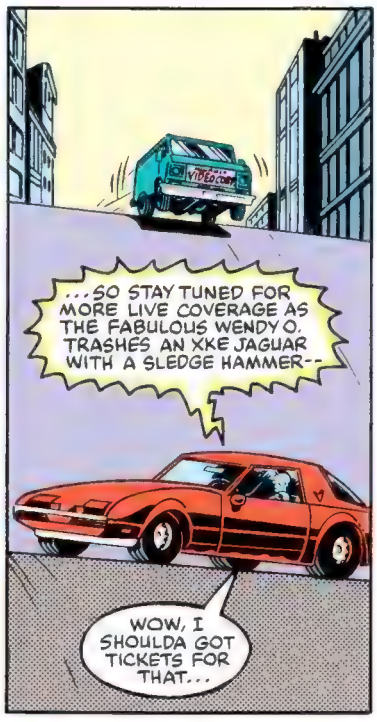
Stan Lee PRESENTS: G.I. JOE A REAL AMERICAN HERO™

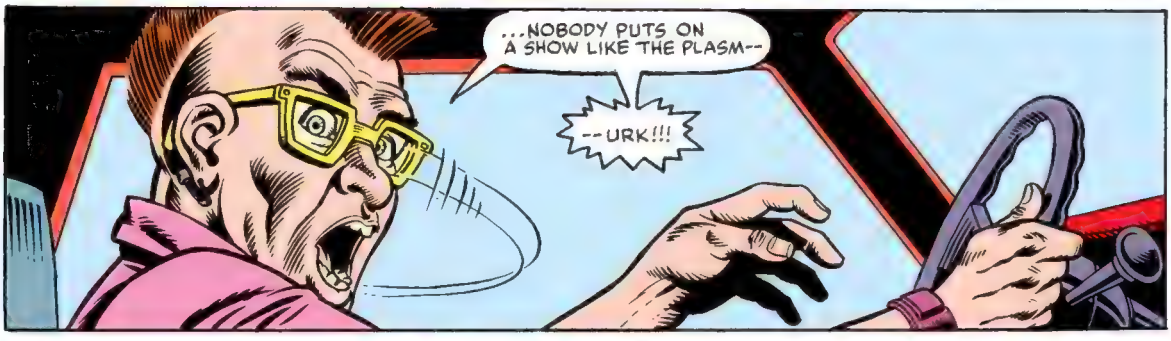
# "THREE STRIKES FOR SNAKE-EYES"

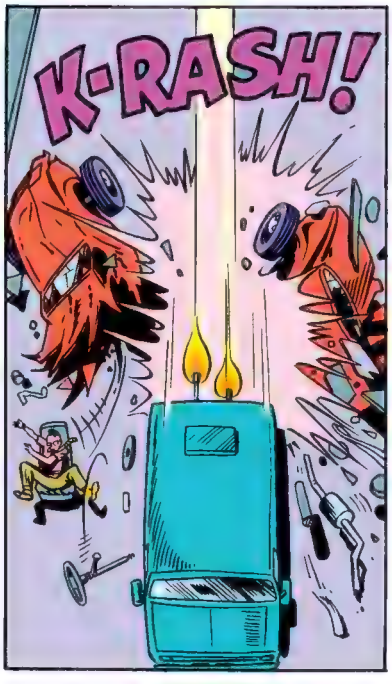
LARRY HAMA SCRIPT | MIKE VOSBERG PENCILS | JON D'AGOSTINO INKS | JOE ROSEN LETTERS | GLYNIS WEIN COLORS | DENNY O'NEIL EDITOR | JIM SHOOTER ED. IN CHIEF

WELL, I THINK THEY TOOK IT THE WRONG WAY WHEN YOU TRIED TO SHOOT THE DRIVER AT THE LAST STOP SIGN...
THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A WARNING SHOT--

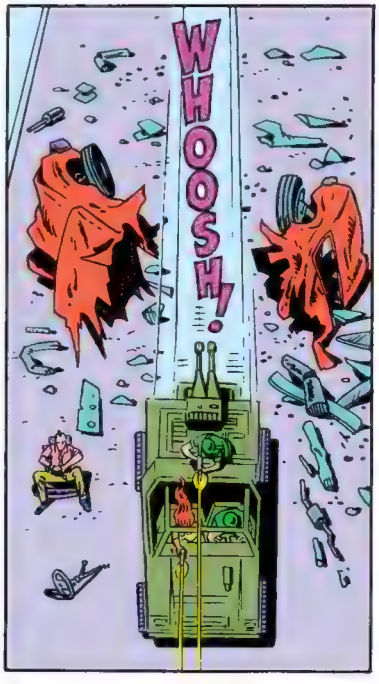

WARNING SHOT? SCARLETT, YOU WERE AIMING AT HIS HEAD!
WOULDN'T THAT HAVE BEEN A WARNING?
PING!
NAJA HANNA VIDEO CORP.


...SO STAY TUNED FOR MORE LIVE COVERAGE AS THE FABULOUS WENDY O. TRASHES AN XKE JAGUAR WITH A SLEDGE HAMMER--
WOW, I SHOULDA GOT TICKETS FOR THAT...


...NOBODY PUTS ON A SHOW LIKE THE PLASM--
--URK!!!


K-RASH!

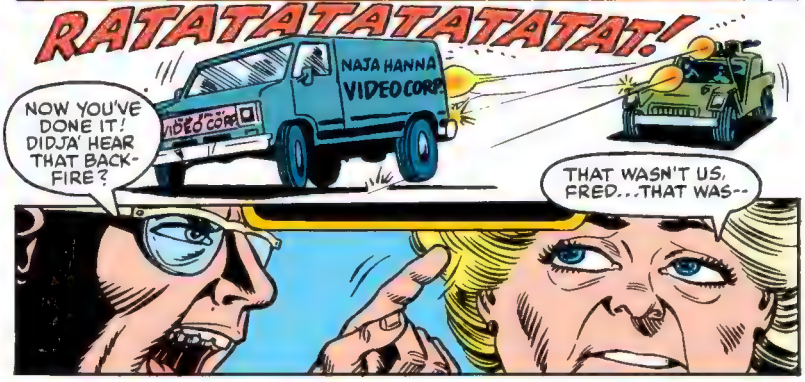
HUH?

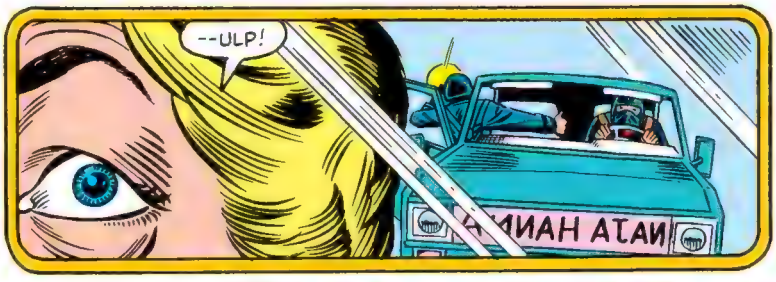

WHOOSH!

WHAT AN ACT!

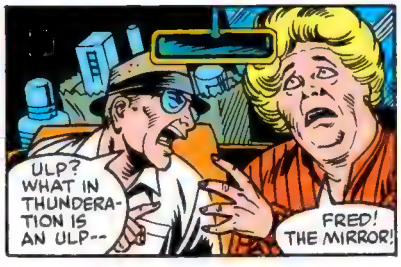
SKREEEEE!! BLAM! BLAM!
PING!
THEY'RE HEADING DOWN TO GHIRADELLI SQUARE!
...FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD, EUNICE --YOU STALLED IT! YOU STALLED IT DEAD!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, FRED. THE LIGHT IS RED AND I CAN GET IT STARTED AGAIN IN A JIFFY--

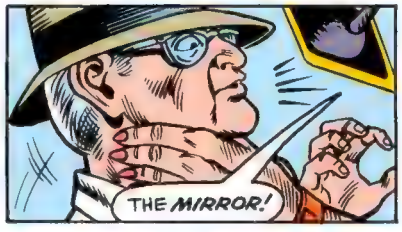
A JIFFY? THIS IS SOME LONG JIFFY YOU'RE TAKING--
OH JUST BE PATIENT, FRED...


RATATATATATAT!
NAJA HANNA VIDEO CORP
NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! DIDJA' HEAR THAT BACK-FIRE?
THAT WASN'T US, FRED...THAT WAS--


--ULP!

THAT PINTO'S NOT GOING TO MOVE! WE'RE GONNA--


ULP? WHAT IN THUNDERATION IS AN ULP--
FRED! THE MIRROR!


THE MIRROR!

BA-DA-DOOOM!

604 AJV

BREAKER! ONE OF 'EM'S GETTIN' AWAY!

I GOT 'IM COVERED, SCARLETT!

FRED! DO SOMETHING!

UH...ANYBODY GOT THE NUMBER OF THAT TRUCK?

GRAB HIM, BREAKER!

LET GO, YOU SWINE!

I SAID...*LET GO!*

HEY!

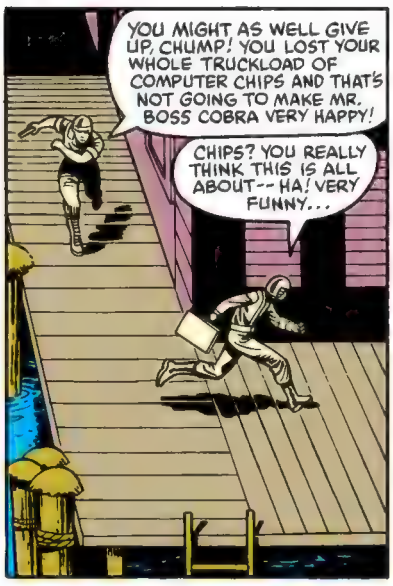
BAP

WHY, YOU LOUSY FOUR-WHEELER!

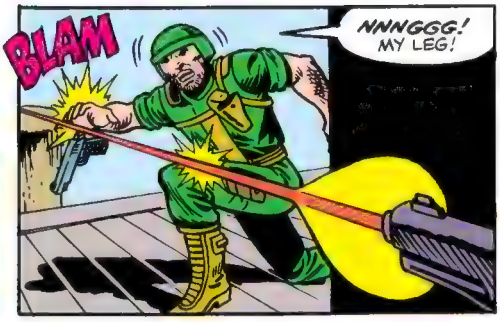
SCARLETT! HELP BREAKER. I'LL GET THE COBRA!

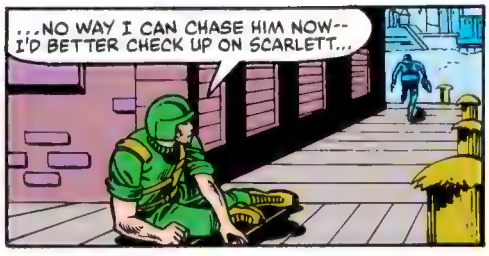
HEY! STOP THAT!

BIF BOP BASH


YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, CHUMP! YOU LOST YOUR WHOLE TRUCKLOAD OF COMPUTER CHIPS AND THAT'S NOT GOING TO MAKE MR. BOSS COBRA VERY HAPPY!
CHIPS? YOU REALLY THINK THIS IS ALL ABOUT-- HA! VERY FUNNY...

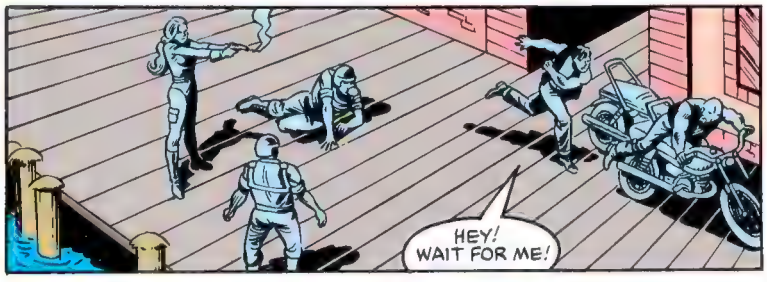
...I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO LAUGH ABOUT!


BLAM
NNNGGG! MY LEG!

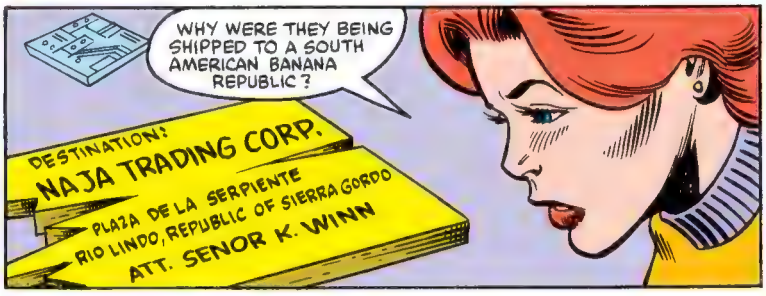

...NO WAY I CAN CHASE HIM NOW-- I'D BETTER CHECK UP ON SCARLETT...

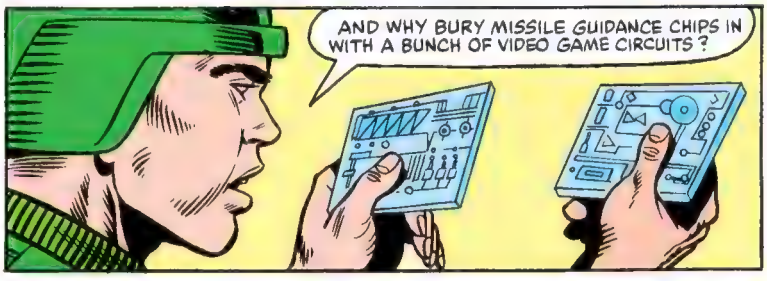
STOP, OR I'LL SHOOT!
BUZZ OFF, LADY... OR WE'LL GIVE YOU--

BLAMM!
TZINNG!


HEY! WAIT FOR ME!

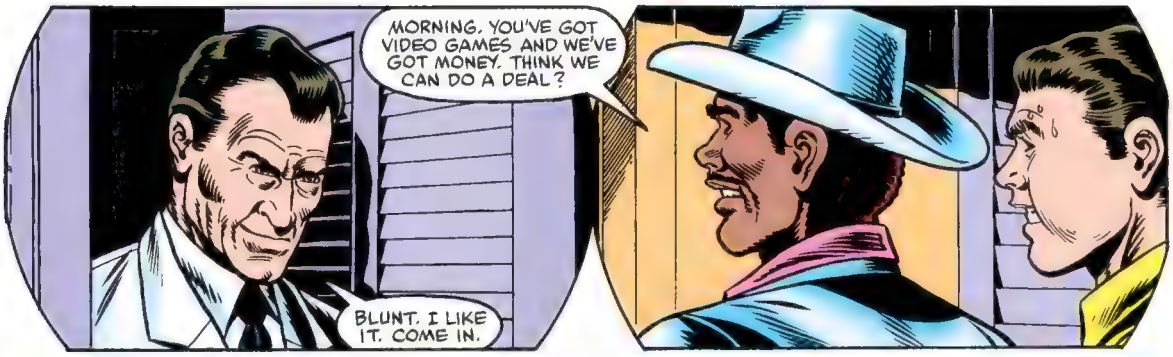
MINUTES LATER AT THE CRASH SITE...
...HERE'S THE REMNANTS OF THE PACKING CRATES THE CHIP MODULES WERE HIDDEN IN--

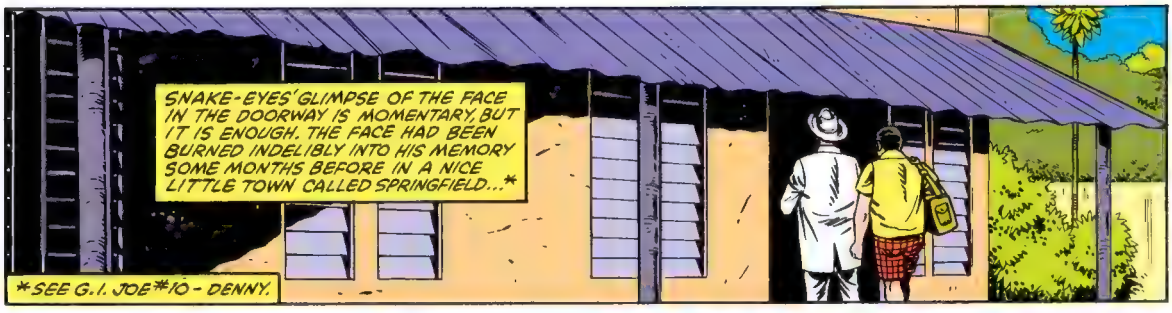

WHY WERE THEY BEING SHIPPED TO A SOUTH AMERICAN BANANA REPUBLIC?
DESTINATION:
NAJA TRADING CORP.
PLAZA DE LA SERPIENTE
RIO LINDO, REPUBLIC OF SIERRA GORDO
ATT. SENOR K. WINN


AND WHY BURY MISSILE GUIDANCE CHIPS IN WITH A BUNCH OF VIDEO GAME CIRCUITS?

IN WASHINGTON D.C. THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS ARE IN BLOOM ALONG THE TIDAL BASIN...
...ACROSS THE POTOMAC IN NEARBY ARLINGTON, A MEETING IS TAKING PLACE BETWEEN HAWK AND GENERAL FLAGG--
--IN A SECRET SUB-BASEMENT OF A CERTAIN FIVE-SIDED OFFICE BUILDING...
...TIME WAS WHEN CITIES LIKE CAIRO, VIENNA, LISBON AND ZURICH WERE CRAWLING WITH SPIES. TODAY, IT SEEMS LIKE EVERY SNOOP WORTH HIS SALT IS FLOCKING TO "SILICONE VALLEY" IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA!
COMPUTER "CHIP" TECHNOLOGY KEEPS US IN FRONT, HAWK... AND EVERYBODY'S TRYING TO STEAL OUR CHIP SECRETS. IT'S INTOLERABLE. IT'S GOT TO CEASE.
ORLANDO, PATCH IN THAT DIRECT VIDEO VISUAL FROM SAN FRANCISCO.
I'M PUNCHING IT UP ON THE BIG MONITOR, GENERAL FLAGG...
A
B
LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF SINGED PACKING CRATE...
IT WAS ON ITS WAY TO SOUTH AMERICA WRAPPED AROUND A LOAD OF HOT CHIPS. I THINK THE "JOES" SHOULD INSERT A SMALL TEAM. CASUAL STUFF. JUST A LOOK-SEE.
SIERRA GORDO'S HAVING A REVOLUTION. COULD GET HOT DOWN THERE...
DESTINATION:
NAJA TRADING CORP.
PLAZA DE LA SERPIENTE
RIO LINDO, REPUBLIC OF SIERRA GORDO
ATT: SENOR K. WINN
HOT? IT COULD EXPLODE!
A HARD JOB REQUIRES HARD MEN. GOT ANY CANDIDATES?
I SUGGEST A FOUR MAN TEAM...
...BREAKER GOES AS OUR ELECTRONICS EXPERT. HE'S ALSO THE ONLY ONE WHO GOT A GOOD LOOK AT THAT SCAR-FACED COBRA COURIER--
--STALKER, SNAKE-EYES AND GUNG-HO WILL BACK HIM UP. BY THE WAY, GENERAL... DID YOU KNOW THAT NAJA HANNA MEANS KING COBRA IN HINDI?

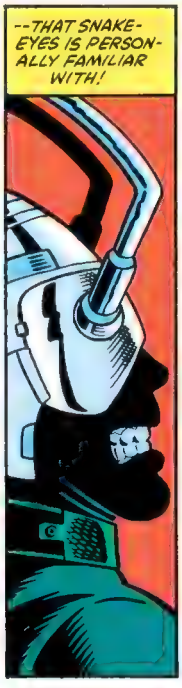
THE NEXT DAY...
WELL, BREAKER, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF SCENIC RIO LINDO?
DON'T LOOK NONE TOO "LINDO" TO ME, STALKER...
...BUT THEN I WAS NEVER TOO PARTIAL TO FLIES AND PIGS.
THIS IS THE "PLAZA DEL SERPIENTE" AND THAT'S THE WAREHOUSE OF THE NAJA HANNA VIDEO CORP...
GREAT. LET'S CALL IN AN AIR STRIKE.
FUNNY. REMEMBER, WE'RE OPENING AN ARCADE IN THE NEXT TOWN UP THE RIVER...
NAJA HANNA VIDEO CORP.
...AND WE'RE IN THE MARKET FOR FIFTY VIDEO GAMES--
O.K. KEMO SABE ...DO I GET TO RIDE INTO TOWN FOR HELP?
WE DON'T NEED ANY MORE HELP. SNAKE-EYES IS IN THE TREE-LINE KEEPING AN EYE ON EVERY MOVE WE MAKE...
"...COBRA MAKES ONE FALSE MOVE AND SNAKE-EYES OPENS UP A CAN OF FIRE-FIGHT!"
SNAKE-EYES, YOU AND ME GOT THE SHORT END OF THE STICK, NO? I MEAN...
...STALKER AND BREAKER GET TO GO INTO TOWN AND HAVE BEAUCOUP GOOD TIME...
--WHILE WE GET STUCK SQUATTING IN THE BUSH! BUT HEY, "C'EST LA VIE, N'EST CE PAS?"
--YOU LISTENING TO ME OR WHAT?


MORNING. YOU'VE GOT VIDEO GAMES AND WE'VE GOT MONEY. THINK WE CAN DO A DEAL?
BLUNT. I LIKE IT. COME IN.


SNAKE-EYES' GLIMPSE OF THE FACE IN THE DOORWAY IS MOMENTARY, BUT IT IS ENOUGH. THE FACE HAD BEEN BURNED INDELIBLY INTO HIS MEMORY SOME MONTHS BEFORE IN A NICE LITTLE TOWN CALLED SPRINGFIELD...*
*SEE G.I. JOE #10 - DENNY.

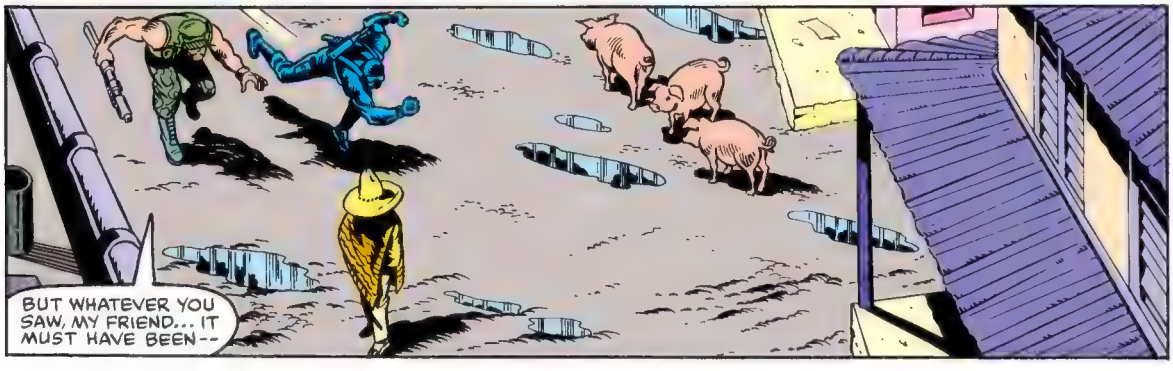
...IT IS THE FACE OF DR. VENOM--
--TOP COBRA SCIENTIST AND INVENTOR OF...

...THE BRAIN-WAVE-SCANNER, AN IN-SIDIOUS TORTURE DEVICE--


--THAT SNAKE-EYES IS PERSON-ALLY FAMILIAR WITH!

ALORS! WHAT DID YOU SEE? WHAT--
--WHAT AM I ASKING FOR?

...THE MAN CAN'T ANSWER ANYWAY!


BUT WHATEVER YOU SAW, MY FRIEND... IT MUST HAVE BEEN--

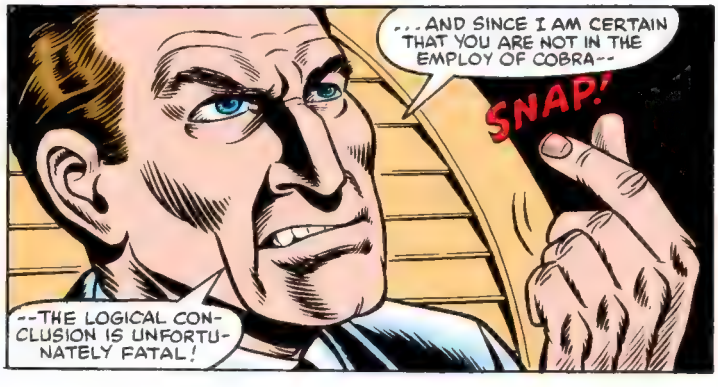
OOF!
THUDD!

SORRY, SENOR--
--THAT SCAR! YOU MUST BE THE COBRA COURIER WHO SHOT CLUTCH!

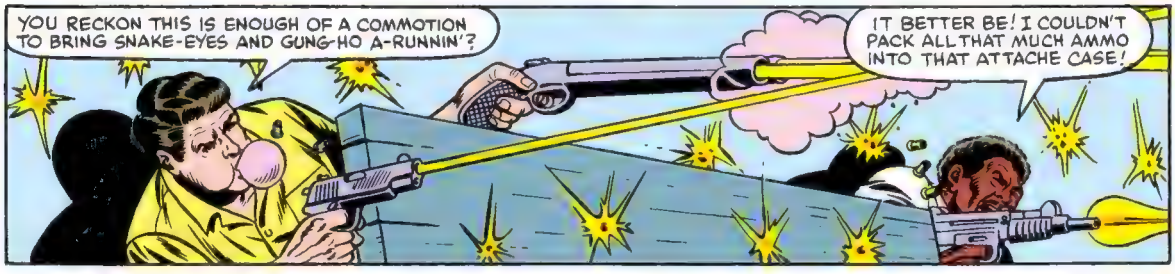
LET GO, SNAKE-EYES! THAT COCHON* IS GETTING AWAY--
*PIG

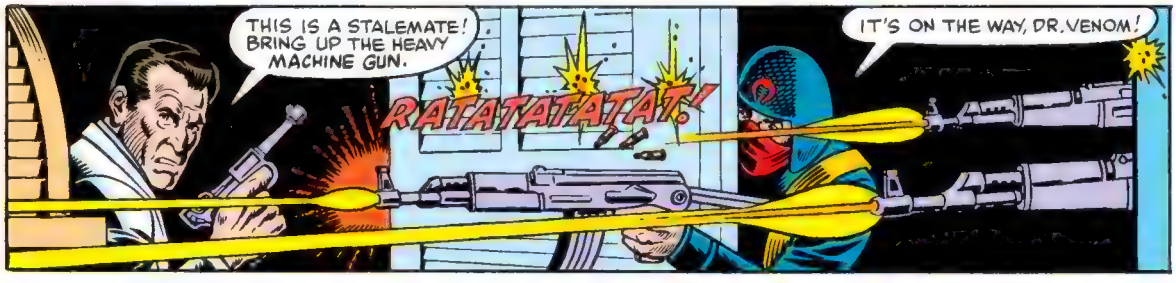
INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE...
...I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN. WE CANNOT SELL YOU ANY VIDEO GAMES FOR THE SIMPLE REASON THAT WE DON'T HAVE ANY TO SELL!
IMPOSSIBLE. I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT YOU RECEIVED A SHIPMENT OF OVER ONE HUNDRED GAMES LESS THAN A MONTH AGO...

WELL NOW, ISN'T THAT INTERESTING? THE ONLY WAY YOU COULD POSSIBLY BE PRIVY TO THAT BIT OF INFORMATION IS IF YOU WERE WORKING FOR EITHER COBRA OR G.I. JOE...
UMMM...
UHHH...


...AND SINCE I AM CERTAIN THAT YOU ARE NOT IN THE EMPLOY OF COBRA--
SNAP!
--THE LOGICAL CONCLUSION IS UNFORTUNATELY FATAL!

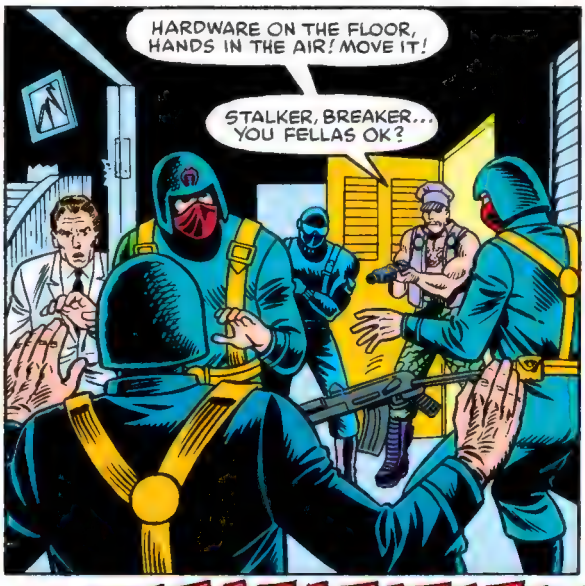
GUARDS! TAKE THEM!
COULDN'T YOU HAVE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING TO SAY OTHER THAN "UHHH"?
KRAASH!
COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING WITTIER THAN YOUR "UMMMM"!

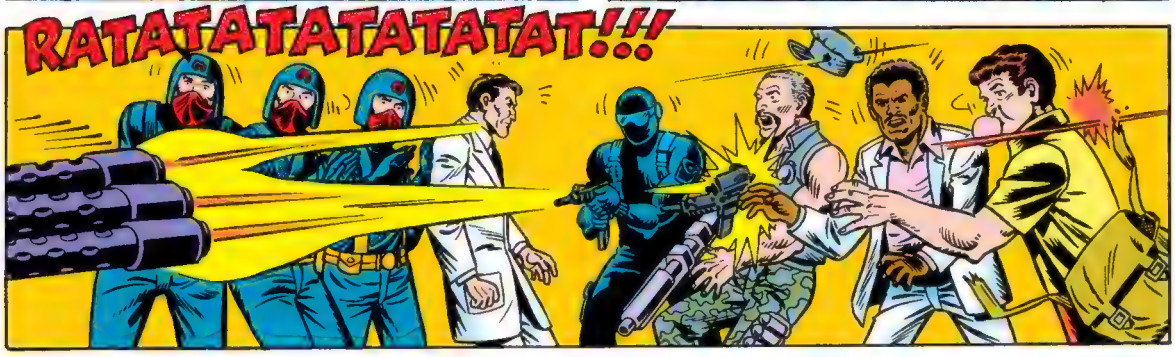

YOU RECKON THIS IS ENOUGH OF A COMMOTION TO BRING SNAKE-EYES AND GUNG-HO A-RUNNIN'?
IT BETTER BE! I COULDN'T PACK ALL THAT MUCH AMMO INTO THAT ATTACHE CASE!


THIS IS A STALEMATE! BRING UP THE HEAVY MACHINE GUN.
RATATATATAT!
IT'S ON THE WAY, DR. VENOM!

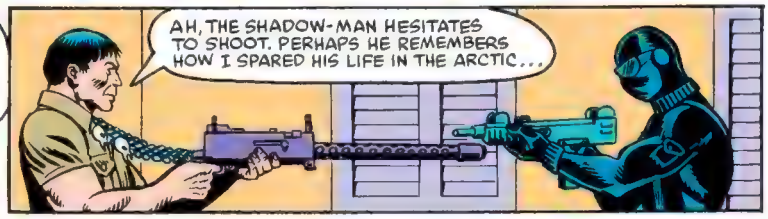
HEH HEH, THIS SHOULD EVEN UP THE ODDS--

PUNCH PUNCH
PUNCH PUNCH!
NNNNNGGG!!



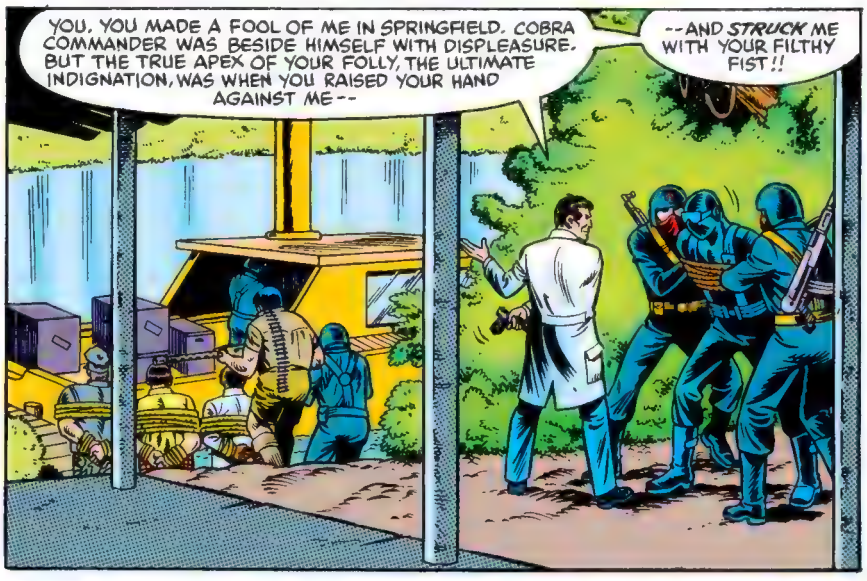


ED. NOTE: KWINN MET STALKER, SNAKE-EYES AND BREAKER IN G.I. JOE #2!



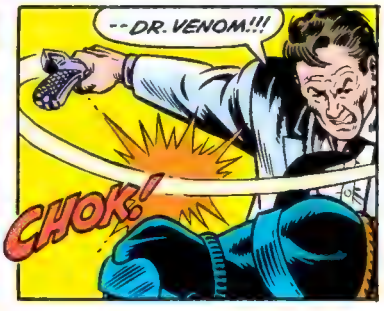
LATER...
KWINN, TAKE THE PRISONERS DOWN TO THE RIVER AND PUT THEM ON THE BOAT. WE SHALL BE TRAVELLING UPRIVER SHORTLY...

...I SHALL BE DETAINING SNAKE-EYES MOMENTARILY FOR-- QUESTIONING...


YOU, YOU MADE A FOOL OF ME IN SPRINGFIELD. COBRA COMMANDER WAS BESIDE HIMSELF WITH DISPLEASURE. BUT THE TRUE APEX OF YOUR FOLLY, THE ULTIMATE INDIGNATION, WAS WHEN YOU RAISED YOUR HAND AGAINST ME--
--AND STRUCK ME WITH YOUR FILTHY FIST!!

NOBODY...
WHAP!

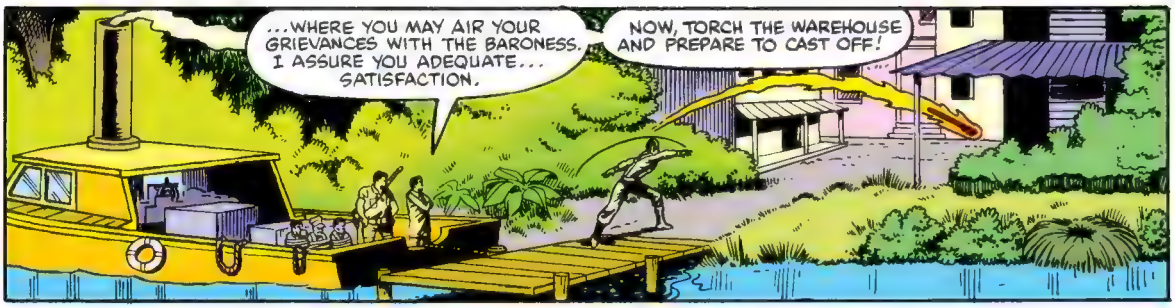
DARES TO STRIKE...
BAP!

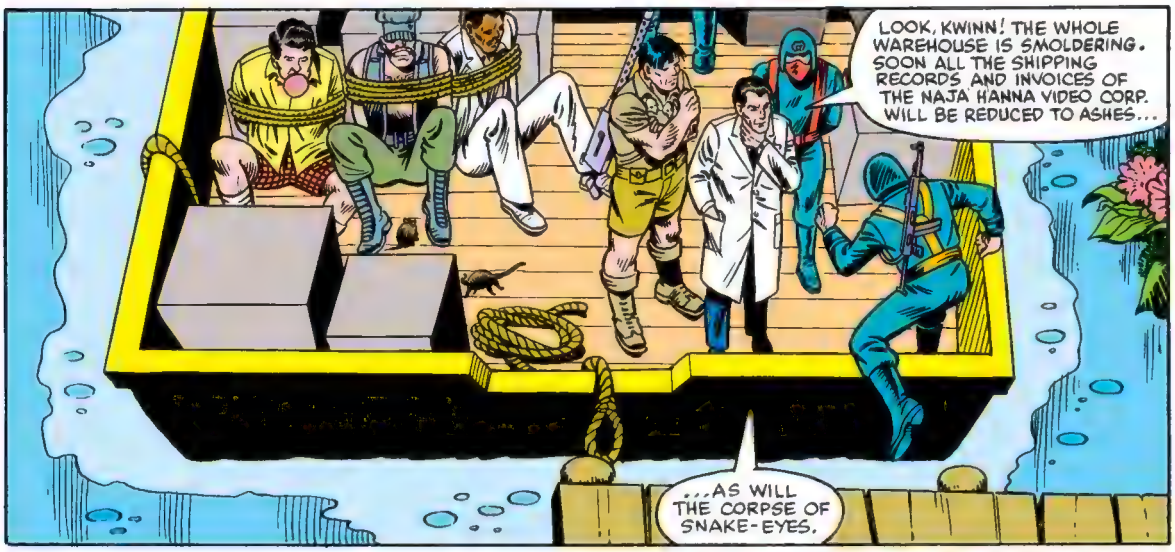

--DR. VENOM!!!
CHOK!

HOLD IT.

IT OCCURRED TO ME ON THE BOAT. HOW DO YOU "QUESTION" A MAN WHO CANNOT SPEAK? I GAVE MY WORD THAT NO ONE WOULD DIE. KWINN ALWAYS KEEPS HIS WORD--
MAY I REMIND YOU THAT YOU HAVE A CONTRACT WITH COBRA?
--NO RESPIRATION OR PULSE. THIS MAN'S DEAD. WE'LL LEAVE HIM IN THE WAREHOUSE...

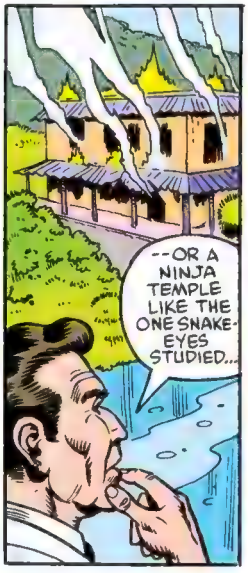
I KNOW I HAVE A CONTRACT WITH COBRA, AND YOU KNOW THAT KWINN NEVER RENEGES ON A DEAL... BUT IT IS YOU WHO WILL FACE ME WHEN MY CONTRACT EXPIRES!
WE SHALL DISCUSS THIS UP-RIVER...


...WHERE YOU MAY AIR YOUR GRIEVANCES WITH THE BARONESS. I ASSURE YOU ADEQUATE... SATISFACTION.
NOW, TORCH THE WAREHOUSE AND PREPARE TO CAST OFF!

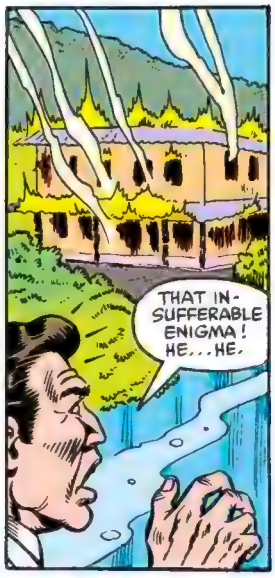

LOOK, KWINN! THE WHOLE WAREHOUSE IS SMOLDERING. SOON ALL THE SHIPPING RECORDS AND INVOICES OF THE NAJA HANNA VIDEO CORP. WILL BE REDUCED TO ASHES...
...AS WILL THE CORPSE OF SNAKE-EYES.

STRANGE. IT ALMOST REMINDS ME OF INCENSE SMOKE...

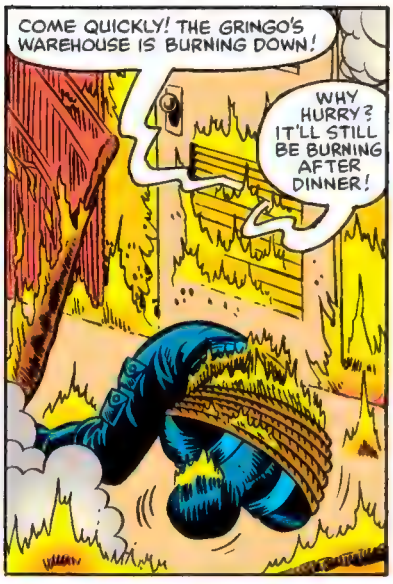
"...RISING FROM AN ASIAN TEMPLE--"


--OR A NINJA TEMPLE LIKE THE ONE SNAKE-EYES STUDIED...

"...THE SECRETS OF HEARTBEAT AND BREATHING CONTROL!!"


THAT IN-SUFFERABLE ENIGMA! HE...HE.

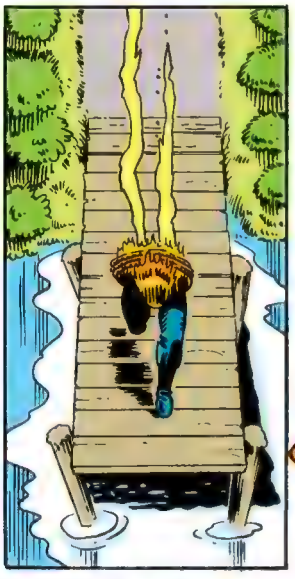
...HE LIVES!!


COME QUICKLY! THE GRINGO'S WAREHOUSE IS BURNING DOWN!
WHY HURRY? IT'LL STILL BE BURNING AFTER DINNER!

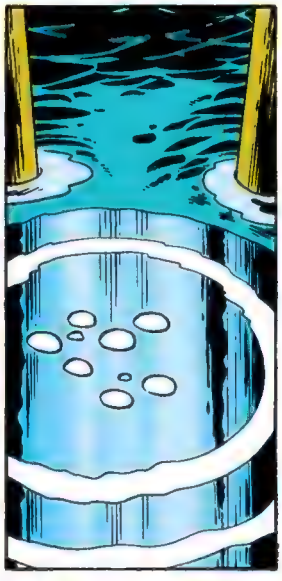
LOOK! SOMEBODY IS INSIDE, TRYING TO GET OUT!

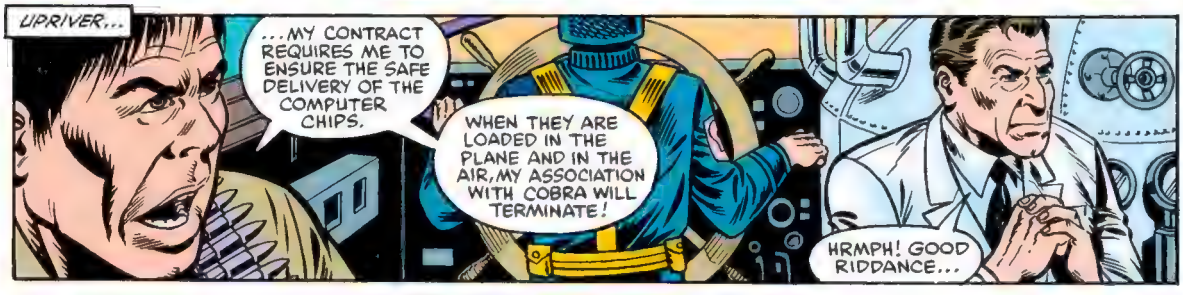
HE'S ALL TIED UP, AND ON FIRE!
SENOR! YOU MUST--

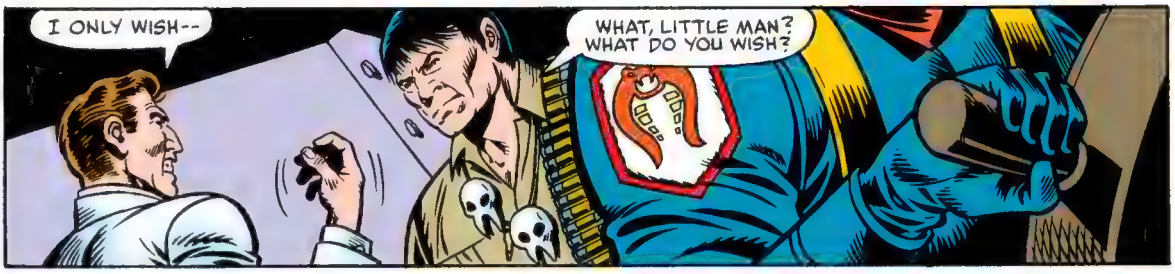
BY ALL THE SAINTS! DID YOU SEE HIS FACE?
I ONLY WISH I HADN'T!!

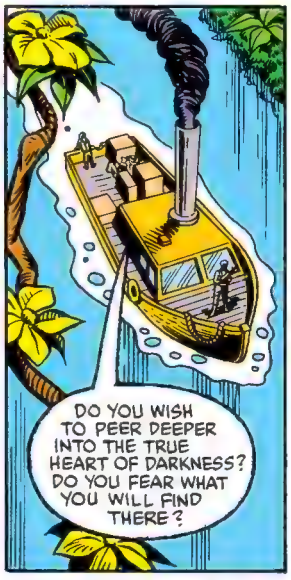


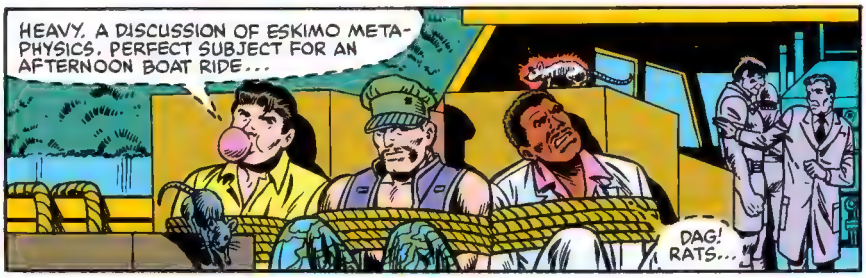
SPLOOOSH!




UPRIVER...
...MY CONTRACT REQUIRES ME TO ENSURE THE SAFE DELIVERY OF THE COMPUTER CHIPS.
WHEN THEY ARE LOADED IN THE PLANE AND IN THE AIR, MY ASSOCIATION WITH COBRA WILL TERMINATE!
HRMPH! GOOD RIDDANCE...

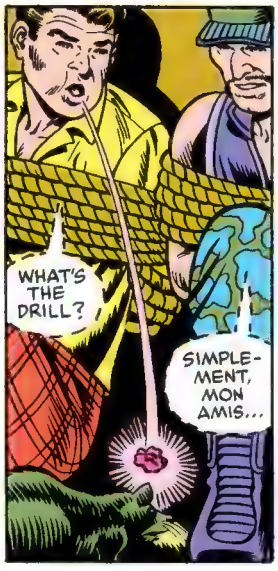

I ONLY WISH--
WHAT, LITTLE MAN? WHAT DO YOU WISH?

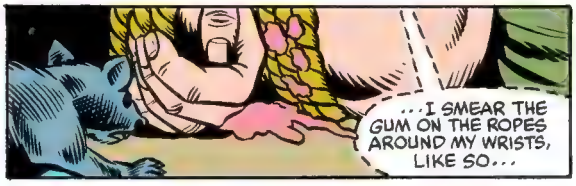

DO YOU WISH TO PEER DEEPER INTO THE TRUE HEART OF DARKNESS? DO YOU FEAR WHAT YOU WILL FIND THERE?


HEAVY. A DISCUSSION OF ESKIMO METAPHYSICS. PERFECT SUBJECT FOR AN AFTERNOON BOAT RIDE...
DAG! RATS...

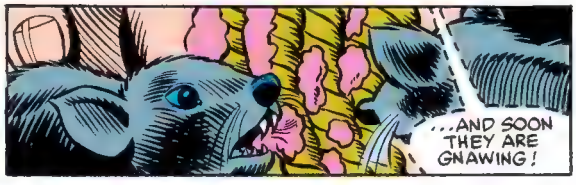
...THESE LITTLE SUCKERS ARE BOLD! LOOK HUNGRY, TOO...

HUNGRY? BREAKER, SPIT YOUR GUM OUT ON THE DECK BETWEEN US!
SURE...

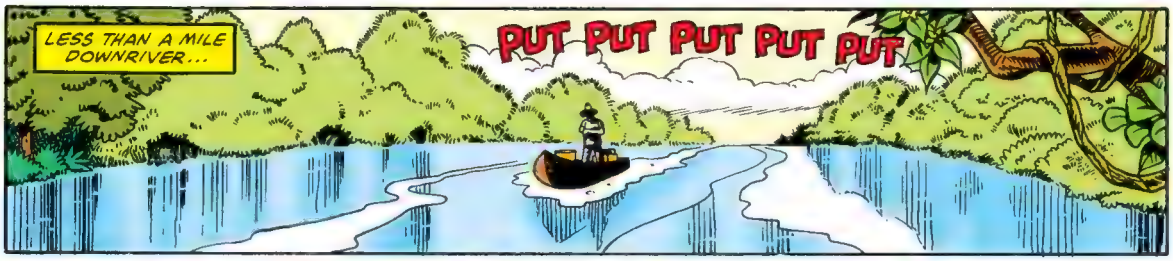

WHAT'S THE DRILL?
SIMPLEMENT, MON AMIS...

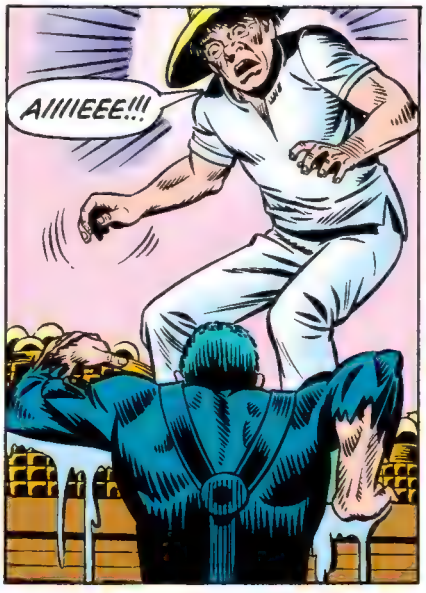

...I SMEAR THE GUM ON THE ROPES AROUND MY WRISTS, LIKE SO...

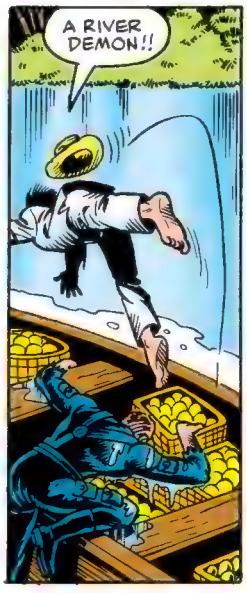
THE RATS, THEY SMELL THE SUGAR...

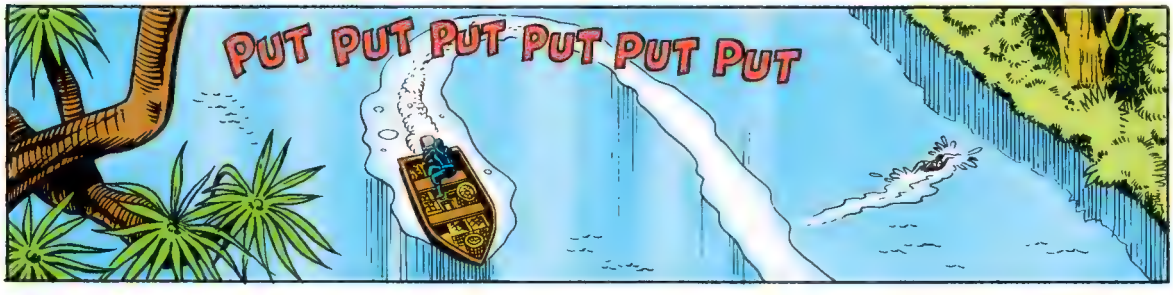

...AND SOON THEY ARE GNAWING!

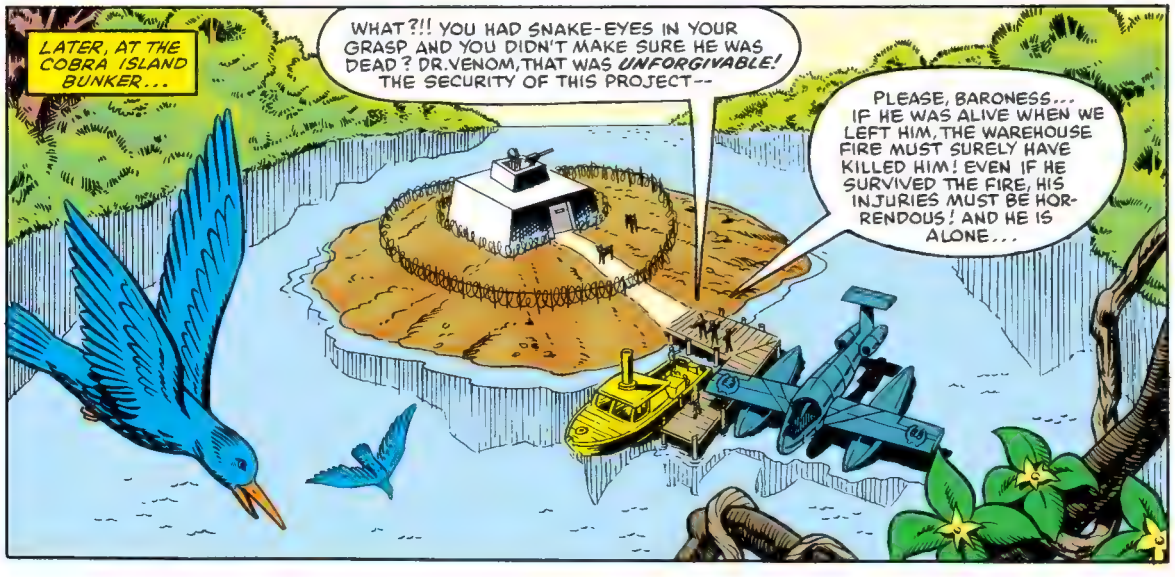
HOPE THIS WORKS... I'VE GOT THE SUSPICION THAT THE STATE OF OUR HEALTH IS DIRECTLY RELATED TO THE PRESENCE OF A LARGE ESKIMO...
...YEAH, AND IF I WAS KWINN, I WOULDN'T LET DR. VENOM WRITE ME NO PRESCRIPTIONS...


LESS THAN A MILE DOWNRIVER...
PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT

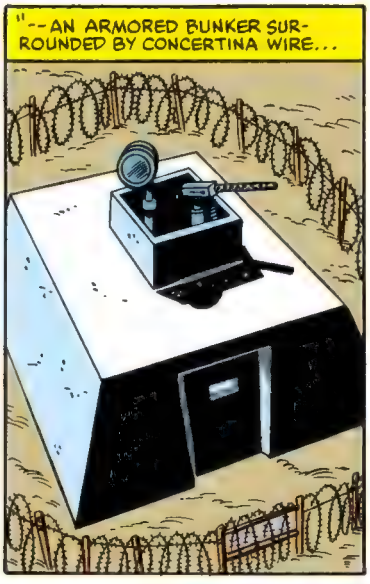

A!!!!EEE!!!


A RIVER DEMON!!


PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT

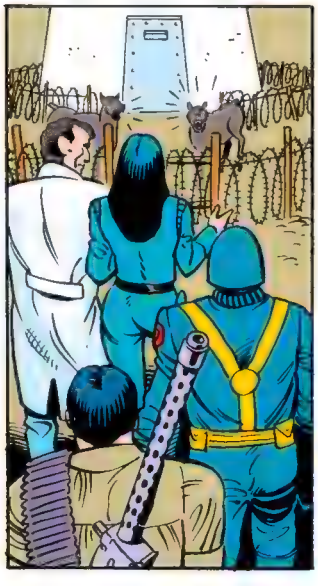

LATER, AT THE COBRA ISLAND BUNKER...
WHAT?!! YOU HAD SNAKE-EYES IN YOUR GRASP AND YOU DIDN'T MAKE SURE HE WAS DEAD? DR. VENOM, THAT WAS UNFORGIVABLE! THE SECURITY OF THIS PROJECT--
PLEASE, BARONESS... IF HE WAS ALIVE WHEN WE LEFT HIM, THE WAREHOUSE FIRE MUST SURELY HAVE KILLED HIM! EVEN IF HE SURVIVED THE FIRE, HIS INJURIES MUST BE HORRENDOUS! AND HE IS ALONE...

"...AND UNARMED! WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF THREE CRACK COBRA COMMANDOS, A MISSILE FIRING SEA-PLANE--


"--AN ARMORED BUNKER SURROUNDED BY CONCERTINA WIRE...

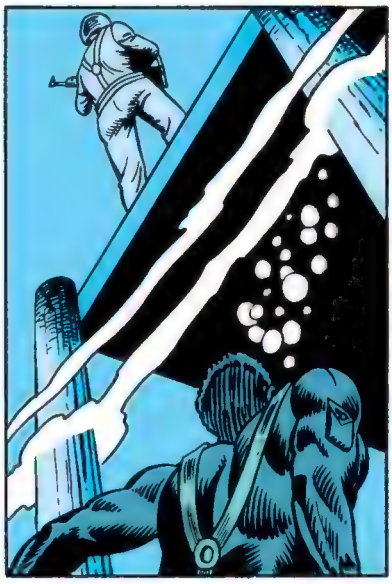
"...AND A PAIR OF VICIOUS DOBERMANS!"

NO, BARONESS. WE HAVE NO MORE TO FEAR FROM SNAKE-EYES! LET US PROCEED TO THE BUNKER AND CONCLUDE OUR BUSINESS...
AND THE PRISONERS?
THE THREE COBRA COMMANDOS CAN GUARD THEM. I AM REQUIRED BY CONTRACT TO BE WITHIN THE BUNKER DURING THE TRANSACTION.



THAT COBRA OFFICER WHO WENT INTO THE BUNKER WITH THEM...THAT WAS SCARFACE, THE ONE WHO SHOT CLUTCH IN SAN FRANCISCO!
YOU'RE SURE?
POSITIVE.
HOW ARE THE RATS DOING?

"ALMOST THERE..."



URK!

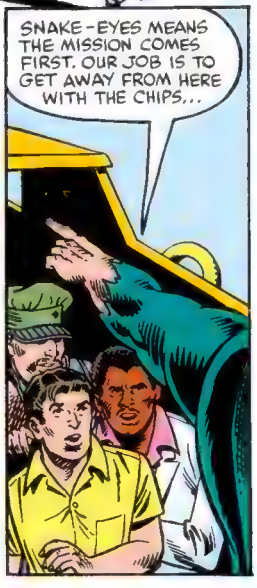
WHU?
SNAP!

CLUNK!

IT'S SNAKE-EYES! HE'S ALIVE!

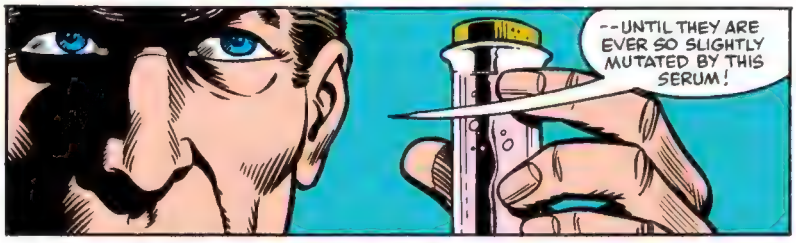
SHOOT! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE--
SNIK!

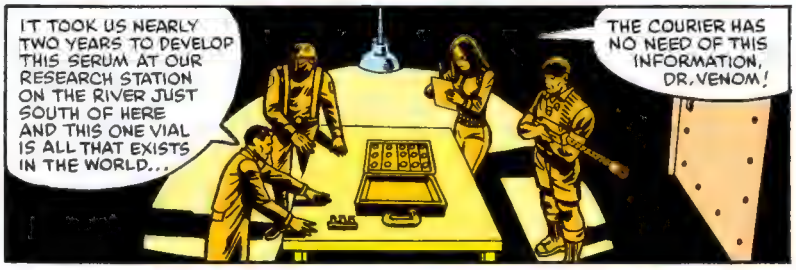
HEY! WHY'RE YOU SHOVIN' ME BACK IN THE BOAT?


SNAKE-EYES MEANS THE MISSION COMES FIRST. OUR JOB IS TO GET AWAY FROM HERE WITH THE CHIPS...

...AND SOMEBODY HAS TO STAY BEHIND TO NEUTRALIZE THE BAD GUYS!
SNAKE-EYES ELECTED HIMSELF FOR THE JOB!
I DON'T LIKE IT.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIKE IT. JUST START THE ENGINES AND LET'S GET GOING...

...NOW, THE VIRUS STRAINS YOU BROUGHT FROM SAN FRANCISCO ARE QUITE HARMLESS--

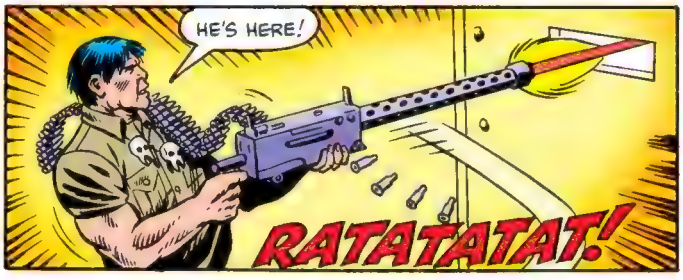

--UNTIL THEY ARE EVER SO SLIGHTLY MUTATED BY THIS SERUM!


IT TOOK US NEARLY TWO YEARS TO DEVELOP THIS SERUM AT OUR RESEARCH STATION ON THE RIVER JUST SOUTH OF HERE AND THIS ONE VIAL IS ALL THAT EXISTS IN THE WORLD...
THE COURIER HAS NO NEED OF THIS INFORMATION, DR. VENOM!

AH, BUT HE SHOULD KNOW THAT THE SERUM MUST NEVER TOUCH THE VIRUS! CORRECT?
CORRECT.

THE CONSEQUENCES WOULD BE... UNCOMFORTABLE, TO SAY THE LEAST!

QUIET!

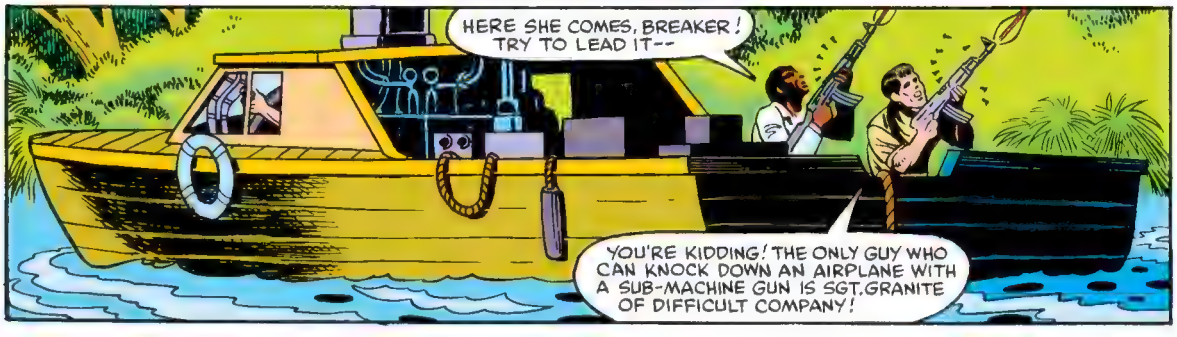

HE'S HERE!
RATATATAT!

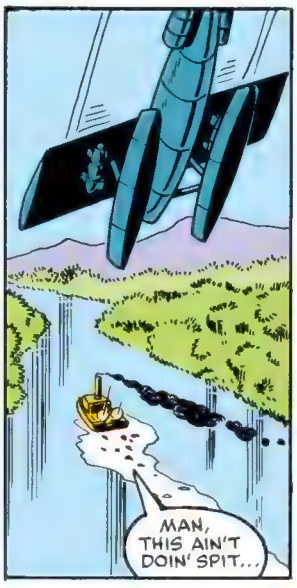
HE'S GONE!
BUT HE FREED THE OTHERS AND THEY'RE ESCAPING WITH THE BOAT!

BRING THE VIRUS AND SERUM! WE'LL PURSUE THE BOAT IN THE SEAPLANE...

...KWINN WILL STAY ON THE ISLAND WITH DR. VENOM AND FERRET OUT THAT INSUFFERABLE SNAKE-EYES!

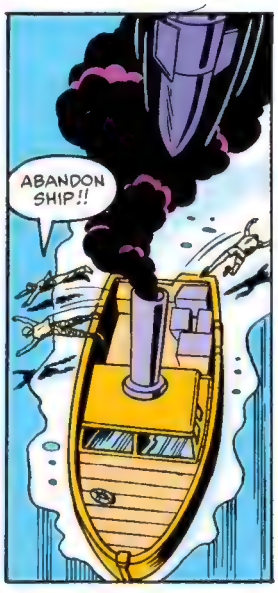
TOO BAD. THOSE JOES ON THE BOAT HAVE LESS OF A CHANCE THAN SNAKE-EYES DOES...

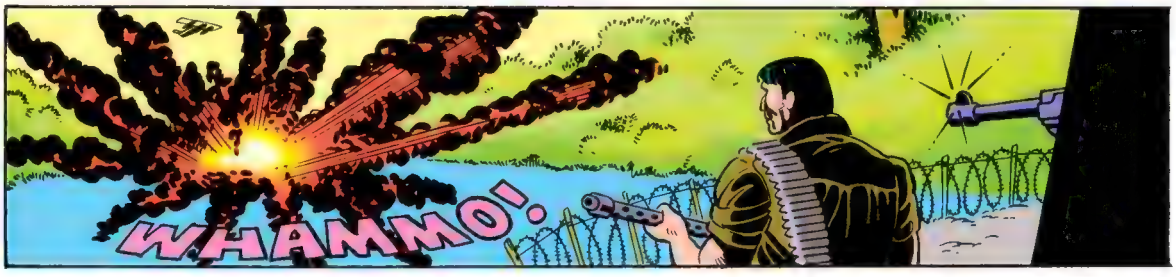

HERE SHE COMES, BREAKER! TRY TO LEAD IT--
YOU'RE KIDDING! THE ONLY GUY WHO CAN KNOCK DOWN AN AIRPLANE WITH A SUB-MACHINE GUN IS SGT. GRANITE OF DIFFICULT COMPANY!

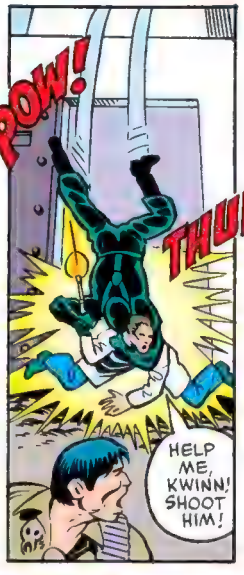

MAN, THIS AIN'T DOIN' SPIT...

I THINK YOU HIT HER! SOMETHING JUST DROPPED OFF--
THAT AIN'T NO "SOMETHING"--

--THAT'S AN AIR-TO-GROUND MISSILE!!


ABANDON SHIP!!

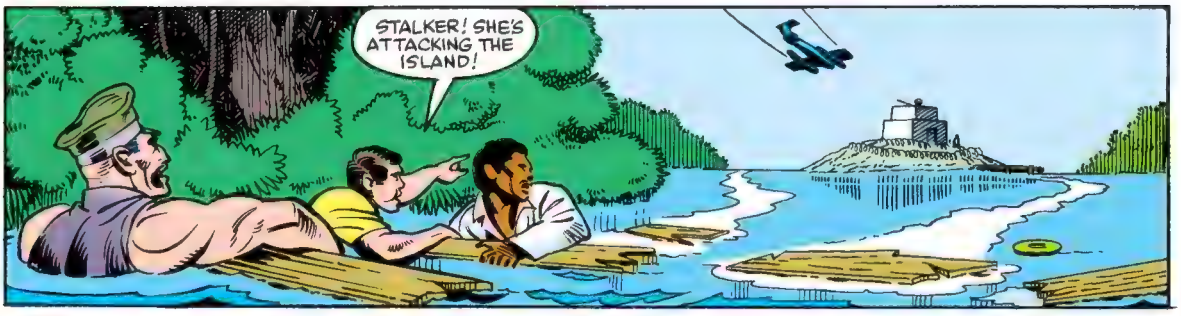

WHAMMO!


POW!
THUD!
HELP ME, KWINN! SHOOT HIM!

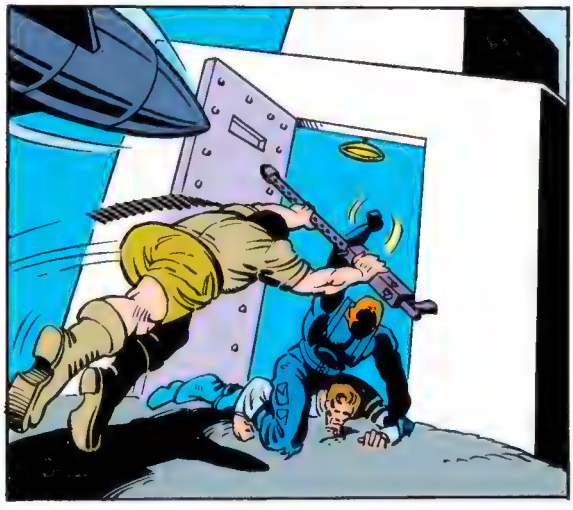
THE BARONESS BLEW UP THE WHOLE SHIPMENT OF CHIPS AND IS SAFELY AIRBORNE WITH THE VIRUS. MY CONTRACT HAS BEEN FULFILLED...
WHOMP! WHOMP!
NNNNGGGG!

NOW I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU WERE DOING SNEAKING UP BEHIND ME WITH A COCKED LUGER?

--WE HAVE POSSESSION OF THE VIRUS AND SERUM. BOTH KWINN AND THE GOOD DOCTOR ARE REDUNDANT AND EXPENDABLE...


STALKER! SHE'S ATTACKING THE ISLAND!

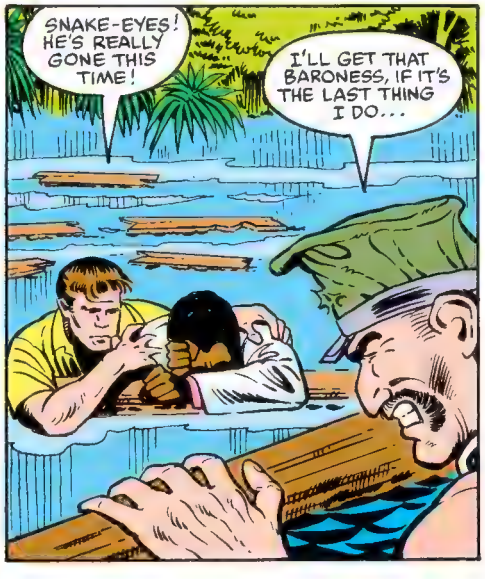
SKREEEEEE!
EH?



KA-BOOOOOM!!!

KWINN WAS PUSHIN' SNAKE-EYES TOWARDS THE BUNKER DOOR RIGHT BEFORE THE MISSILE HIT! D'YA THINK HE MADE IT?
'DON'T MATTER NOHOW, BREAKER...

...THAT MISSILE, SHE VAPORIZED THE WHOLE ISLAND!


SNAKE-EYES! HE'S REALLY GONE THIS TIME!
I'LL GET THAT BARONESS, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO...

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Stan Lee PRESENTS:

# LAST PLANE FROM RIO LINDO

LARRY HAMA SCRIPT · MIKE VOSBURG PENCILS · JON D'AGOSTINO INKS
JOE ROSEN LETTERS · BOB SHAREN COLORS · DENNY O'NEIL EDITOR · JIM SHOOTER ED. IN CHIEF

...A PERFECT SHOT, BARONESS! DR. VENOM HAD OUT-LIVED HIS USEFULNESS, KWINN WAS TOO UNPREDICTABLE AND...
...AND SNAKE-EYES WAS SOMEONE YOU WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED TO MEET ON EQUAL TERMS! THEY WERE THE THREE MOST CUNNING AND DANGEROUS MEN I'VE EVER MET. LET'S CIRCLE BACK--

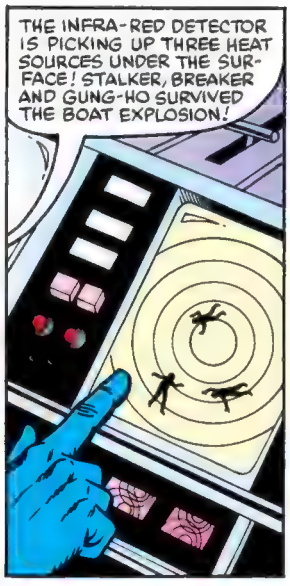
--AND MAKE SURE THERE WAS NO POSSIBILITY OF SURVIVORS.

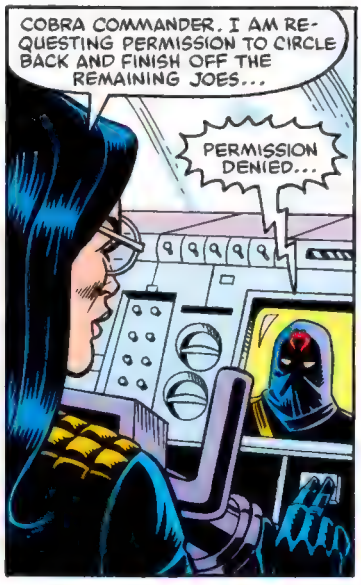
YOU'RE BEING OVERLY CAUTIOUS, BARONESS. THE ISLAND HAS DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE...

...AND AS FOR THE THREE JOES IN THE BOAT--

--THEY TOO, MUST BE AMONG THE DEAD.

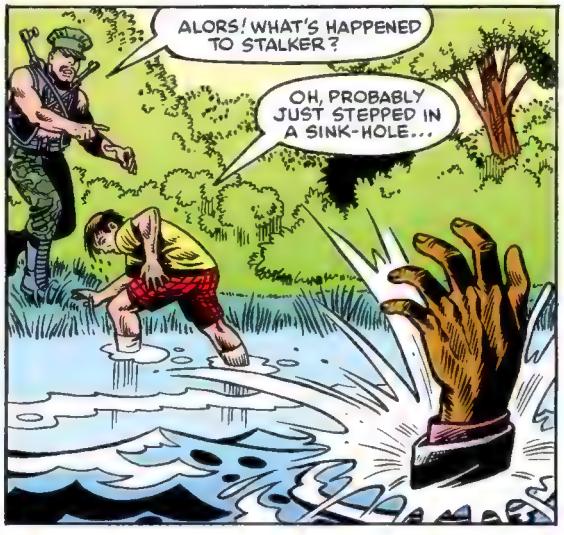
SO. IT IS TIME TO PLOT A COURSE NORTHWARD. IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT HIS BRIEFCASE IS DELIVERED TO--
--SPRINGFIELD.
AHA!


THE INFRA-RED DETECTOR IS PICKING UP THREE HEAT SOURCES UNDER THE SURFACE! STALKER, BREAKER AND GUNG-HO SURVIVED THE BOAT EXPLOSION!


COBRA COMMANDER. I AM REQUESTING PERMISSION TO CIRCLE BACK AND FINISH OFF THE REMAINING JOES...
PERMISSION DENIED...

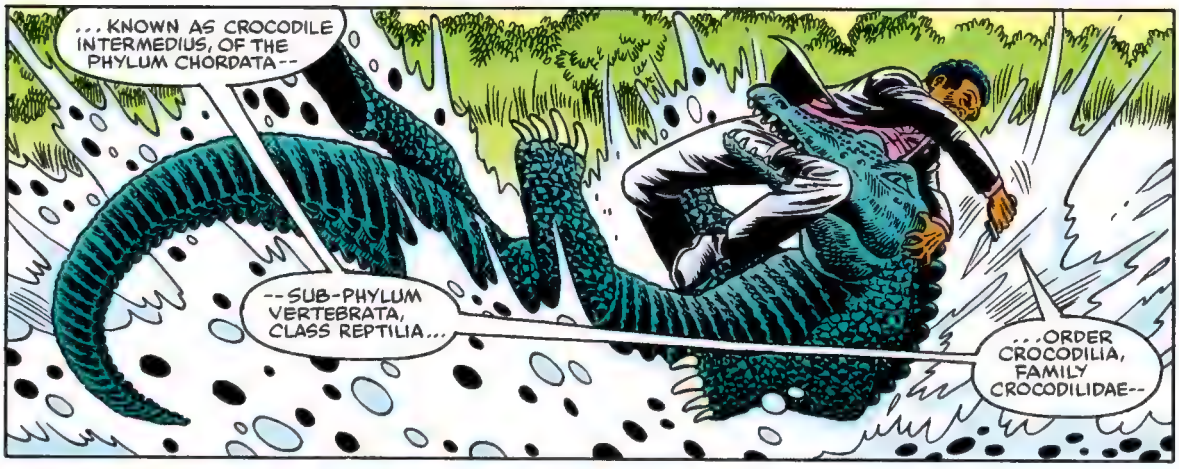
...THE CONTENTS OF THE BRIEFCASE HAVE THE HIGHEST PRIORITY. RETURN TO BASE.

ALL SHE HAD TO DO WAS PUT A QUICK BURST IN THE WATER AND WE WOULD'VE BEEN FISH FOOD. WHY'D SHE JUST LEAVE?
MAYBE SHE HAD A HOT DATE TO STRANGLE SOME PUPPIES. HOW SHOULD I KNOW?
WHO'S SAYIN' SHE'S NOT COMING BACK? EH? I SAY WE GET UNDER COVER TOOT-SUITE AND--

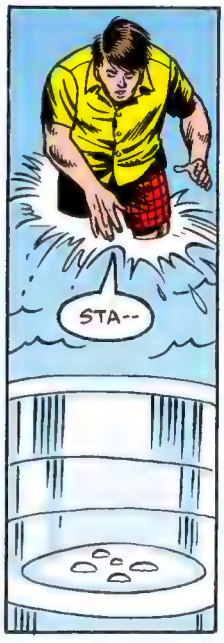

ALORS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO STALKER?
OH, PROBABLY JUST STEPPED IN A SINK-HOLE...

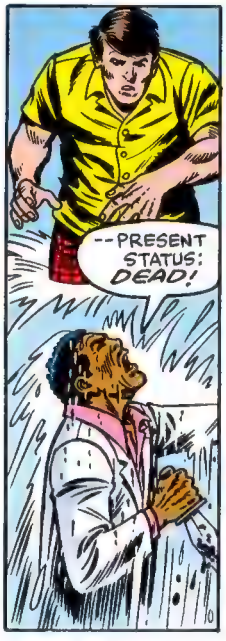
BEEN DOWN A LONG TIME...

GATOR!!
THIS AIN'T NO 'GATOR! THIS HERE'S AN ORINOCO CROCODILE...


...KNOWN AS CROCODILE INTERMEDIUS, OF THE PHYLUM CHORDATA--
--SUB-PHYLUM VERTEBRATA, CLASS REPTILIA...
...ORDER CROCODILIA, FAMILY CROCODILIDAE--

STALKER!


STA--

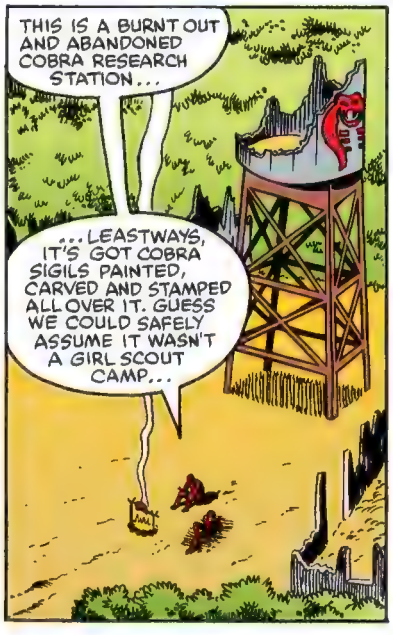

--PRESENT STATUS: DEAD!

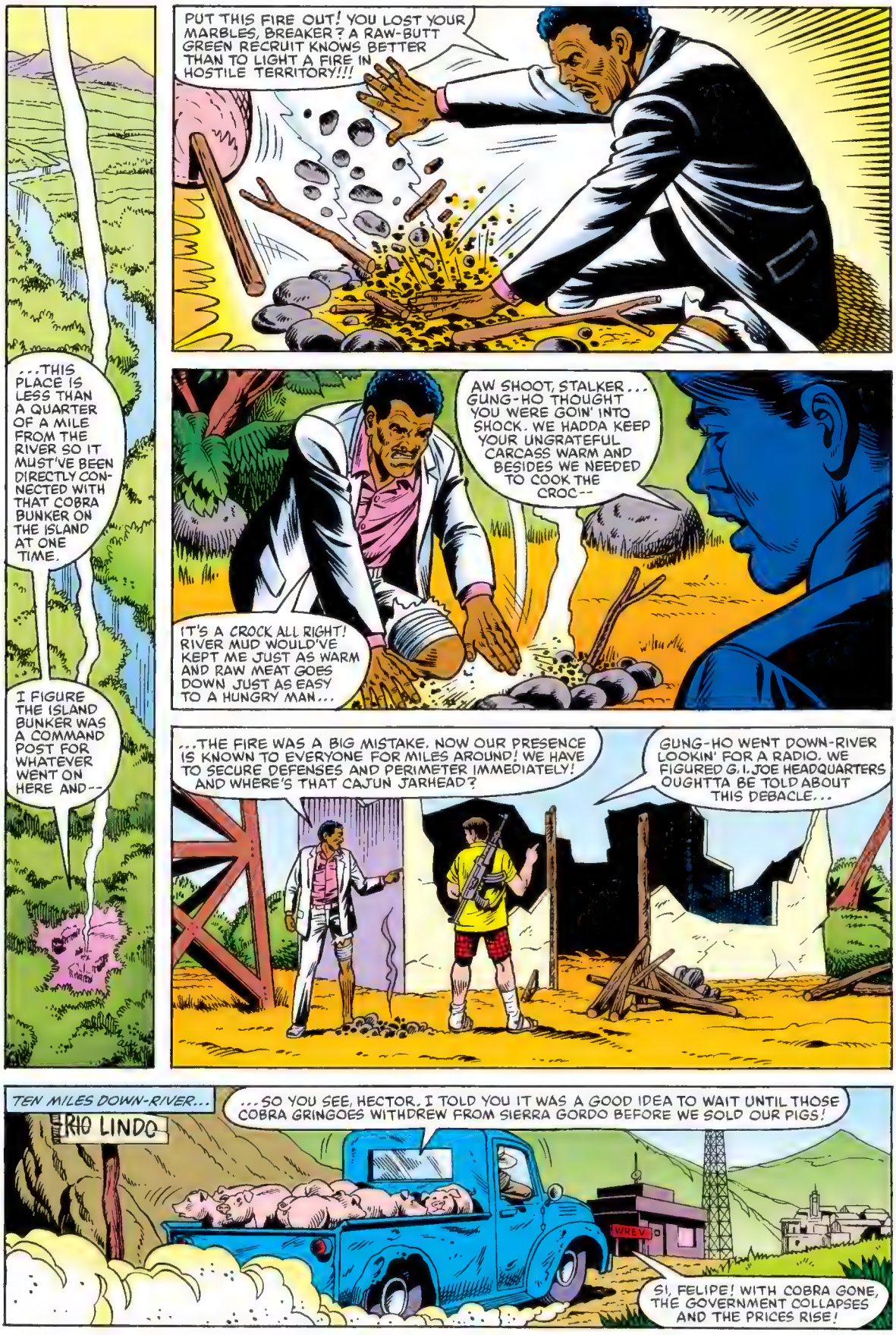
TAKE IT EASY... YOUR LEG...
'S'ALL RIGHT... I'M FINE ...I'M JES'--

SPLAT!

HOURS LATER...
WHA?
WELCOME BACK TO THE LAND OF THE AWAKE AND AWARE...

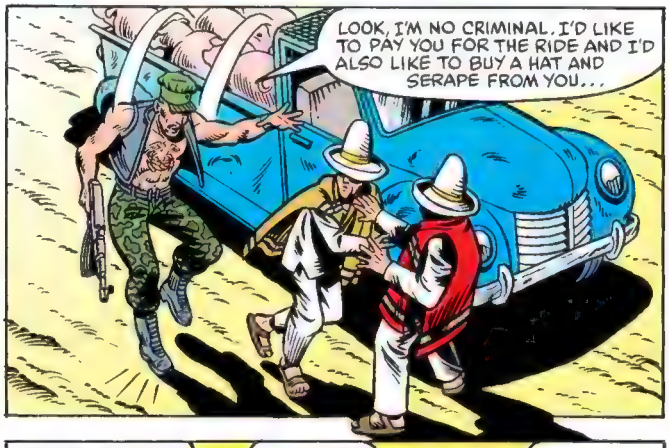
...JUST IN TIME TO HAVE SOME YUMMY ROAST CROCODILE TOO... SEEMS ONLY FAIR SEEING AS HOW HE GOT A TASTE OF YOU!
WH-WHERE ARE WE?


THIS IS A BURNT OUT AND ABANDONED COBRA RESEARCH STATION...
...LEASTWAYS, IT'S GOT COBRA SIGILS PAINTED, CARVED AND STAMPED ALL OVER IT. GUESS WE COULD SAFELY ASSUME IT WASN'T A GIRL SCOUT CAMP...


...THIS PLACE IS LESS THAN A QUARTER OF A MILE FROM THE RIVER SO IT MUST'VE BEEN DIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH THAT COBRA BUNKER ON THE ISLAND AT ONE TIME.
I FIGURE THE ISLAND BUNKER WAS A COMMAND POST FOR WHATEVER WENT ON HERE AND--
PUT THIS FIRE OUT! YOU LOST YOUR MARBLES, BREAKER? A RAW-BUTT GREEN RECRUIT KNOWS BETTER THAN TO LIGHT A FIRE IN HOSTILE TERRITORY!!!
AW SHOOT, STALKER... GUNG-HO THOUGHT YOU WERE GOIN' INTO SHOCK. WE HADDA KEEP YOUR UNGRATEFUL CARCASS WARM AND BESIDES WE NEEDED TO COOK THE CROC--
IT'S A CROCK ALL RIGHT! RIVER MUD WOULD'VE KEPT ME JUST AS WARM AND RAW MEAT GOES DOWN JUST AS EASY TO A HUNGRY MAN...
...THE FIRE WAS A BIG MISTAKE. NOW OUR PRESENCE IS KNOWN TO EVERYONE FOR MILES AROUND! WE HAVE TO SECURE DEFENSES AND PERIMETER IMMEDIATELY! AND WHERE'S THAT CAJUN JARHEAD?
GUNG-HO WENT DOWN-RIVER LOOKIN' FOR A RADIO. WE FIGURED G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS OUGHTTA BE TOLD ABOUT THIS DEBACLE...
TEN MILES DOWN-RIVER...
RIO LINDO
...SO YOU SEE, HECTOR, I TOLD YOU IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO WAIT UNTIL THOSE COBRA GRINGOES WITHDREW FROM SIERRA GORDO BEFORE WE SOLD OUR PIGS!
WREV
SI, FELIPE! WITH COBRA GONE, THE GOVERNMENT COLLAPSES AND THE PRICES RISE!

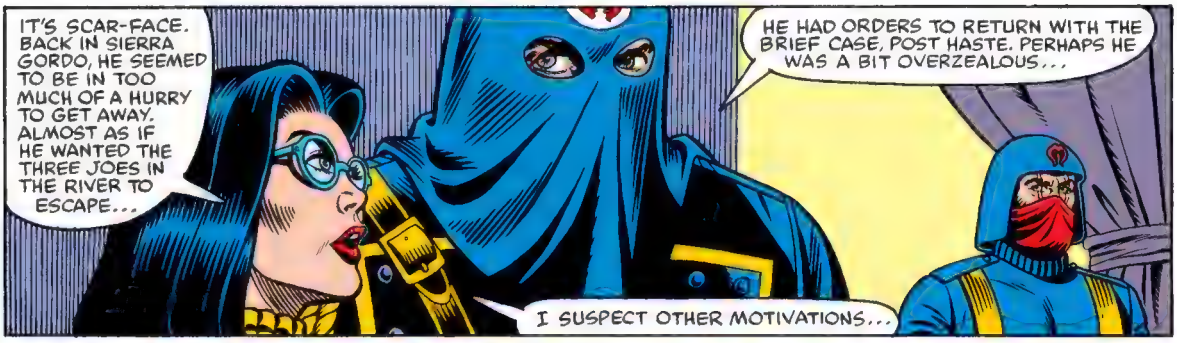
AND BESIDES, WITH ALL THOSE RECENTLY UNEMPLOYED FEDERALES ROAMING THE JUNGLES, WE ARE MUCH SAFER SPENDING OUR FAT PROFITS IN DOWN-TOWN RIO LINDO!

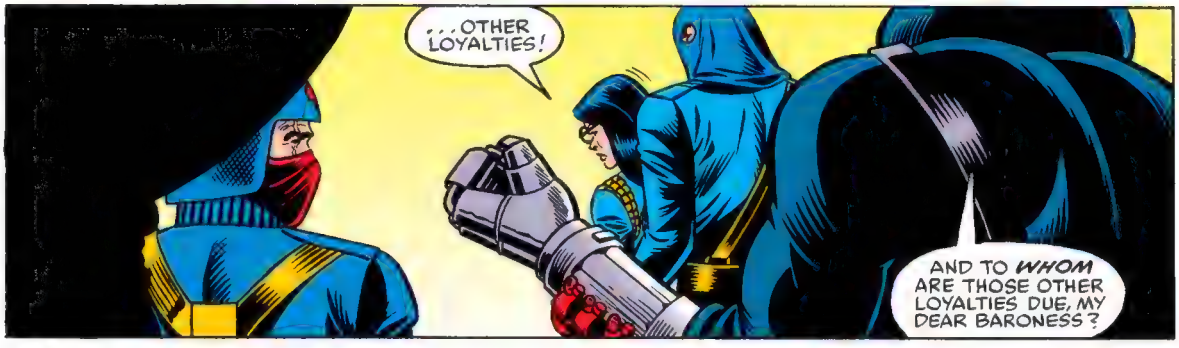
PARDONNEZ-MOI, MY FRIENDS! STOP THE TRUCK, I WANT TO GET OFF HERE AT THE RADIO STATION!
EH? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK THERE?
WREV
QUIET, HECTOR... HE HAS A GUN...


LOOK, I'M NO CRIMINAL. I'D LIKE TO PAY YOU FOR THE RIDE AND I'D ALSO LIKE TO BUY A HAT AND SERAPE FROM YOU...

...TROUBLE IS, I'VE GOT NO DINERO. HOWSABOUT A TRADE FOR A LIGHTER WITH A BIRD N' BALL ON IT?
WE DON'T SMOKE--
--WE'LL TAKE IT!!!

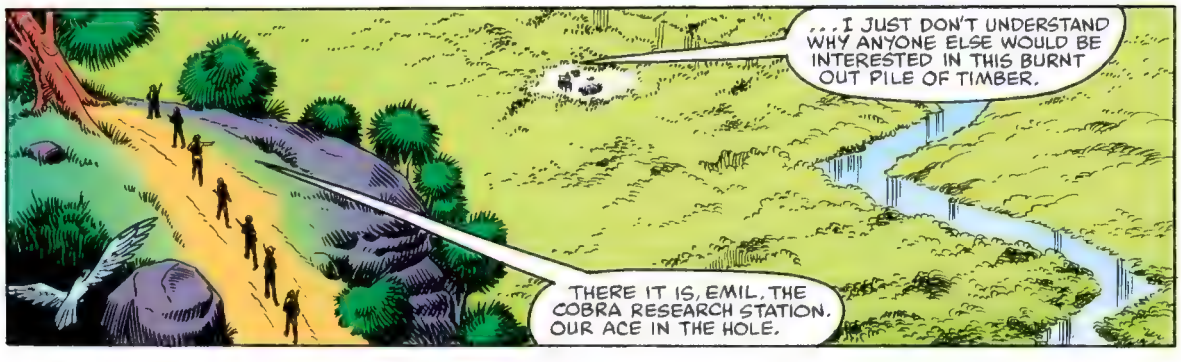
MEANWHILE, IN COBRA HEADQUARTERS...
ALL HAIL.
THE BARONESS AND SCAR-FACE ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED ON THE SUCCESS OF THEIR MISSION!
WHY SO PERTURBED, MY DEAR BARONESS? YOU APPEAR QUITE ILL AT EASE...
ALL HAIL MIGHTY COBRA!


IT'S SCAR-FACE. BACK IN SIERRA GORDO, HE SEEMED TO BE IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY TO GET AWAY. ALMOST AS IF HE WANTED THE THREE JOES IN THE RIVER TO ESCAPE...
HE HAD ORDERS TO RETURN WITH THE BRIEF CASE, POST HASTE. PERHAPS HE WAS A BIT OVERZEALOUS...
I SUSPECT OTHER MOTIVATIONS...


...OTHER LOYALTIES!
AND TO *WHOM* ARE THOSE OTHER LOYALTIES DUE, MY DEAR BARONESS?

BACK IN SIERRA GORDO...
THIS ZIG-ZAG TRENCH WILL AFFORD US MAXIMUM FIELDS OF FIRE FOR MINIMUM EXPENDITURE OF LABOR. MORE HEAT FOR LESS SWEAT.
WE'LL SET ALL THE PATHS LEADING IN WITH MALAYAN TIGER GATES AND TRAIL MACES. BEAUCOUP NASTY...

...AND THESE PUNJI STAKES WILL GO IN HIDDEN PITS BEHIND EVERY TREE THAT COULD GIVE COVER TO AN ASSAULT FORCE.
DON'T GET ME WRONG, STALKER...I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY HARM IN BEING TOO CAREFUL AND PLAYING BY THE TEXTBOOK...


...I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY ANYONE ELSE WOULD BE INTERESTED IN THIS BURNT OUT PILE OF TIMBER.
THERE IT IS, EMIL, THE COBRA RESEARCH STATION. OUR ACE IN THE HOLE.

YOU'RE MAD, RICHTER. THAT CHARRED CLEARING IS TEN KILOMETERS OUT OF OUR WAY! THE GOVERNMENT HAS COLLAPSED. LET'S GET OUT WHILE WE CAN... MAKE OUR WAY TO A FRENCH PORT--ANOTHER HITCH IN THE LEGION PARAS WON'T SEEM SO BAD AFTER THIS...

HRMPH! EVEN THE FOREIGN LEGION WON'T HAVE US AFTER WHAT WE DID THAT LAST TIME IN ALGERIA!

COBRA MADE A HASTY WITHDRAWAL FROM THESE FACILITIES. THEY MAY HAVE BEEN LESS THAN METICULOUS IN THEIR "SANITIZING" OPERATIONS. CAREFUL GLEANING MIGHT YIELD A FEW SCRAPS OF HARD INFORMATION...

...AND HARD INFORMATION ABOUT COBRA ACTIVITIES CAN ALWAYS BE CONVERTED TO COLD CASH ON THE INTERNATIONAL INFORMATION EXCHANGE!

GUARDS! TAKE THIS VERY WITTY, SMELLY PEASANT OUTSIDE AND SHOOT HIM LIKE A DOG!

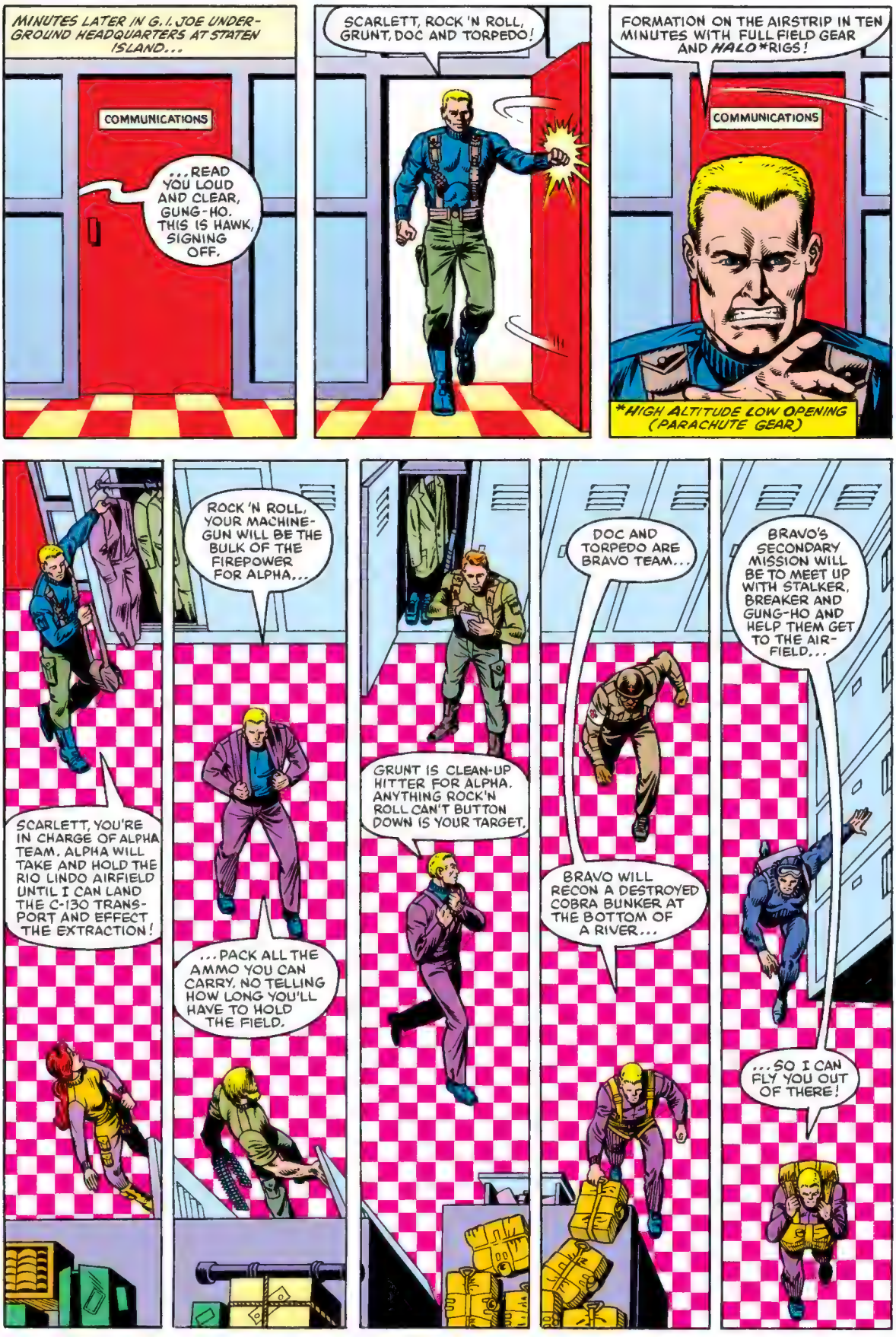
NO, ON SECOND THOUGHT, SHOOT HIM HERE...
...THIS SHOULD BE QUITE ENTERTAINING!

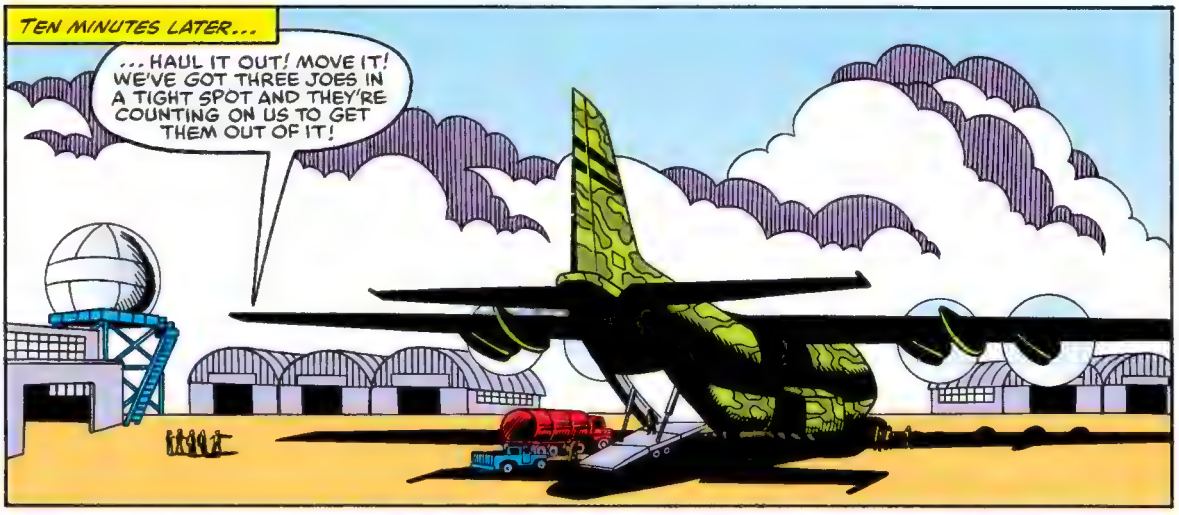
C'EST BON! HOW'S THIS FOR STARTERS?
RATATATATATAT!!!!

QU' EST-CE QUE C'EST? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

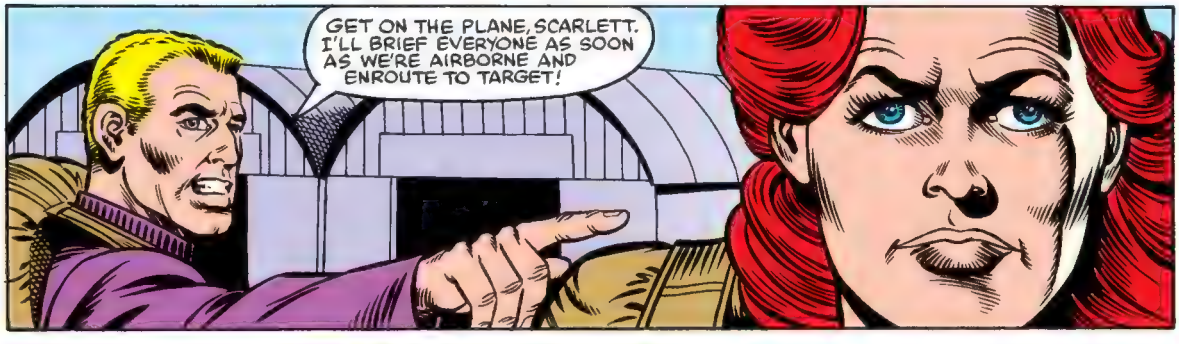
YOU'RE NOT LAUGHING...

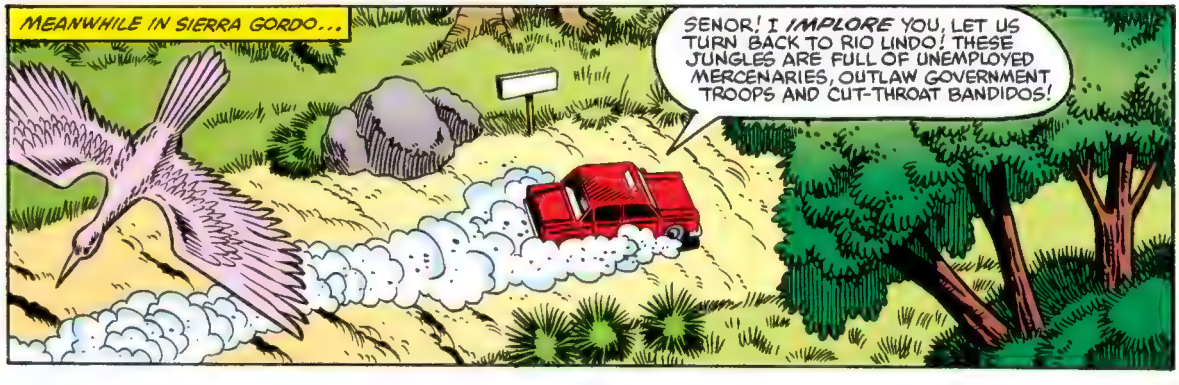
...AREN'T YOU ENTERTAINED?
SPLATT!

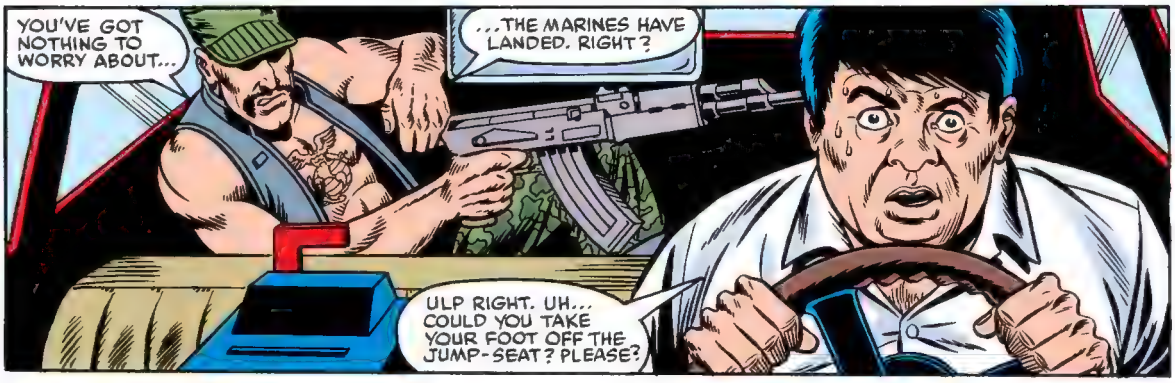

MINUTES LATER IN G.I. JOE UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS AT STATEN ISLAND...
COMMUNICATIONS
...READ YOU LOUD AND CLEAR, GUNG-HO. THIS IS HAWK, SIGNING OFF.
SCARLETT, ROCK 'N ROLL, GRUNT, DOC AND TORPEDO!
FORMATION ON THE AIRSTRIP IN TEN MINUTES WITH FULL FIELD GEAR AND HALO*RIGS!
COMMUNICATIONS
*HIGH ALTITUDE LOW OPENING (PARACHUTE GEAR)
SCARLETT, YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF ALPHA TEAM. ALPHA WILL TAKE AND HOLD THE RIO LINDO AIRFIELD UNTIL I CAN LAND THE C-130 TRANSPORT AND EFFECT THE EXTRACTION!
ROCK 'N ROLL, YOUR MACHINE-GUN WILL BE THE BULK OF THE FIREPOWER FOR ALPHA...
...PACK ALL THE AMMO YOU CAN CARRY. NO TELLING HOW LONG YOU'LL HAVE TO HOLD THE FIELD.
GRUNT IS CLEAN-UP HITTER FOR ALPHA. ANYTHING ROCK'N ROLL CAN'T BUTTON DOWN IS YOUR TARGET.
DOC AND TORPEDO ARE BRAVO TEAM...
BRAVO WILL RECON A DESTROYED COBRA BUNKER AT THE BOTTOM OF A RIVER...
BRAVO'S SECONDARY MISSION WILL BE TO MEET UP WITH STALKER, BREAKER AND GUNG-HO AND HELP THEM GET TO THE AIRFIELD...
...SO I CAN FLY YOU OUT OF THERE!

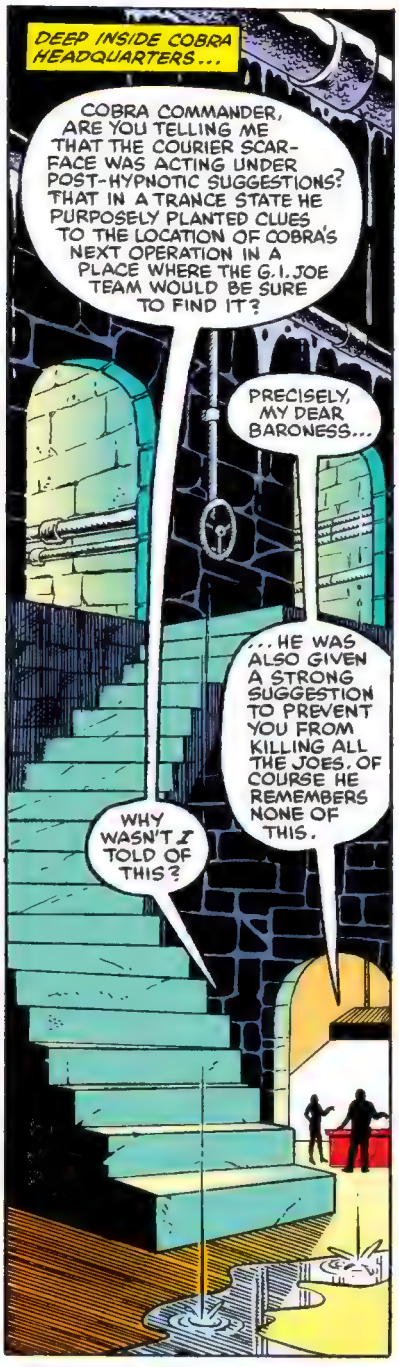

TEN MINUTES LATER...
...HAUL IT OUT! MOVE IT! WE'VE GOT THREE JOES IN A TIGHT SPOT AND THEY'RE COUNTING ON US TO GET THEM OUT OF IT!

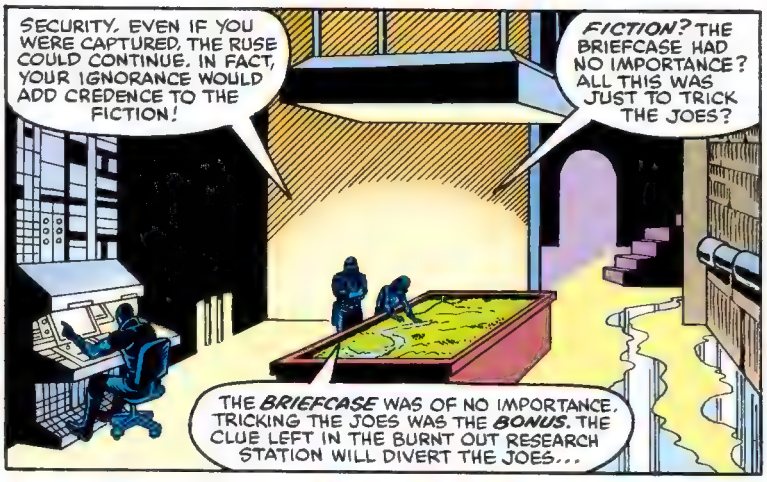
THREE? YOU JUST SAID "THREE JOES"...AND BACK IN THE "PIT" YOU SAID THAT BRAVO TEAM WAS GOING TO RENDEZVOUS WITH STALKER, BREAKER AND GUNG-HO!
HAWK, FOUR JOES WENT ON THAT MISSION TO SIERRA GORDO! SNAKE-EYES WAS WITH THEM. THAT MAKES FOUR... DID SNAKE-EYES--

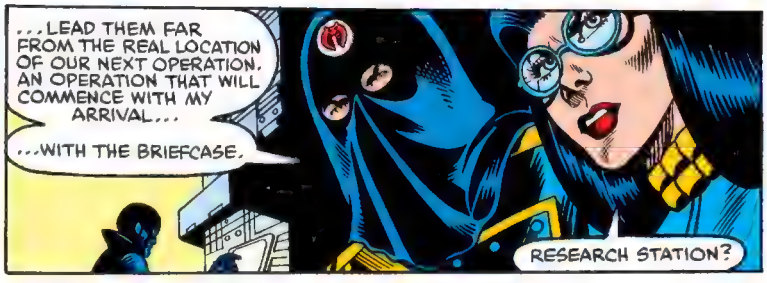

GET ON THE PLANE, SCARLETT. I'LL BRIEF EVERYONE AS SOON AS WE'RE AIRBORNE AND ENROUTE TO TARGET!


MEANWHILE IN SIERRA GORDO...
SENOR! I IMPLORE YOU, LET US TURN BACK TO RIO LINDO! THESE JUNGLES ARE FULL OF UNEMPLOYED MERCENARIES, OUTLAW GOVERNMENT TROOPS AND CUT-THROAT BANDIDOS!


YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT...
...THE MARINES HAVE LANDED. RIGHT?
ULP RIGHT. UH... COULD YOU TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF THE JUMP-SEAT? PLEASE?

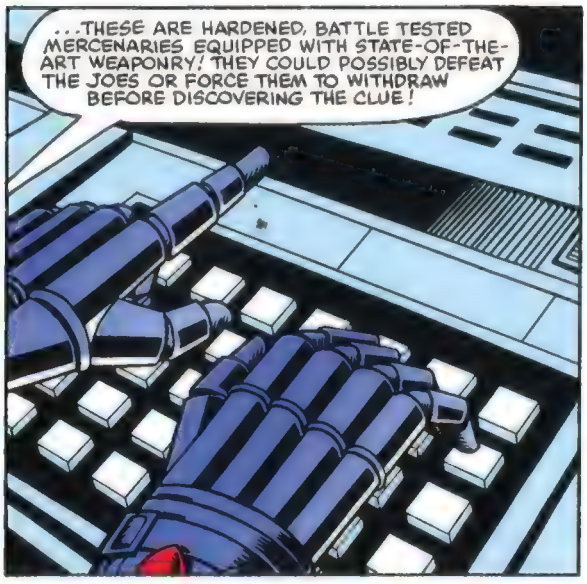

DEEP INSIDE COBRA HEADQUARTERS...
COBRA COMMANDER, ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT THE COURIER SCAR-FACE WAS ACTING UNDER POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTIONS? THAT IN A TRANCE STATE HE PURPOSELY PLANTED CLUES TO THE LOCATION OF COBRA'S NEXT OPERATION IN A PLACE WHERE THE G.I. JOE TEAM WOULD BE SURE TO FIND IT?
PRECISELY, MY DEAR BARONESS...
...HE WAS ALSO GIVEN A STRONG SUGGESTION TO PREVENT YOU FROM KILLING ALL THE JOES. OF COURSE HE REMEMBERS NONE OF THIS.
WHY WASN'T I TOLD OF THIS?


SECURITY. EVEN IF YOU WERE CAPTURED, THE RUSE COULD CONTINUE. IN FACT, YOUR IGNORANCE WOULD ADD CREDENCE TO THE FICTION!
FICTION? THE BRIEFCASE HAD NO IMPORTANCE? ALL THIS WAS JUST TO TRICK THE JOES?
THE BRIEFCASE WAS OF NO IMPORTANCE. TRICKING THE JOES WAS THE BONUS. THE CLUE LEFT IN THE BURNT OUT RESEARCH STATION WILL DIVERT THE JOES...


...LEAD THEM FAR FROM THE REAL LOCATION OF OUR NEXT OPERATION. AN OPERATION THAT WILL COMMENCE WITH MY ARRIVAL...
...WITH THE BRIEFCASE.
RESEARCH STATION?

THAT'S THE REASON FOR THE PRESENCE OF THIS MODEL! THIS IS THE RIVER WHERE WE DESTROYED THE BUNKER WITH THAT TRAITOR DR. VENOM, KWINN AND SNAKE-EYES ...THE CLEARING WITH THE RE-SEARCH STATION IS IN A DIRECT LINE OF SIGHT WITH THE ISLAND WE BOMBED...
YES. AT ONE TIME THEY WERE LINKED BY--

COBRA COMMANDER! WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED WORD FROM SOURCES IN SIERRA GORDO THAT A RENEGADE ARMY OFFICER NAMED RICHTER IS HEADING FOR THE CLEARING WITH AN ARMED SQUAD...



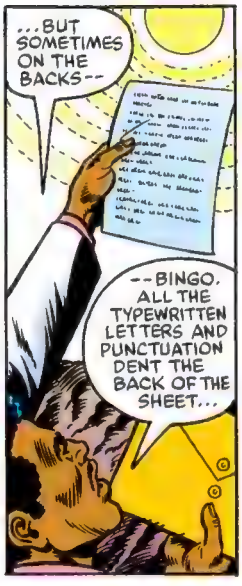
COBRA PARATROOPERS! WE COULD DROP THEM AT THE RIVER TO INTERDICT THE MERCENARIES AND--

--COBRA PARATROOPERS COMING TO THE RESCUE OF THE G. I. JOES? NOT AN EXTREMELY IMAGINATIVE WAY OF PRYING OUR MUFFINS OUT OF THE TOASTER, EH? NO. I'VE ALREADY DEALT WITH THE MATTER...

STALKER! YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS! GUESS WHAT I FOUND IN ONE OF THE BURNT OUT BUILDINGS?

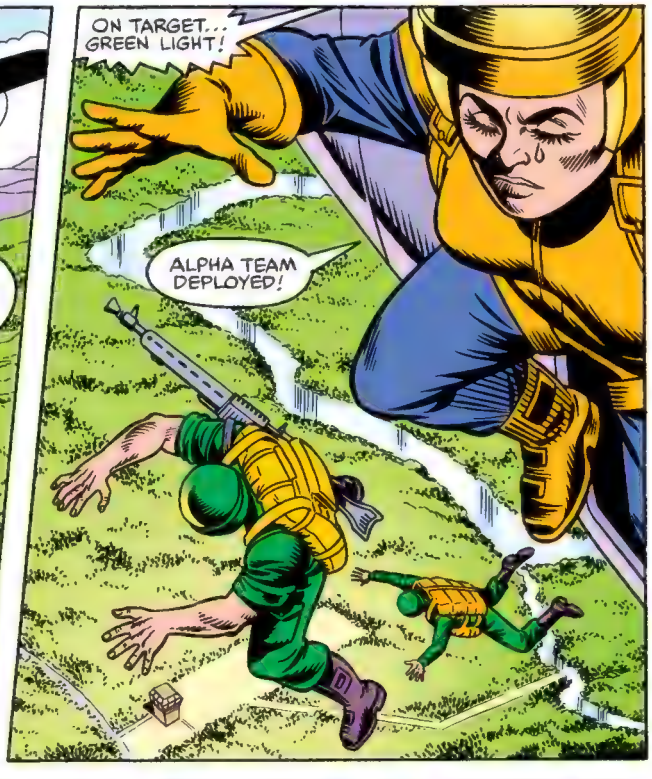
IT'S A TOP SECRET COBRA COURIER POUCH! DIDN'T GET HARDLY BURNED A-TALL! AND INSIDE, THERE'S-- HEY, YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT!
GOT THE CHILLS, BREAKER. FEVER. I THINK MY LEG'S INFECTED... LEMME SEE THAT POUCH...

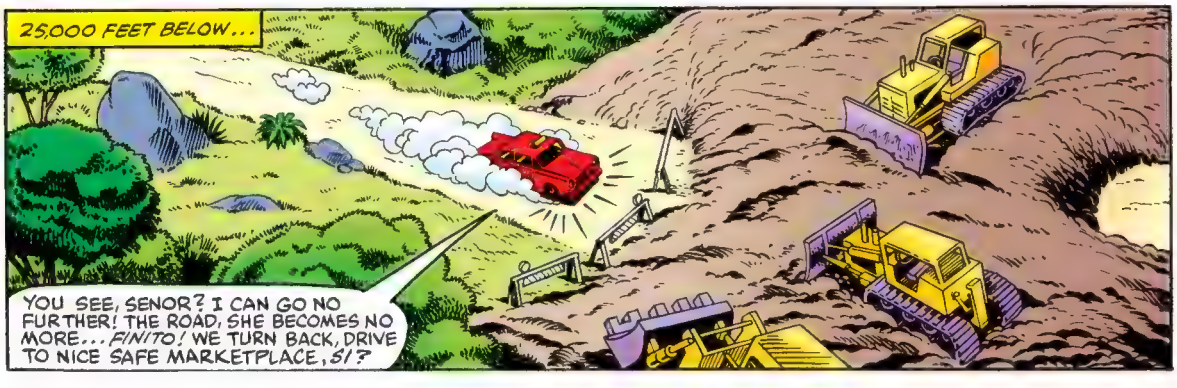
IT'S ALL IN "OPEN." NOT CODED. LISTS. NAMES, NUMBERS AND ADDRESSES. ALL THEIR AGENTS?
NO WAY. ANYTHING IN "OPEN" IS FAKE...

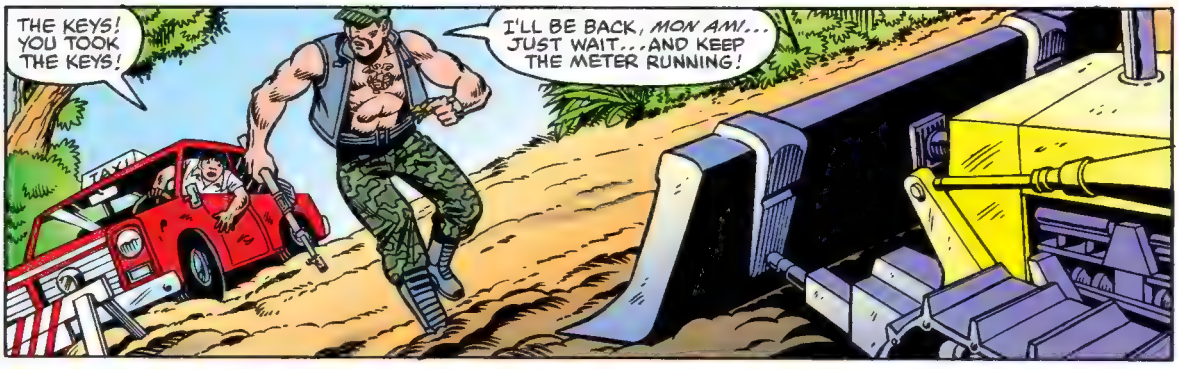

...BUT SOMETIMES ON THE BACKS--
--BINGO. ALL THE TYPEWRITTEN LETTERS AND PUNCTUATION DENT THE BACK OF THE SHEET...

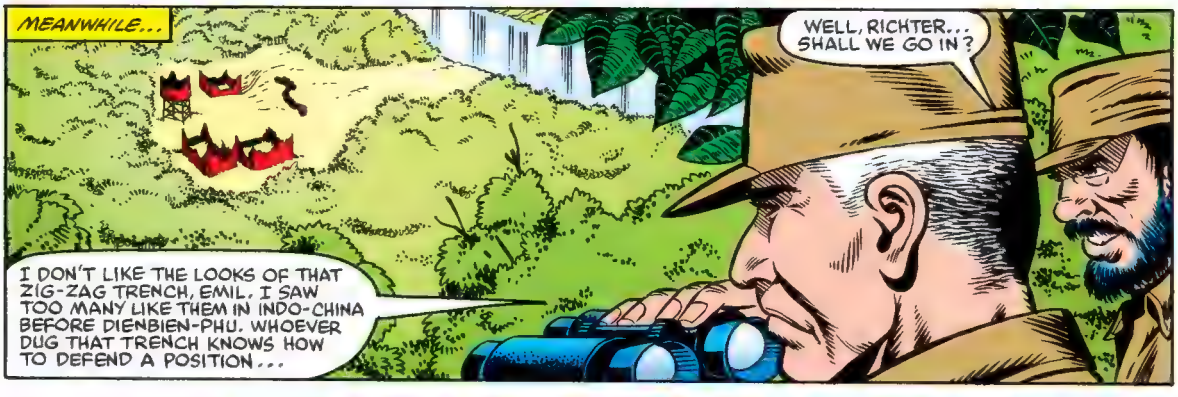
...EXCEPT FOR THE DOT OVER THIS "i".
MICRO-DOT?

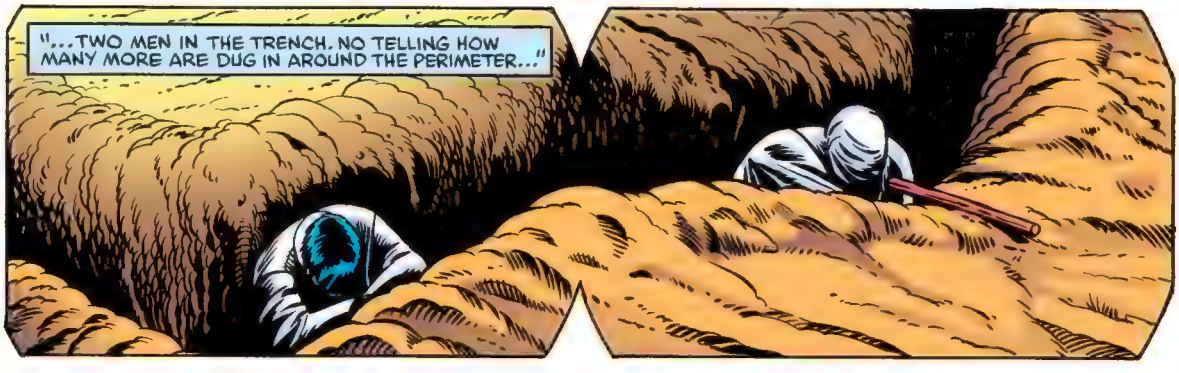
25,000 FEET ABOVE SIERRA GORDO...
--BRAVO TEAM, OFF IN FREE-FALL!
SCARLETT, ROCK 'N ROLL AND GRUNT! STAND BY!
TORPEDO AND DOC HAVE DEPLOYED, HAWK. THEY'LL OPEN 'CHUTES AT 4,000 FEET...


ON TARGET... GREEN LIGHT!
ALPHA TEAM DEPLOYED!

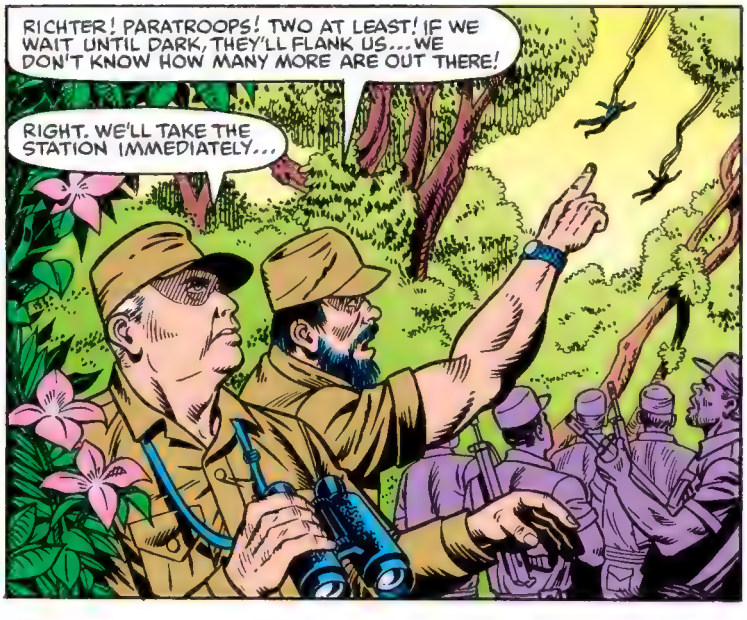

25,000 FEET BELOW...
YOU SEE, SENOR? I CAN GO NO FURTHER! THE ROAD, SHE BECOMES NO MORE... FINITO! WE TURN BACK, DRIVE TO NICE SAFE MARKETPLACE, SI?

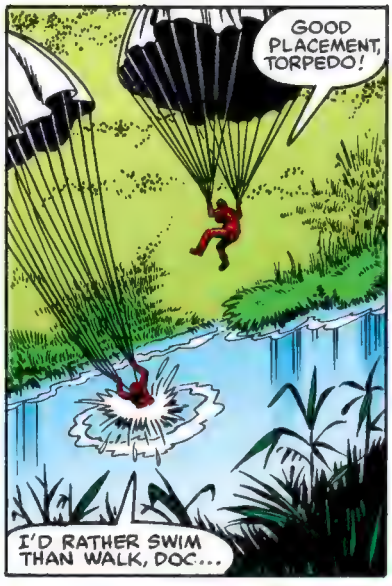

THE KEYS! YOU TOOK THE KEYS!
I'LL BE BACK, MON AMI... JUST WAIT...AND KEEP THE METER RUNNING!
TAXI

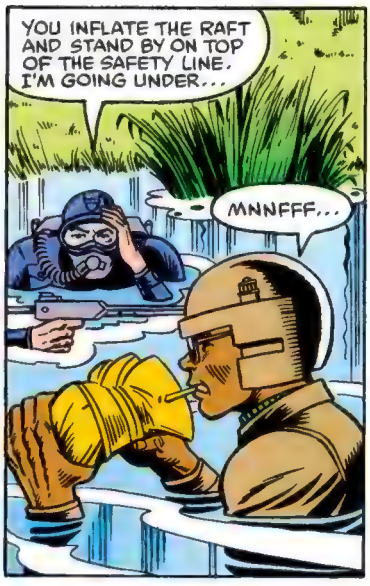

MEANWHILE...
WELL, RICHTER... SHALL WE GO IN?
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT ZIG-ZAG TRENCH, EMIL. I SAW TOO MANY LIKE THEM IN INDO-CHINA BEFORE DIENBIEN-PHU. WHOEVER DUG THAT TRENCH KNOWS HOW TO DEFEND A POSITION...


"...TWO MEN IN THE TRENCH. NO TELLING HOW MANY MORE ARE DUG IN AROUND THE PERIMETER..."

PERHAPS WE SHOULD WAIT UNTIL DARK...


RICHTER! PARATROOPS! TWO AT LEAST! IF WE WAIT UNTIL DARK, THEY'LL FLANK US...WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY MORE ARE OUT THERE!
RIGHT. WE'LL TAKE THE STATION IMMEDIATELY...

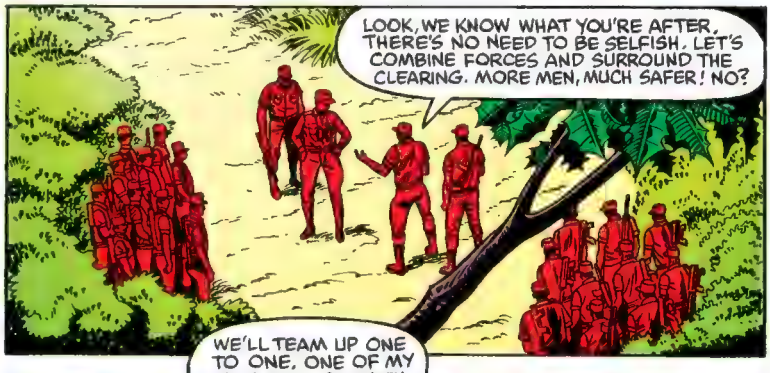

GOOD PLACEMENT, TORPEDO!
I'D RATHER SWIM THAN WALK, DOC...


YOU INFLATE THE RAFT AND STAND BY ON TOP OF THE SAFETY LINE. I'M GOING UNDER...
MNNFFF...

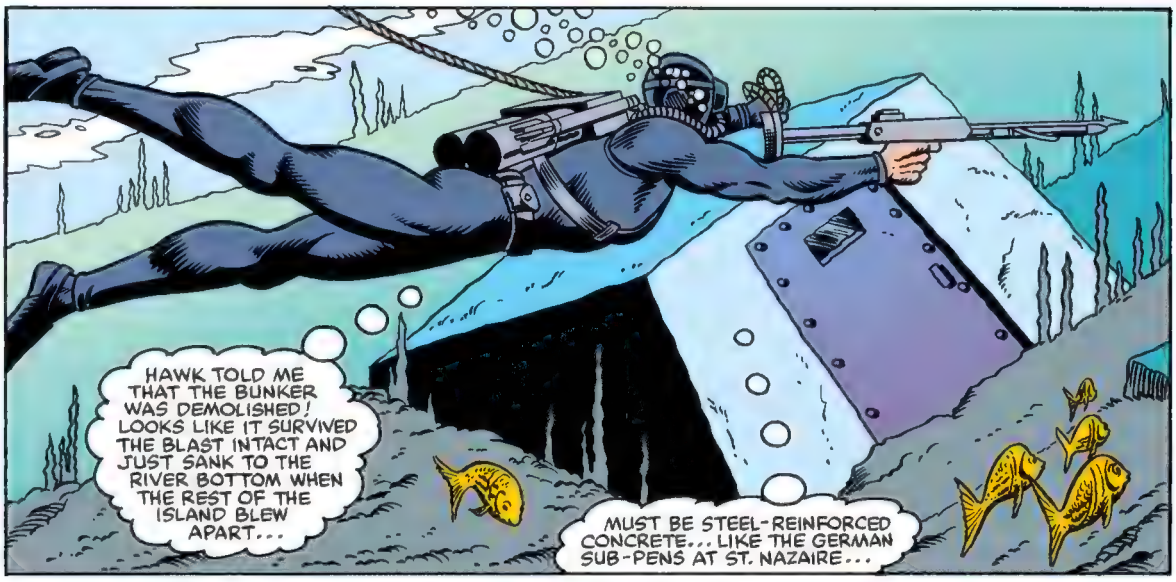
THREE TUGS ON THE LINE MEANS COME UP FAST. GOT IT?
YOU BET.

5,000 FEET ABOVE THE AIRFIELD...

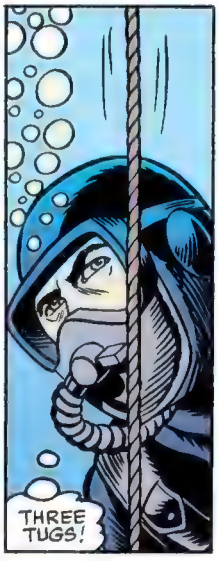
LET'S MOVE THE MEN IN, EMIL--
BUENOS TARDES, AMIGOS!
WHU? ANOTHER SQUAD OF RENEGADE MERCS!


LOOK, WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER. THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SELFISH. LET'S COMBINE FORCES AND SURROUND THE CLEARING. MORE MEN, MUCH SAFER! NO?

WE'LL TEAM UP ONE TO ONE, ONE OF MY MEN WILL GO WITH ONE OF YOURS. FAIR?
I DON'T LIKE THIS...
WE DON'T HAVE A CHOICE, EMIL. WE ACCEPT THE TERMS...

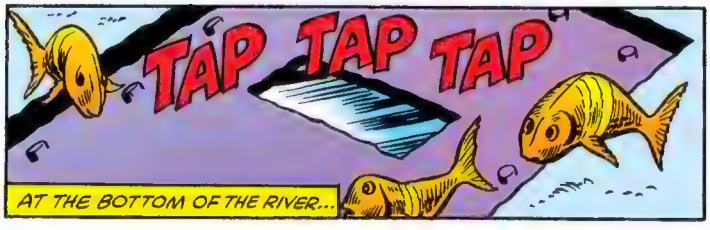

HAWK TOLD ME THAT THE BUNKER WAS DEMOLISHED! LOOKS LIKE IT SURVIVED THE BLAST INTACT AND JUST SANK TO THE RIVER BOTTOM WHEN THE REST OF THE ISLAND BLEW APART...
MUST BE STEEL-REINFORCED CONCRETE... LIKE THE GERMAN SUB-PENS AT ST. NAZAIRE...

MAYBE SOMEBODY SURVIVED...
TAP TAP TAP

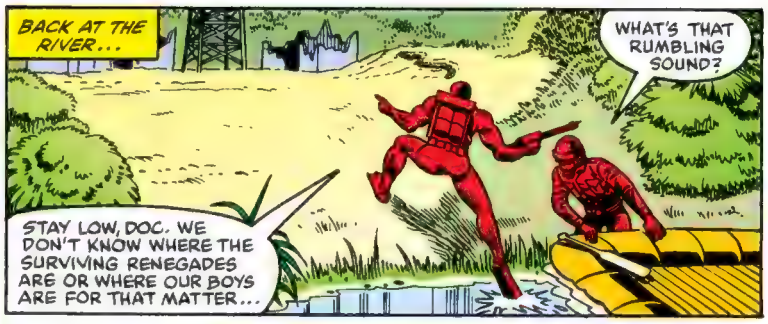

THREE TUGS!

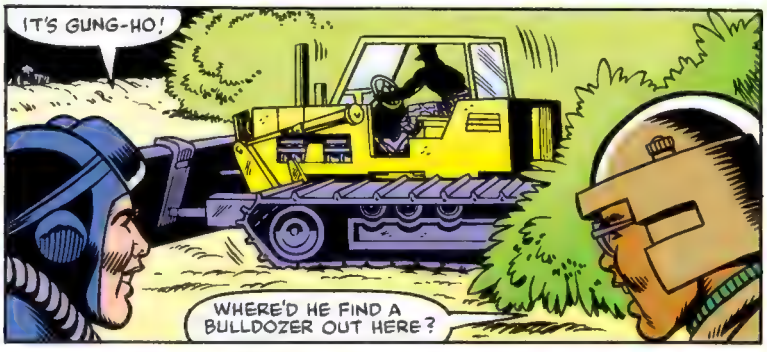
TROUBLE?
--AND A MYSTERY! A SQUAD OF RENEGADE MERCS WAS SNEAKING UP ON THE CLEARING.
NOW THEY'VE BEEN JOINED BY A SECOND SQUAD, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE NEW ARRIVALS ARE UP TO NO GOOD...

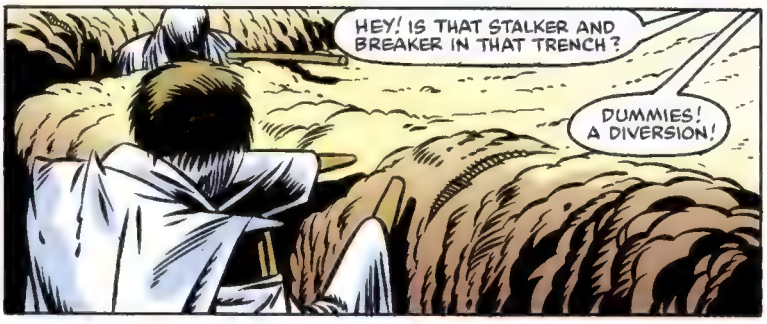
NO GOOD? HMMMMM...
...THAT'S ABOUT AS NO-GOOD AS YOU CAN GET!


TAP TAP TAP
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER...

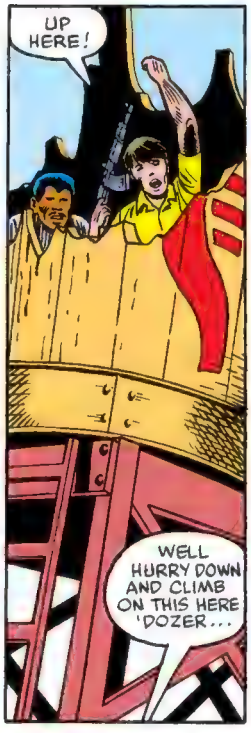
AT THE AIRFIELD...
BADOOM!!
LET'S GO, ROCK 'N ROLL! YOU'RE DRAGGIN' THE WHOLE SHOW!
WE GOTTA TAKE THAT TOWER BEFORE THEY FIND THAT BULLET WITH YOUR NAME ON IT!
TZING
TZING
THAT AIN'T THE ONE TO WORRY ABOUT, SCARLETT! IT'S THEM TEN THOUSAND OTHERS THAT JUST SAY "OCCUPANT"!
VIP VIP VIP
RATATATATATATA

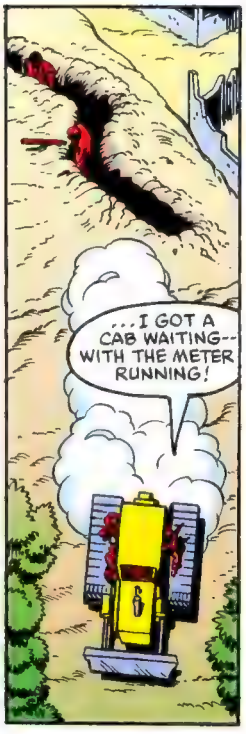

BACK AT THE RIVER...
WHAT'S THAT RUMBLING SOUND?
STAY LOW, DOC. WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THE SURVIVING RENEGADES ARE OR WHERE OUR BOYS ARE FOR THAT MATTER...

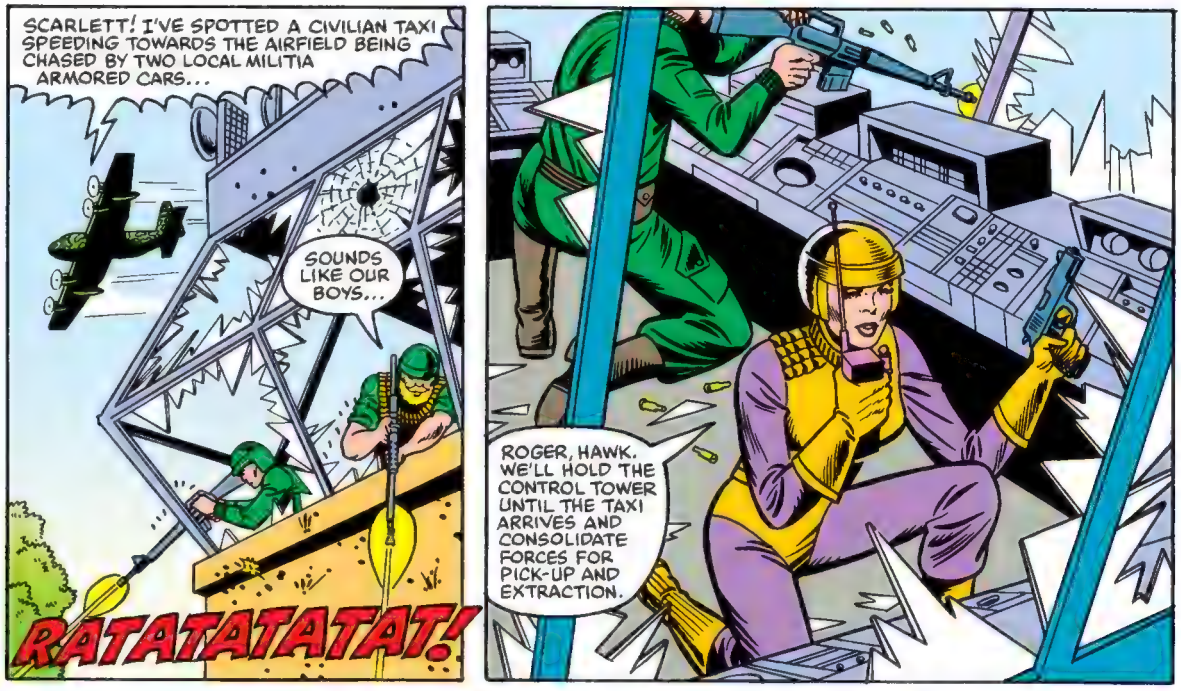

IT'S GUNG-HO!
WHERE'D HE FIND A BULLDOZER OUT HERE?

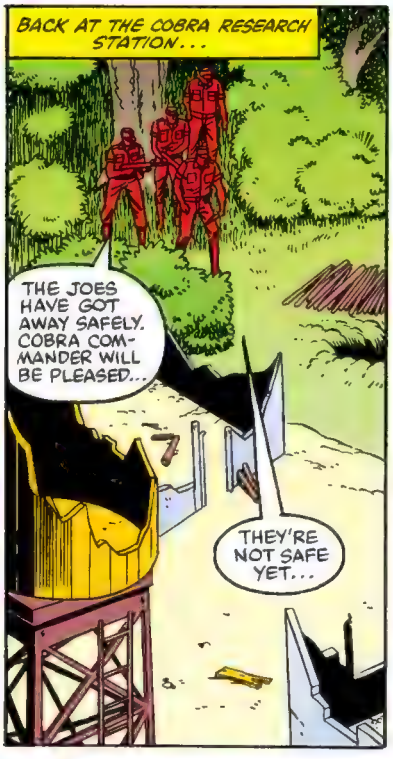

HEY! IS THAT STALKER AND BREAKER IN THAT TRENCH?
DUMMIES! A DIVERSION!

SO WHERE ARE THEY?

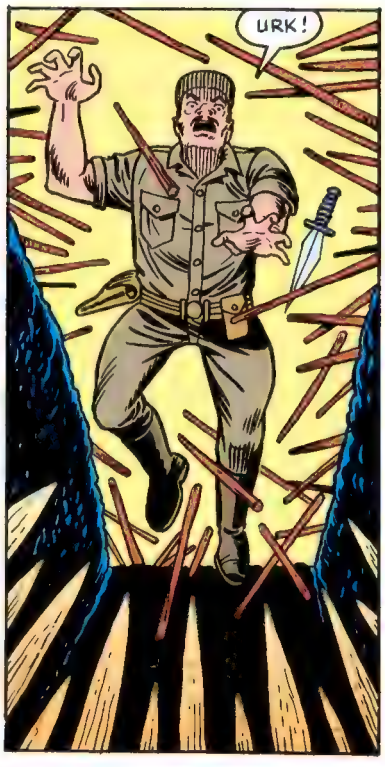

UP HERE!
WELL HURRY DOWN AND CLIMB ON THIS HERE 'DOZER...

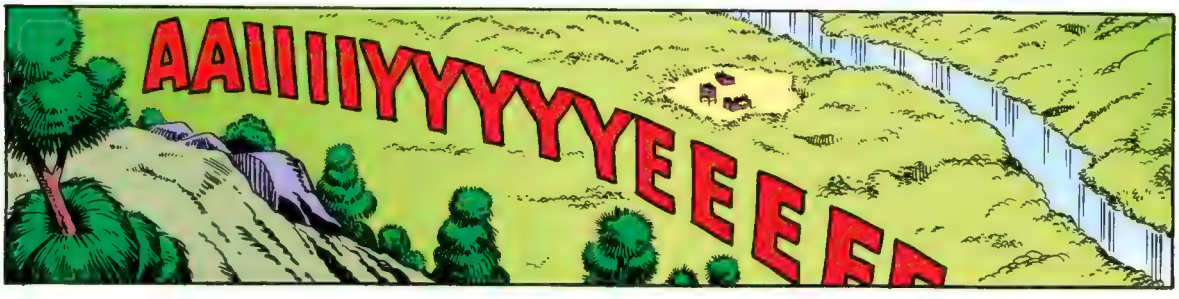

...I GOT A CAB WAITING--WITH THE METER RUNNING!


SCARLETT! I'VE SPOTTED A CIVILIAN TAXI SPEEDING TOWARDS THE AIRFIELD BEING CHASED BY TWO LOCAL MILITIA ARMORED CARS...
SOUNDS LIKE OUR BOYS...
RATATATATAT!
ROGER, HAWK. WE'LL HOLD THE CONTROL TOWER UNTIL THE TAXI ARRIVES AND CONSOLIDATE FORCES FOR PICK-UP AND EXTRACTION.

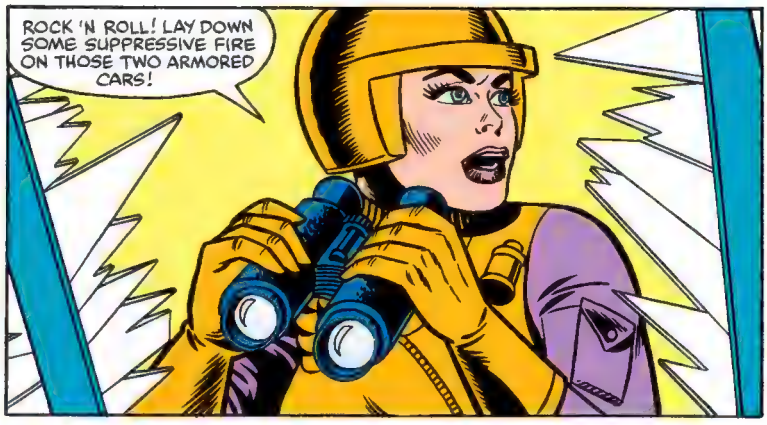

BACK AT THE COBRA RESEARCH STATION...
THE JOES HAVE GOT AWAY SAFELY. COBRA COMMANDER WILL BE PLEASED...
THEY'RE NOT SAFE YET...

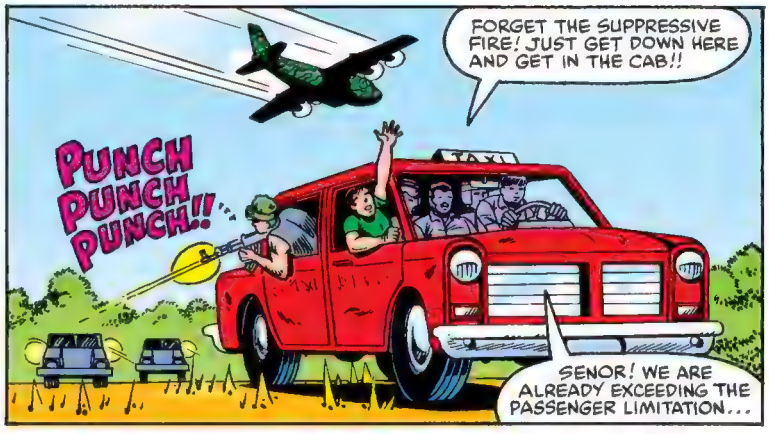
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND FOR THAT COURIER POUCH...
WE'D BETTER MAKE SURE THEY FOUND IT AND--

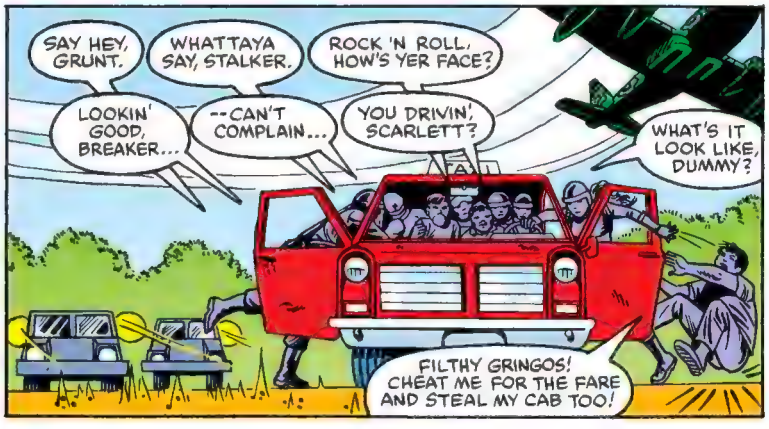

URK!


AAIIIIYYYYYEEEEE

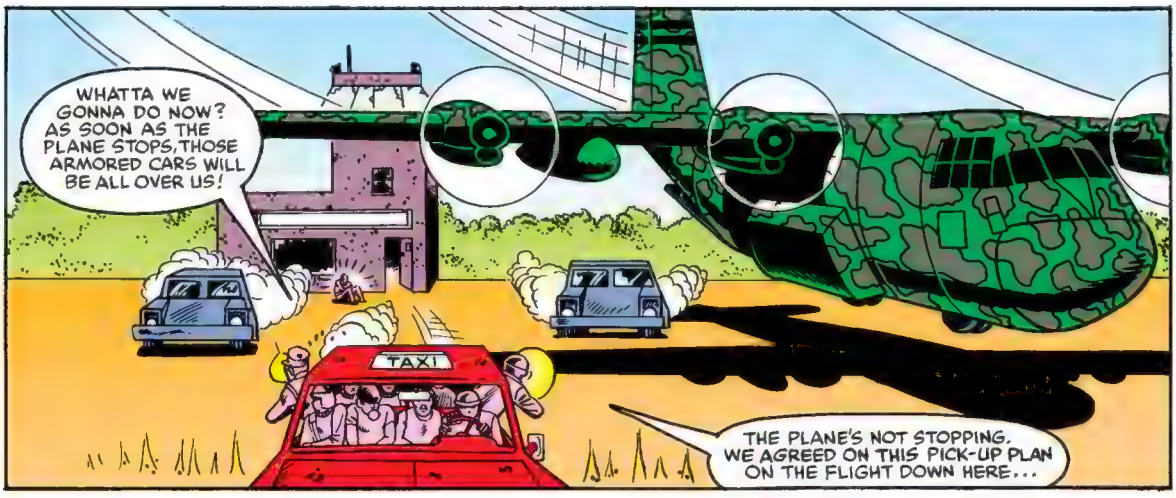
IT'S OUR GUYS! THE TAXI'S HERE! SCARLETT, RADIO HAWK AND--
HE KNOWS! HE'S CIRCLING TO LAND!
WHERE'S THE PLANE? YOU SAID THE PLANE WOULD BE WAITING!
SCREECH!
IT'S WAITING ALRIGHT! UP THERE!!

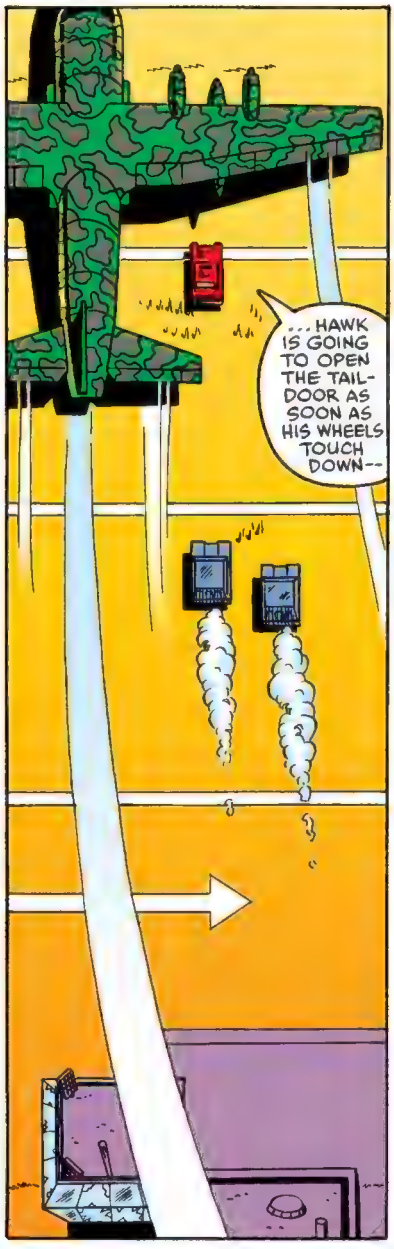

ROCK 'N ROLL! LAY DOWN SOME SUPPRESSIVE FIRE ON THOSE TWO ARMORED CARS!

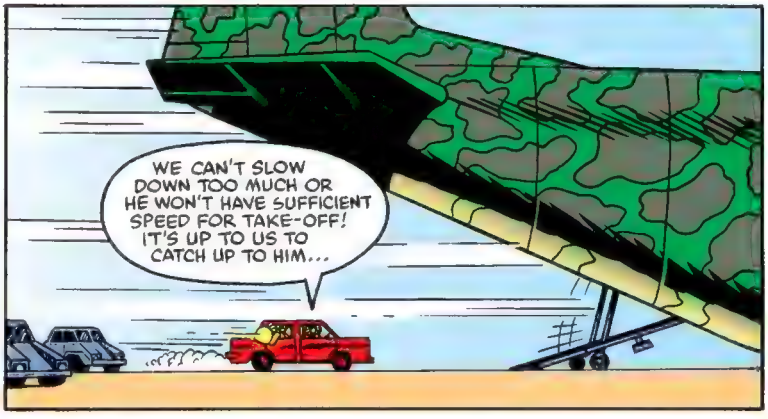

FORGET THE SUPPRESSIVE FIRE! JUST GET DOWN HERE AND GET IN THE CAB!!
PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH!!
TAXI
SENOR! WE ARE ALREADY EXCEEDING THE PASSENGER LIMITATION...

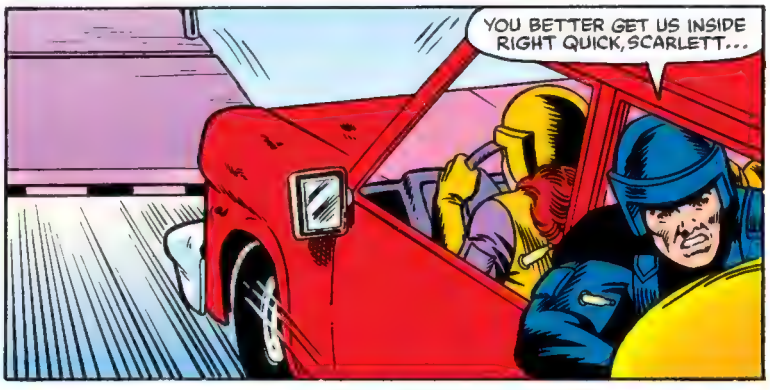

SAY HEY, GRUNT.
WHATTAYA SAY, STALKER.
ROCK 'N ROLL, HOW'S YER FACE?
LOOKIN' GOOD, BREAKER...
--CAN'T COMPLAIN...
YOU DRIVIN', SCARLETT?
WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE, DUMMY?
FILTHY GRINGOS! CHEAT ME FOR THE FARE AND STEAL MY CAB TOO!

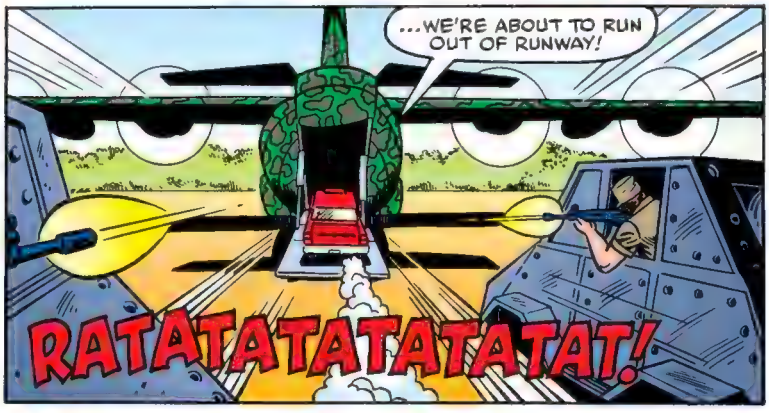
WE DON'T HAVE TO STEAL OR CHEAT. OUR RICH UNCLE IS PAYING FOR EVERYTHING. HERE, KEEP THE CHANGE!
AMERICAN DOLLARS! HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS!!

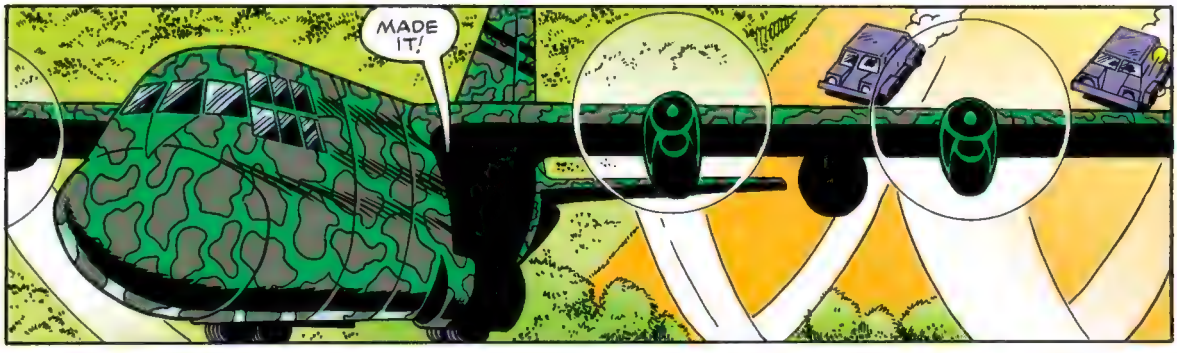

WHATTA WE GONNA DO NOW? AS SOON AS THE PLANE STOPS, THOSE ARMORED CARS WILL BE ALL OVER US!
TAXI
THE PLANE'S NOT STOPPING. WE AGREED ON THIS PICK-UP PLAN ON THE FLIGHT DOWN HERE...


...HAWK IS GOING TO OPEN THE TAIL-DOOR AS SOON AS HIS WHEELS TOUCH DOWN--


WE CAN'T SLOW DOWN TOO MUCH OR HE WON'T HAVE SUFFICIENT SPEED FOR TAKE-OFF! IT'S UP TO US TO CATCH UP TO HIM...

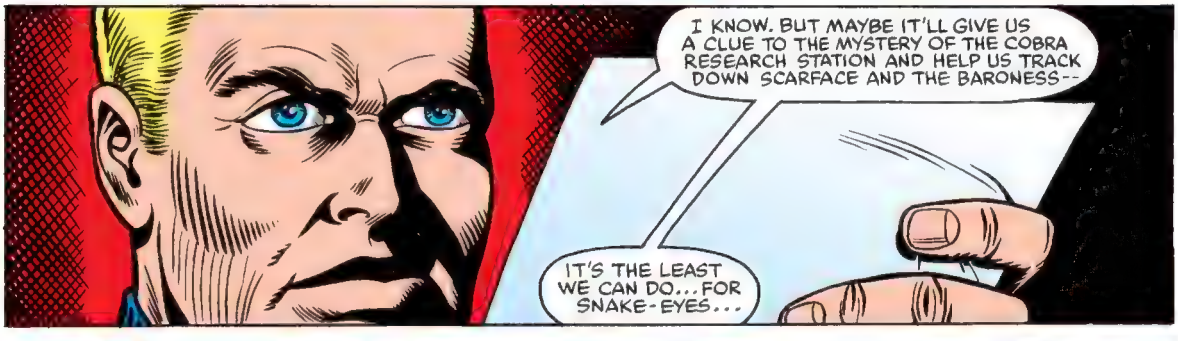

YOU BETTER GET US INSIDE RIGHT QUICK, SCARLETT...

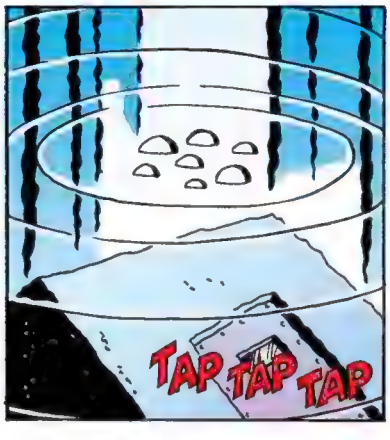

...WE'RE ABOUT TO RUN OUT OF RUNWAY!
RATATATATATATAT!


MADE IT!

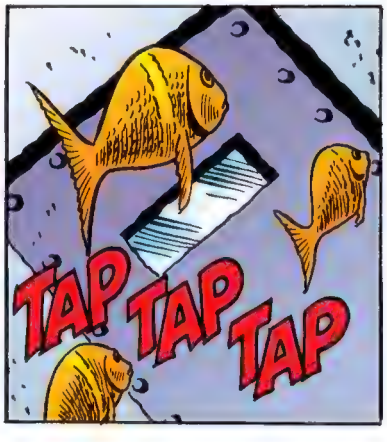
LATER.
WHAT'S THE PROGNOSIS, DOC?
NOTHING THAT A COUPLE OF WEEKS R&R IN THE BASE HOSPITAL COULDN'T FIX ...STALKER SAYS HE'S GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU...

IT AIN'T MUCH, HAWK...
A MICRO-DOT. BUT MAYBE...


I KNOW. BUT MAYBE IT'LL GIVE US A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY OF THE COBRA RESEARCH STATION AND HELP US TRACK DOWN SCARFACE AND THE BARONESS--
IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO...FOR SNAKE-EYES...


TAP TAP TAP

TAP TAP TAP


TAP TAP TAP

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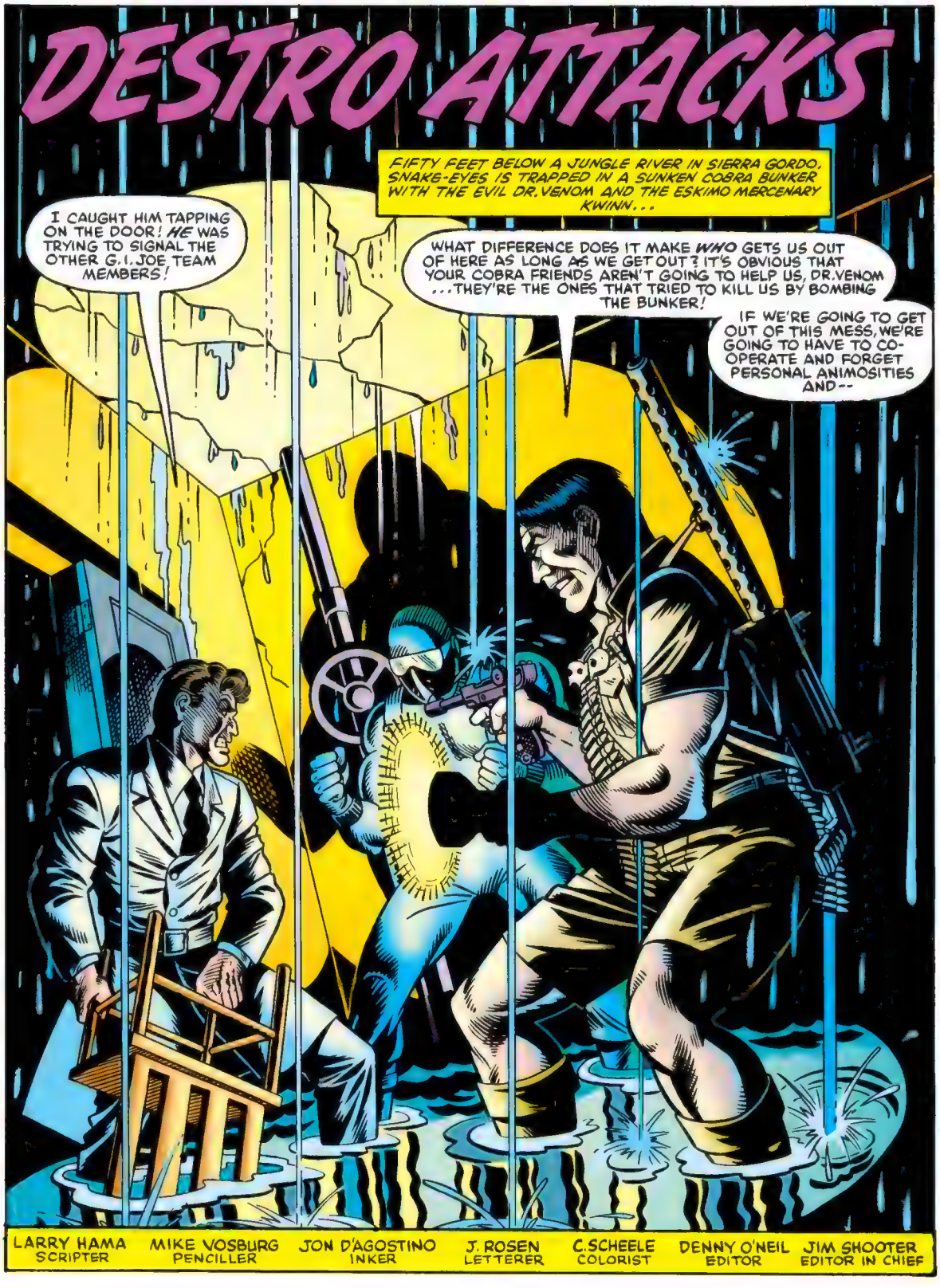
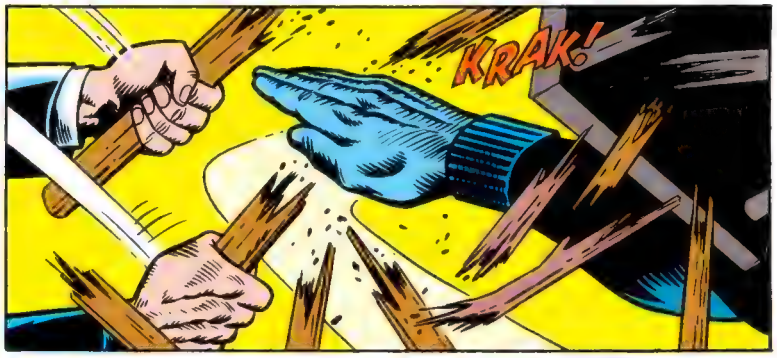
A REAL AMERICAN HERO!™
TRIMPE-MITCHELL


DESTRO ATTACKS
FIFTY FEET BELOW A JUNGLE RIVER IN SIERRA GORDO, SNAKE-EYES IS TRAPPED IN A SUNKEN COBRA BUNKER WITH THE EVIL DR. VENOM AND THE ESKIMO MERCENARY KWINN...
I CAUGHT HIM TAPPING ON THE DOOR! HE WAS TRYING TO SIGNAL THE OTHER G.I. JOE TEAM MEMBERS!
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHO GETS US OUT OF HERE AS LONG AS WE GET OUT? IT'S OBVIOUS THAT YOUR COBRA FRIENDS AREN'T GOING TO HELP US, DR. VENOM ...THEY'RE THE ONES THAT TRIED TO KILL US BY BOMBING THE BUNKER!
IF WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO CO-OPERATE AND FORGET PERSONAL ANIMOSITIES AND--
LARRY HAMA SCRIPTER
MIKE VOSBURG PENCILLER
JON D'AGOSTINO INKER
J. ROSEN LETTERER
C. SCHEELE COLORIST
DENNY O'NEIL EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEF

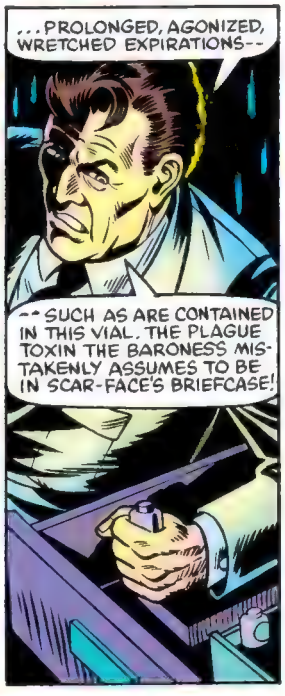
FORGET?! NEVER!!! I SHALL KILL THIS SNAKE-EYES WITH MY BARE--


KRAK!

NNNNNGGG!!

STOP IT! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? WE EITHER HELP EACH OTHER OR ELSE WE ALL DIE!

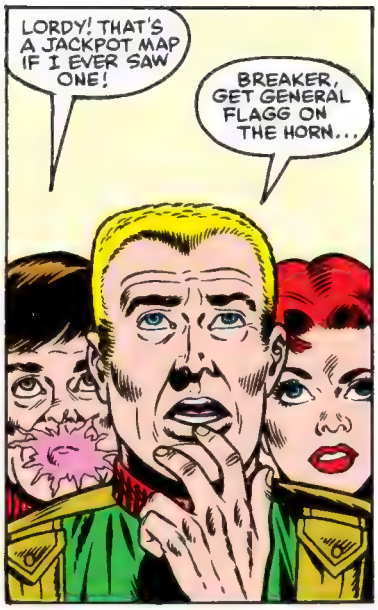
DO YOU FEAR DEATH, KWINN?
FEAR? NO. I'D CALL IT A HEALTHY RESPECT...
THERE ARE DEATHS THAT ONE *SHOULD* FEAR, KWINN...


...PROLONGED, AGONIZED, WRETCHED EXPIRATIONS--
--SUCH AS ARE CONTAINED IN THIS VIAL. THE PLAGUE TOXIN THE BARONESS MISTAKENLY ASSUMES TO BE IN SCAR-FACE'S BRIEFCASE!

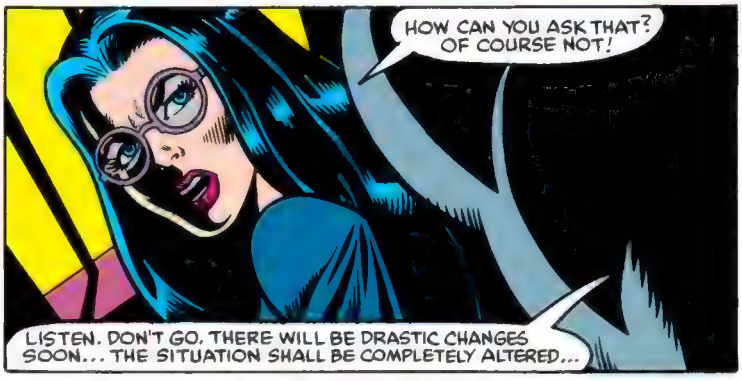
*IN G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS DEEP BELOW FORT WADSWORTH IN STATEN ISLAND...*
THIS MICRO-DOT MAP FRAGMENT THAT STALKER FOUND IN THE COBRA RESEARCH STATION IN SIERRA GORDO IS LABELED IN CODE...
...WE'VE BEEN RUNNING A MATCHING PROGRAM WITH EVERY KNOWN MAP IN THE WORLD WORKING FROM GEOGRAPHICAL FEATURES ALONE...
HAWK, BREAKER'S GOT A PRINT-OUT...

THIS IS THE ONLY CLUE WE HAVE TO WHERE THE BARONESS WAS TAKING SCAR-FACE AND HIS MYSTERIOUS BRIEFCASE...
...AND OUR ONLY SHOT AT EVENING THE SCORE FOR SNAKE-EYES!

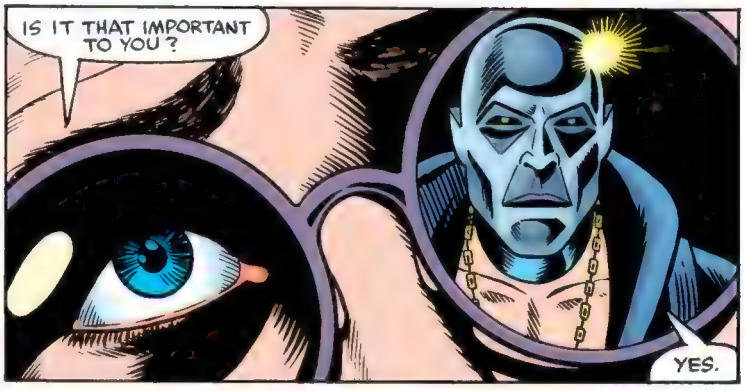
LET'S RUN IT UP ON THE LARGE MONITOR SO EVERY-ONE CAN--


LORDY! THAT'S A JACKPOT MAP IF I EVER SAW ONE!
BREAKER, GET GENERAL FLAGG ON THE HORN...

MEANWHILE IN COBRA HEADQUARTERS...
MUST I CALL YOU BY THAT AWFUL NAME? EVEN IN PRIVATE?
YES. YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO KNOWS MY REAL NAME, MY REAL PAST... AND I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU... BARONESS.
I CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO SAY IT. I SHOULDN'T EVEN BE TALKING TO YOU. THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW. IT CAN'T BE LIKE IT WAS BEFORE. SORRY. I MUST REPORT TO COBRA COM-MANDER AND--
YOU WON'T BETRAY ME?


HOW CAN YOU ASK THAT? OF COURSE NOT!
LISTEN. DON'T GO. THERE WILL BE DRASTIC CHANGES SOON... THE SITUATION SHALL BE COMPLETELY ALTERED...

I'M LATE...
PLEASE. JUST SAY MY NAME. MY NEW NAME...

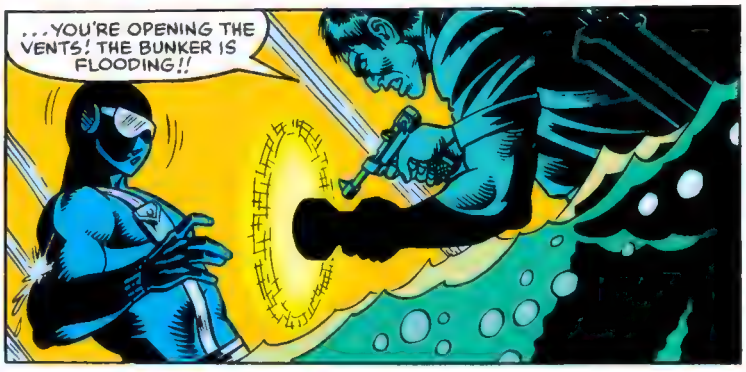

IS IT THAT IMPORTANT TO YOU?
YES.

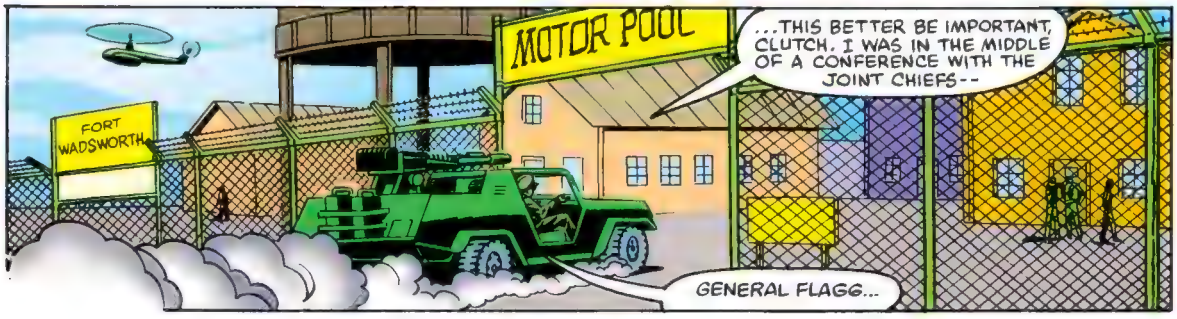
DESTRO.

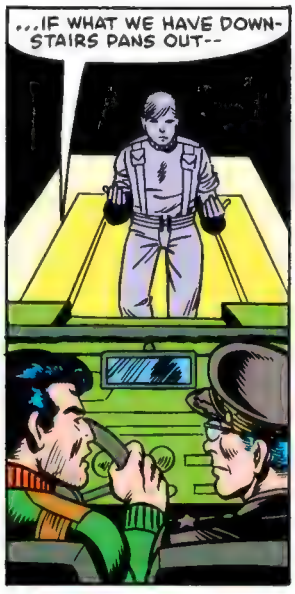
BACK IN THE BUNKER...
WHY KILL US? IT WAS THE BARONESS THAT TRIED TO DO YOU IN! PROBABLY UNDER ORDERS FROM COBRA COMMANDER HIMSELF!

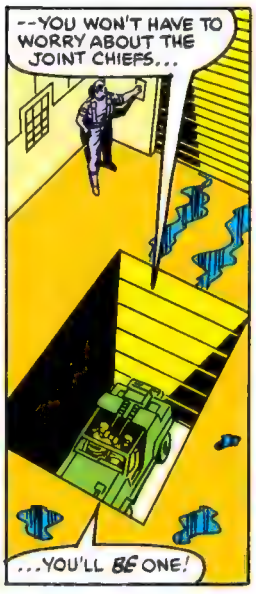
ALL THREE OF US HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH COBRA COMMANDER. LET'S CALL A TRUCE AND HELP EACH OTHER GET REVENGE...

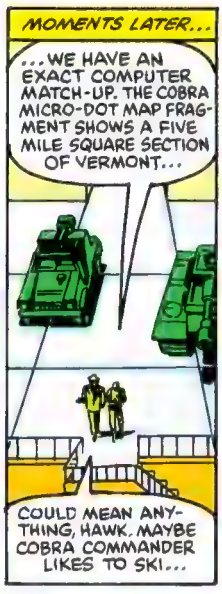
...AND FURTHERMORE-- WHY ARE YOU TURNING THAT VALVE?

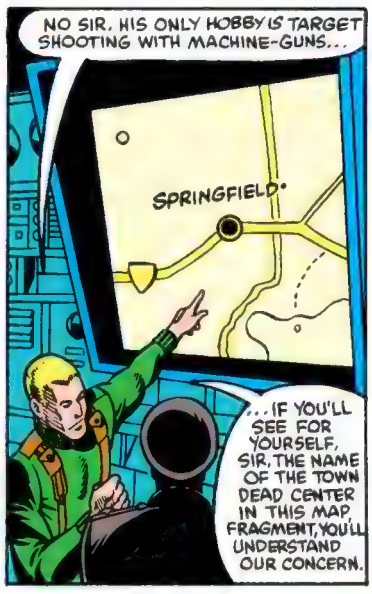

...YOU'RE OPENING THE VENTS! THE BUNKER IS FLOODING!!


MOTOR POOL
FORT WADSWORTH
...THIS BETTER BE IMPORTANT, CLUTCH. I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A CONFERENCE WITH THE JOINT CHIEFS--
GENERAL FLAGG...

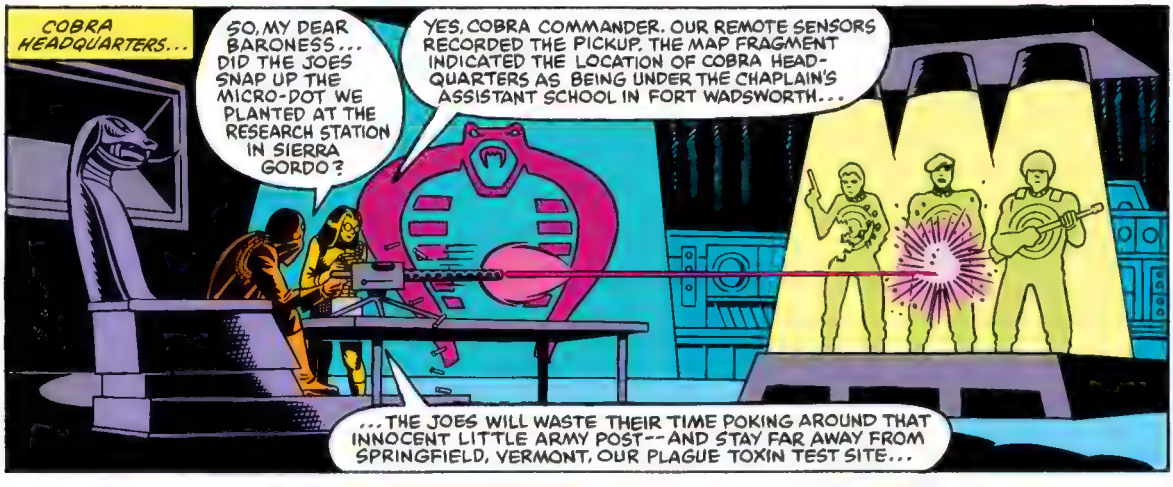

...IF WHAT WE HAVE DOWN-STAIRS PANS OUT--


--YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE JOINT CHIEFS...
...YOU'LL BE ONE!


MOMENTS LATER...
...WE HAVE AN EXACT COMPUTER MATCH-UP. THE COBRA MICRO-DOT MAP FRAGMENT SHOWS A FIVE MILE SQUARE SECTION OF VERMONT...
COULD MEAN ANYTHING, HAWK. MAYBE COBRA COMMANDER LIKES TO SKI...


NO SIR. HIS ONLY HOBBY IS TARGET SHOOTING WITH MACHINE-GUNS...
SPRINGFIELD
...IF YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF, SIR. THE NAME OF THE TOWN DEAD CENTER IN THIS MAP FRAGMENT, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND OUR CONCERN.

SPRINGFIELD.
WHEREVER COBRA'S INVOLVED THE NAME SPRINGFIELD*KEEPS POPPING UP. WHO KNOWS? MAYBE THIS IS HOME BASE. MAYBE WE CAN CATCH 'EM PICKIN' THEIR NOSES WITH THEIR FEET ON THE KITCHEN TABLE...
*SEE ISSUES #5 AND #10


COBRA HEADQUARTERS...
SO, MY DEAR BARONESS... DID THE JOES SNAP UP THE MICRO-DOT WE PLANTED AT THE RESEARCH STATION IN SIERRA GORDO?
YES, COBRA COMMANDER. OUR REMOTE SENSORS RECORDED THE PICKUP. THE MAP FRAGMENT INDICATED THE LOCATION OF COBRA HEADQUARTERS AS BEING UNDER THE CHAPLAIN'S ASSISTANT SCHOOL IN FORT WADSWORTH...
...THE JOES WILL WASTE THEIR TIME POKING AROUND THAT INNOCENT LITTLE ARMY POST--AND STAY FAR AWAY FROM SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT, OUR PLAGUE TOXIN TEST SITE...

DOES SCAR-FACE KNOW WHAT HE CARRIED IN THE BRIEFCASE?
NO.
AND YOU'RE SURE DR. VENOM IS DEAD?
CERTAIN. ALONG WITH SNAKE-EYES AND KWINN.

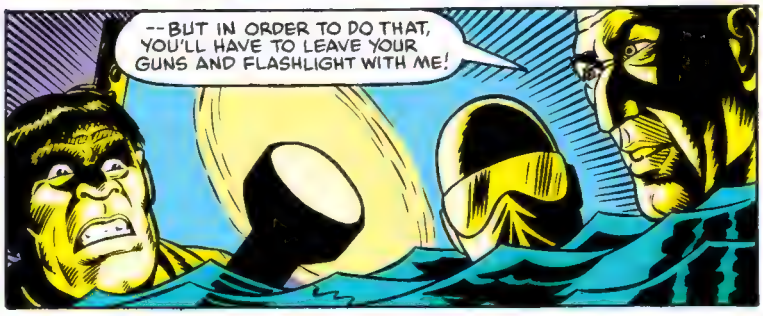
DID YOU PLANT THE MICRO-DOT YOURSELF?
OF COURSE. WHY SHOULDN'T ?

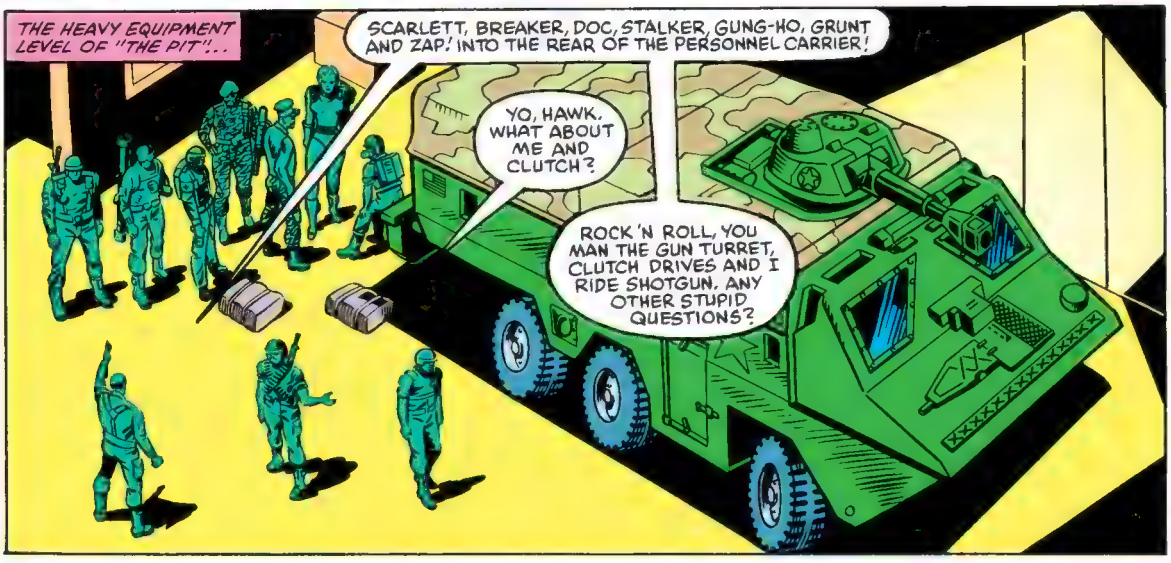
ELSEWHERE IN COBRA HEADQUARTERS...
TELL ME, SCAR-FACE... WERE YOU SUCCESSFUL IN SWITCHING THE MICRO-DOTS?
OF COURSE, DESTRO! THE BARONESS DIDN'T WANT TO GO TRAMPING THROUGH THE JUNGLE SO SHE LET ME DO IT...

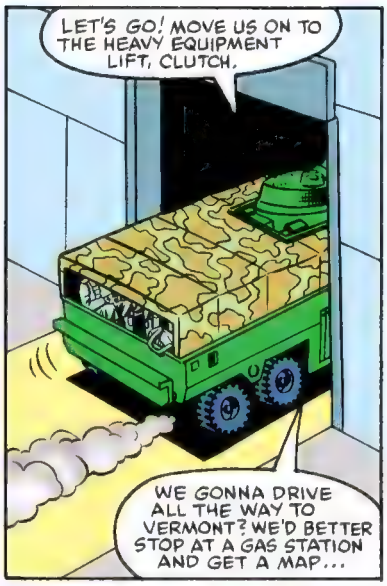
AND YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT WAS IN EITHER MICRO-DOT?
HOW COULD I, DESTRO? WHERE COULD I GET A MICROSCOPE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE JUNGLE?

LEAVE THE VALVE ALONE! THE ONLY WAY WE CAN GET THE DOOR OPEN IS TO LET IN ENOUGH WATER TO EQUAL-IZE THE PRESSURE. THERE'S FIFTY FEET OF RIVER ABOVE US PUSHING ON THE DOOR WITH HUNDREDS OF POUNDS OF WATER PRESSURE...

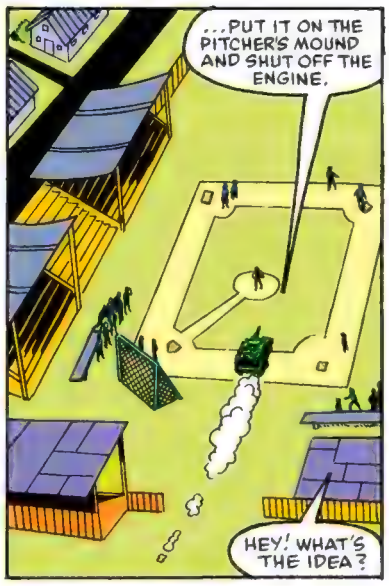
...EVEN THEN, YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE STRONG ENOUGH TO MOVE THE DOOR, KWINN--


--BUT IN ORDER TO DO THAT, YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOUR GUNS AND FLASHLIGHT WITH ME!


THE HEAVY EQUIPMENT LEVEL OF "THE PIT"...
SCARLETT, BREAKER, DOC, STALKER, GUNG-HO, GRUNT AND ZAP! INTO THE REAR OF THE PERSONNEL CARRIER!
YO, HAWK. WHAT ABOUT ME AND CLUTCH?
ROCK 'N ROLL, YOU MAN THE GUN TURRET, CLUTCH DRIVES AND I RIDE SHOTGUN. ANY OTHER STUPID QUESTIONS?


LET'S GO! MOVE US ON TO THE HEAVY EQUIPMENT LIFT, CLUTCH.
WE GONNA DRIVE ALL THE WAY TO VERMONT? WE'D BETTER STOP AT A GAS STATION AND GET A MAP...

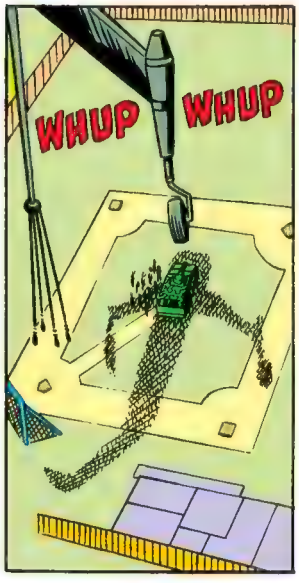
WE'RE ONLY DRIVING AS FAR AS THE FORT WADSWORTH BASEBALL FIELD, CLUTCH...

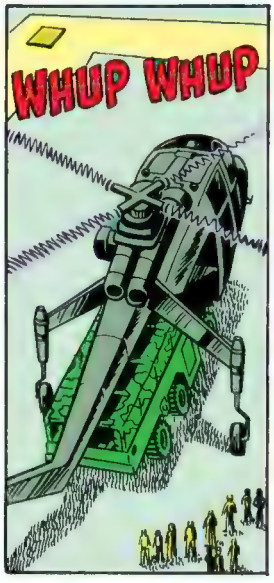

...PUT IT ON THE PITCHER'S MOUND AND SHUT OFF THE ENGINE.
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WE GOT A MAJOR PLAY-OFF GOING ON HERE BETWEEN THE CHAPLAIN'S ASSISTANTS AND THE PERMANENT LATRINE ORDER-LIES!
SORRY, BUT ORDERS IS ORDERS...

HUH? PRIORITY TRANSPORTATION ORDERS SIGNED BY GENERAL FLAGG?
HOW DO YOU TRANSPORT A PC FROM THE MIDDLE OF A BALL DIAMOND?

ULP. HERE COMES THE ANSWER!


WHUP WHUP


WHUP WHUP

CLAMPS SECURED?
VEHICLE CLAMPS SECURED, WILD BILL ...TAKE US UP!

HANG ON TIGHT, PARDS...NEXT STOP IS SPRINGFIELD!

COBRA HQ...

IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS THE ROCKET PLANE WILL LIFT OFF OUT OF THE SILO TO CARRY COBRA COMMANDER TO MEET HIS... DESTINY.

DESTINY? THAT'S PRETTY POETIC, DESTRO! HE'S JUST GOING UP TO VERMONT TO OVERSEE SOME SORT OF EXPERIMENT...

ONE NEVER KNOWS, SCARFACE. PERHAPS THE WINDS OF CHANGE ARE BLOWING STRONG TODAY. PERHAPS IT IS TIME FOR A NEW ORDER...

YOU TALKING TO ME? IF YOU ARE, I'M LOST...

JUST RAMBLING. I TRUST THE COMMANDER WILL HAVE A SAFE TRIP?

OF COURSE. THE BARONESS IS AN EXCELLENT PILOT...

THE BARONESS?

IS THERE AN ECHO IN HERE?

DON'T JOKE WITH ME, WORM! COBRA COMMANDER WAS SUPPOSED TO GO TO VERMONT ALONE!

S-S-SURE! COBRA COMMANDER ALWAYS TRAVELS ALONE! BUT--

--T-THE BARONESS ALWAYS PILOTS THE PLANE!

WATER'S ALMOST TO THE CEILING...

TIME FOR YOU TO TRY THE DOOR. I'LL WATCH YOUR GUNS AND LIGHT. YOU DON'T WANT TO BURDEN YOURSELF NEEDLESSLY WHILE YOU STRAIN WITH OUR ESCAPE PORTAL...

IT'S NO BOTHER, DR. VENOM. REALLY.

SPIRIT OF THE OTTER, HELP ME DIVE DEEP...

SPIRIT OF THE BEAR, GIVE ME STRENGTH TO OPEN THIS DOOR...

...AND SPIRIT OF THE WEASEL, GIVE ME COUNSEL TO OUTWIT THIS DR.VENOM!

GOT ANY INKLING TO WHAT WE'LL UNCOVER IN SPRINGFIELD, HAWK?
NOT A CLUE, SCARLETT. AND WE WON'T UNCOVER ANYTHING IF WE SPOOK THEM TOO EARLY. THAT'S WHY WE'RE LANDING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN FROM SPRINGFIELD...

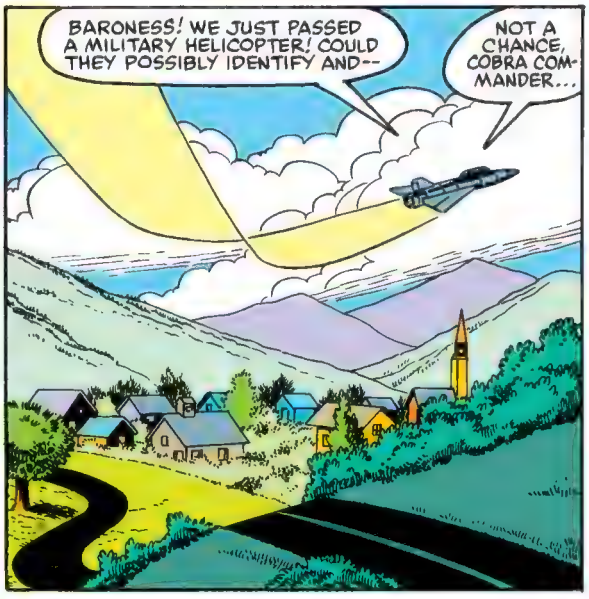
WHY COULDN'T WE JUST INFILTRATE IN CIVVIES?
IT'S A SMALL TOWN IN VERMONT. ALL STRANGERS ARE SUSPECT. IF COBRA'S THERE, IT'LL BE TWICE AS BAD. NO. FORCE RECON'S THE WAY TO GO.

MAYBE YOUR NEXT IDEA'LL BE BETTER.
CLUTCH, YOU'RE DESPI-CABLE.
THANKS. I LIKE YOU TOO!
ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO--

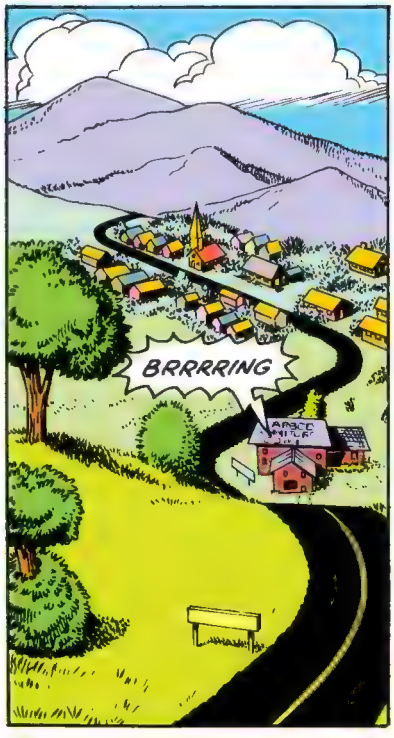
VOOOOSH!
WHAT WAS THAT?
FELT LIKE SOMEBODY PASSED US IN THE FAST LANE...

...BUT THE SKY IS EMPTY!

HAWK? THIS IS WILD BILL IN THE PILOT'S SEAT...WHATEVER PASSED US WAS A SUPERSONIC AIRCRAFT BUT IT WAS FLYING WAY TOO LOW FOR ANY KIND OF AUTHORIZED FLIGHT!

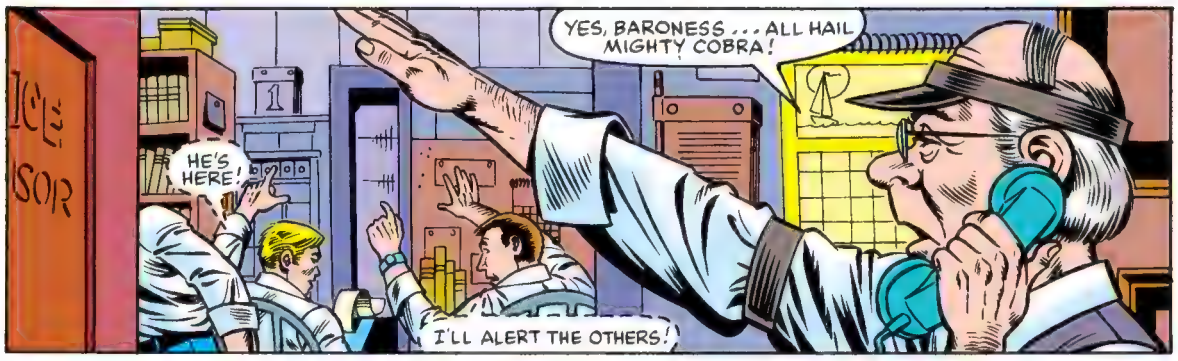

BARONESS! WE JUST PASSED A MILITARY HELICOPTER! COULD THEY POSSIBLY IDENTIFY AND--
NOT A CHANCE, COBRA COMMANDER...

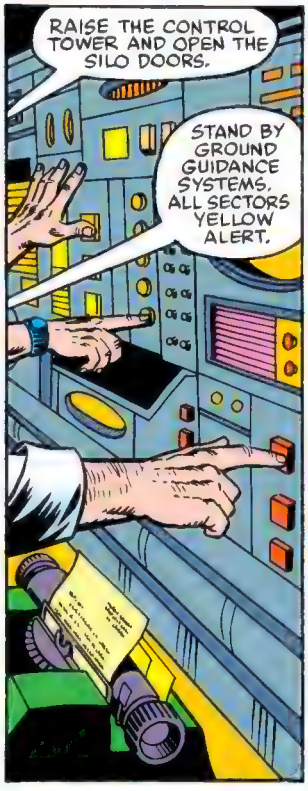
...WE SHALL BE ARRIVING IN SPRINGFIELD IN THREE MINUTES. I AM MAKING RADIO CONTACT NOW--

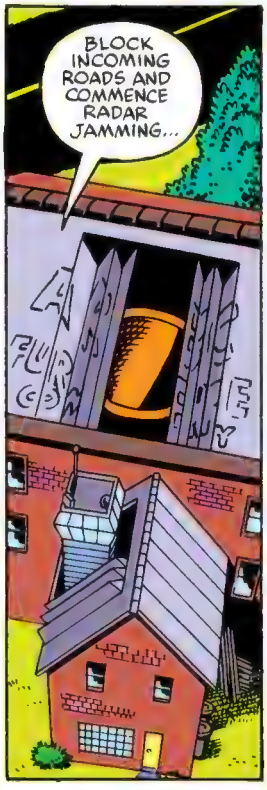

BRRRRING

ARBCO FURNITURE COMPANY
BRRRRING

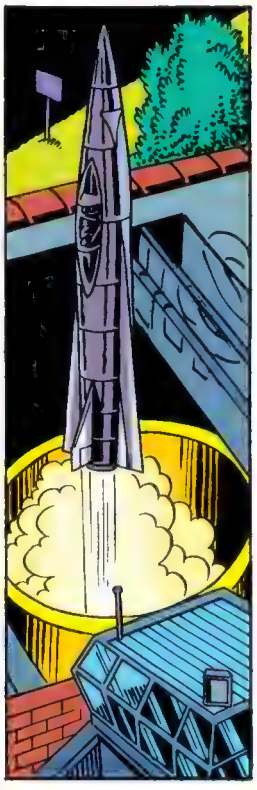
BRRRRING

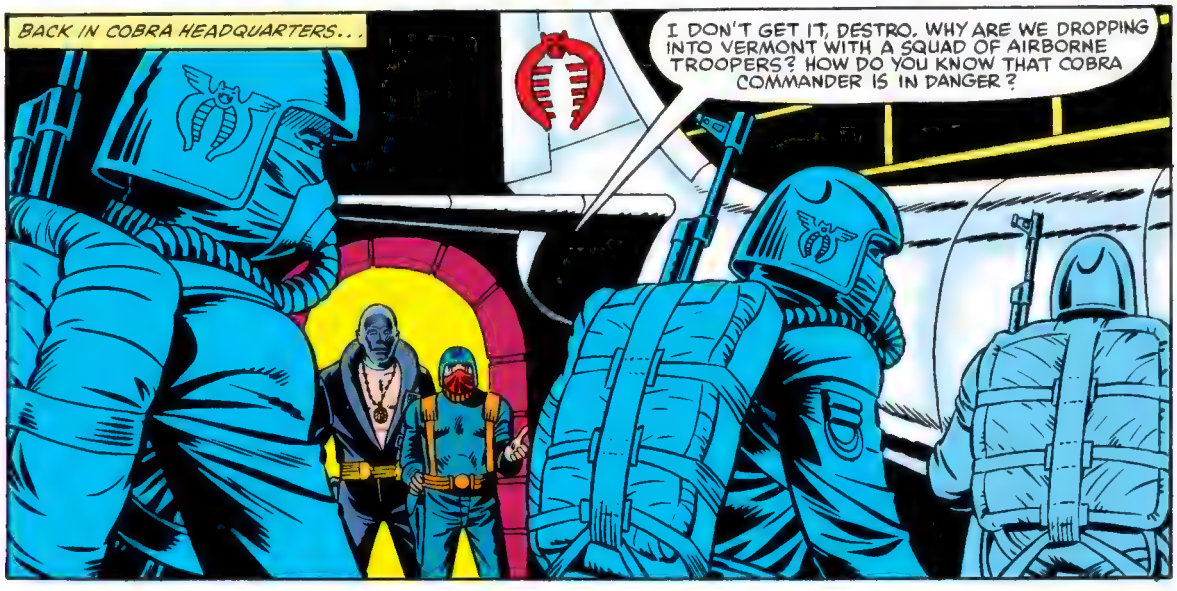

YES, BARONESS . . . ALL HAIL MIGHTY COBRA!
HE'S HERE!
I'LL ALERT THE OTHERS!

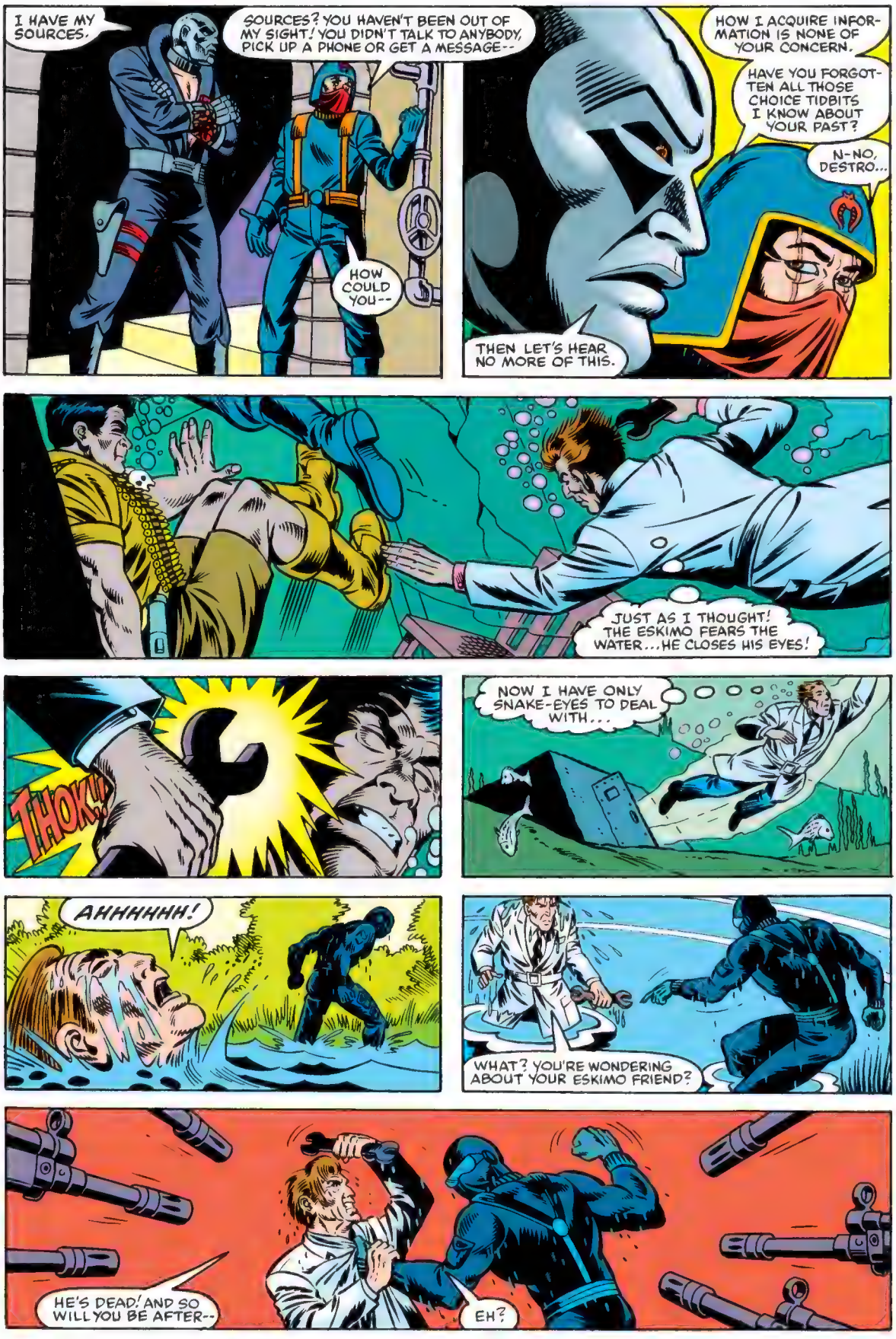

RAISE THE CONTROL TOWER AND OPEN THE SILO DOORS.
STAND BY GROUND GUIDANCE SYSTEMS. ALL SECTORS YELLOW ALERT.


BLOCK INCOMING ROADS AND COMMENCE RADAR JAMMING...

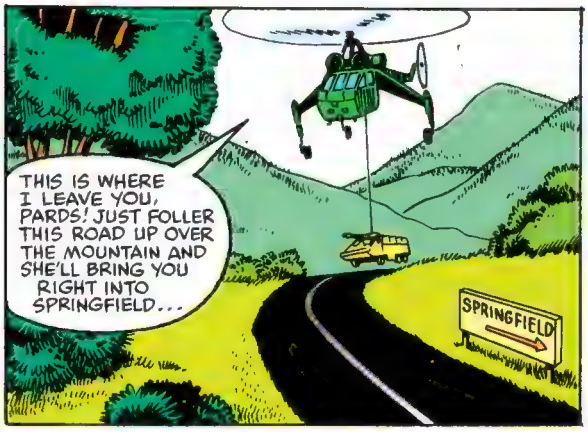
AUTOMATIC LANDING GUIDANCE SYSTEMS LOCKED ON AND FUNCTIONING COMMENCE DECELERATION...
ALL SECTIONS, STAND BY TO GREET THE COMMANDER!




BACK IN COBRA HEADQUARTERS...
I DON'T GET IT, DESTRO. WHY ARE WE DROPPING INTO VERMONT WITH A SQUAD OF AIRBORNE TROOPERS? HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT COBRA COMMANDER IS IN DANGER?

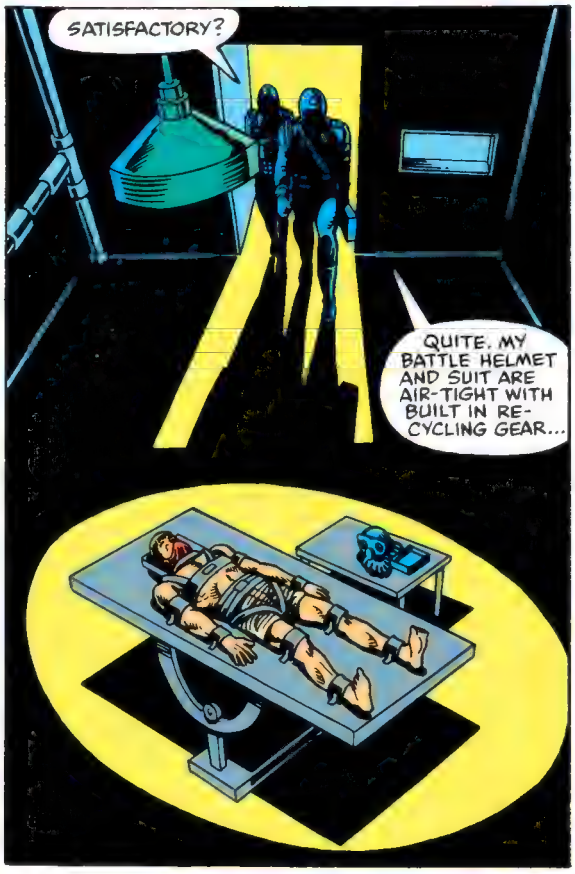

I HAVE MY SOURCES.
SOURCES? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN OUT OF MY SIGHT! YOU DIDN'T TALK TO ANYBODY, PICK UP A PHONE OR GET A MESSAGE--
HOW COULD YOU--
HOW I ACQUIRE INFORMATION IS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN.
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ALL THOSE CHOICE TIDBITS I KNOW ABOUT YOUR PAST?
N-NO, DESTRO...
THEN LET'S HEAR NO MORE OF THIS.
JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE ESKIMO FEARS THE WATER...HE CLOSES HIS EYES!
THOK!
NOW I HAVE ONLY SNAKE-EYES TO DEAL WITH...
AHHHHHH!
WHAT? YOU'RE WONDERING ABOUT YOUR ESKIMO FRIEND?
HE'S DEAD! AND SO WILL YOU BE AFTER--
EH?

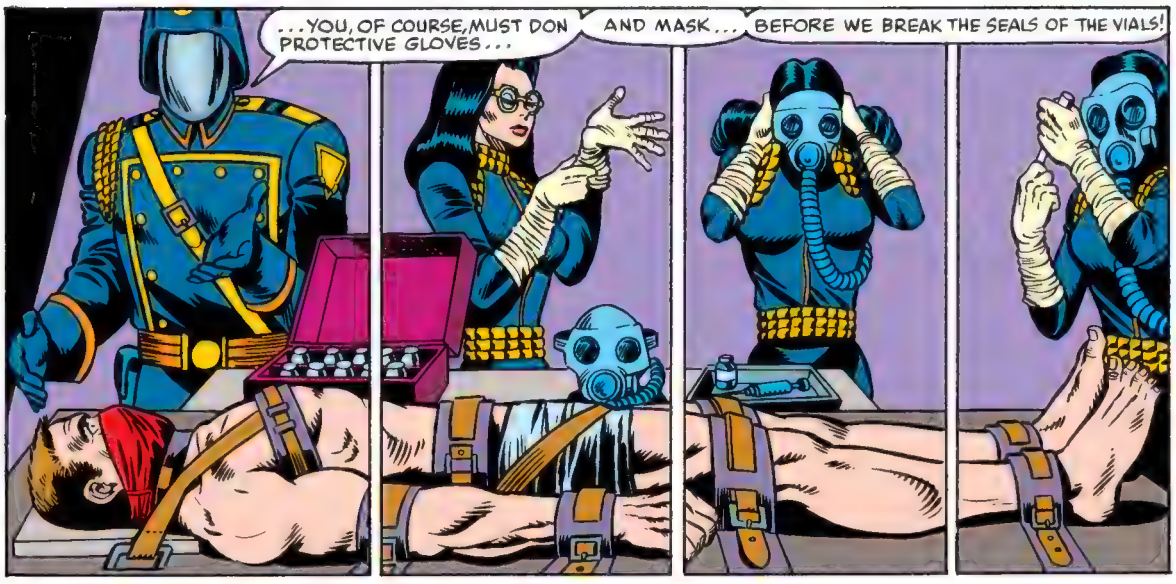
WE'RE COBRA TROOPERS. WE CAME INTO THE JUNGLE DISGUISED AS RENEGADE GOVERNMENT SOLDIERS TO RESCUE A G.I. JOE TEAM FROM THE REAL RENEGADES.* THE JOES LEFT BEHIND A WHOLE CLEARING FULL OF BOOBY TRAPS. CHEWED US UP BAD. SOME THANKS WE GOT, HUH?
*LAST ISSUE.


THIS IS WHERE I LEAVE YOU, PARDS! JUST FOLLER THIS ROAD UP OVER THE MOUNTAIN AND SHE'LL BRING YOU RIGHT INTO SPRINGFIELD...
SPRINGFIELD

...GOOD HUNTING.

INSIDE THE FURNITURE FACTORY...
ALL HAIL MIGHTY COBRA!
HAS THE VOLUNTEER BEEN PREPARED?
YES, COBRA COMMANDER. A SEALED ROOM HAS BEEN PUT AT OUR DISPOSAL...


SATISFACTORY?
QUITE. MY BATTLE HELMET AND SUIT ARE AIR-TIGHT WITH BUILT IN RE-CYCLING GEAR...


...YOU, OF COURSE, MUST DON PROTECTIVE GLOVES...
AND MASK...
BEFORE WE BREAK THE SEALS OF THE VIALS!

FIVE MILES FROM SPRINGFIELD...
HERE COME STALKER AND GUNG-HO BACK FROM THEIR SCOUTING MISSION...

ANYTHING TO REPORT?
SPRINGFIELD ITSELF LOOKS CLEAN...

...BUT THIS FURNITURE FACTORY ON THE OUTSKIRTS IS A TAD FISHY.
ANY PARTICULAR REASON OR JUST GUT FEELING?

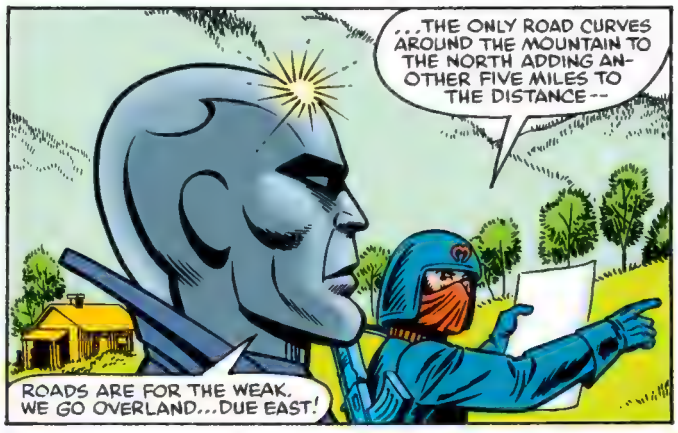
ARBCO IS AN ANAGRAM FOR COBRA.
BINGO.

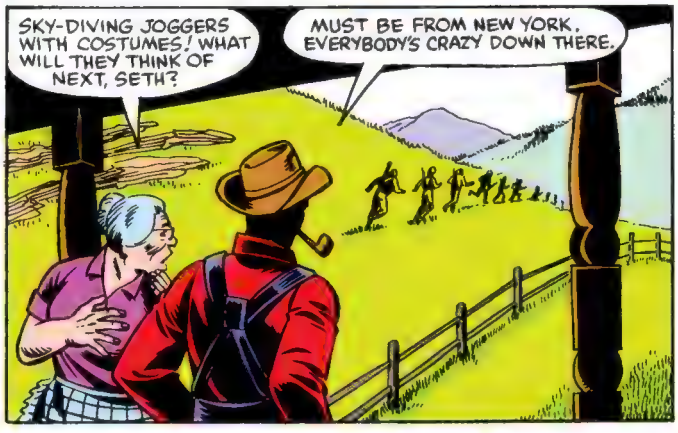
YOU'VE NO GRUDGE AGAINST ME! IT'S THE JOES WHO DID YOU DIRT! I'M ONE OF YOU--

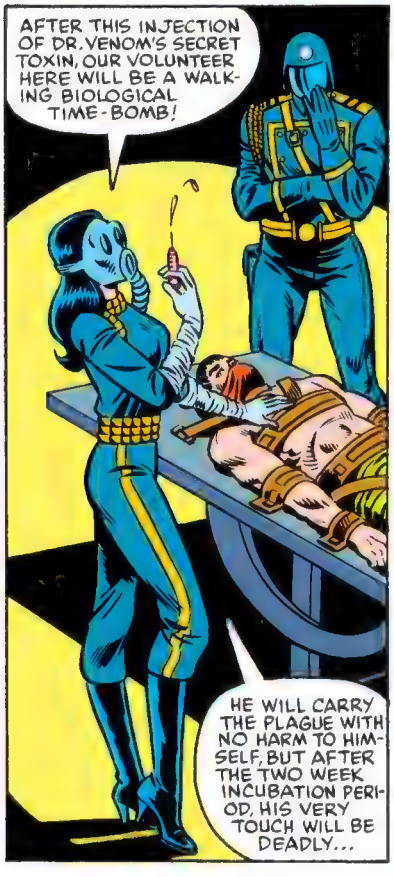
CAN IT, VENOM! COBRA COMMANDER WANTED YOU DEAD!
THE WAY I SEE IT, I CAN MAKE MYSELF SOME BROWNIE POINTS BY FINISHING THE JOB THE BARONESS BOTCHED UP!

PLEASE! I H-HAVE M-M-MONEY! SWISS ACCOUNTS! PLEASE--

IN VERMONT...
SCAR-FACE, YOU'RE OUR LAND NAVIGATOR. PLOT A COURSE THAT WILL TAKE US TO SPRINGFIELD BEFORE THE G.I. JOE TEAM!
SPRINGFIELD IS DUE EAST OF HERE, FIVE MILES AS THE CROW FLIES...

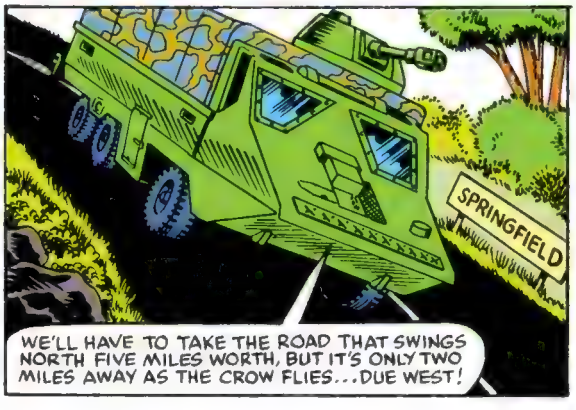

...THE ONLY ROAD CURVES AROUND THE MOUNTAIN TO THE NORTH ADDING ANOTHER FIVE MILES TO THE DISTANCE--
ROADS ARE FOR THE WEAK. WE GO OVERLAND...DUE EAST!

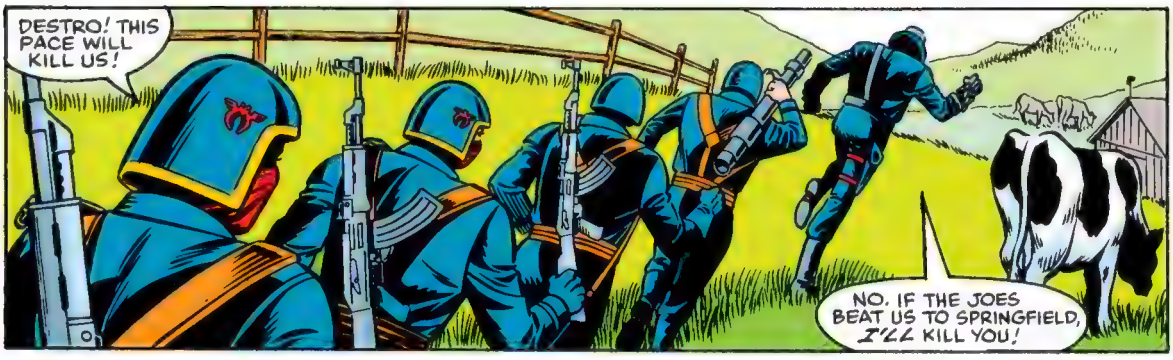

SKY-DIVING JOGGERS WITH COSTUMES! WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT, SETH?
MUST BE FROM NEW YORK. EVERYBODY'S CRAZY DOWN THERE.


AFTER THIS INJECTION OF DR. VENOM'S SECRET TOXIN, OUR VOLUNTEER HERE WILL BE A WALKING BIOLOGICAL TIME-BOMB!
HE WILL CARRY THE PLAGUE WITH NO HARM TO HIMSELF, BUT AFTER THE TWO WEEK INCUBATION PERIOD, HIS VERY TOUCH WILL BE DEADLY...

...AND BY THAT TIME HE SHOULD BE DEEP WITHIN G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS!

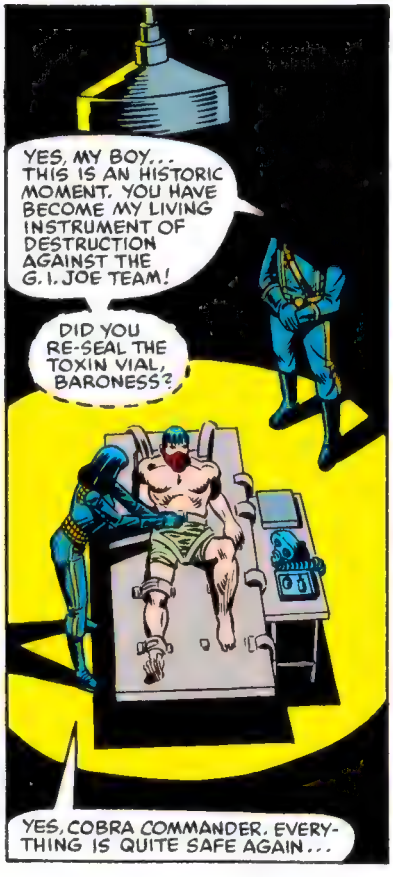
EVERYBODY BACK ON THE APC! WE'RE GOING TO CHECK OUT THIS FURNITURE FACTORY! HOW FAR IS IT, CLUTCH?


SPRINGFIELD
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE ROAD THAT SWINGS NORTH FIVE MILES WORTH, BUT IT'S ONLY TWO MILES AWAY AS THE CROW FLIES...DUE WEST!


DESTRO! THIS PACE WILL KILL US!
NO. IF THE JOES BEAT US TO SPRINGFIELD, I'LL KILL YOU!

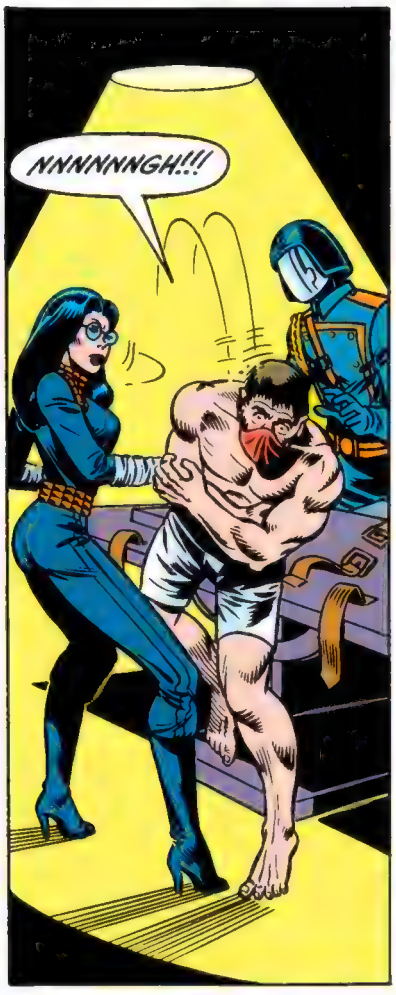
WAIT! IF WE SHOOT THEM HERE, WE'LL HAVE TO CARRY THEIR BODIES BACK AS PROOF!

IT WOULD BE MUCH EASIER ON US IF WE MADE THEM WALK BACK TO THE AIRFIELD AND SHOOT THEM BEFORE TAKE-OFF!
I LIKE IT. I WAS JUST GOING TO SHOW COBRA COMMANDER THEIR HEADS, BUT THIS IS MUCH NEATER!


YES, MY BOY... THIS IS AN HISTORIC MOMENT. YOU HAVE BECOME MY LIVING INSTRUMENT OF DESTRUCTION AGAINST THE G.I. JOE TEAM!
DID YOU RE-SEAL THE TOXIN VIAL, BARONESS?
YES, COBRA COMMANDER. EVERYTHING IS QUITE SAFE AGAIN...

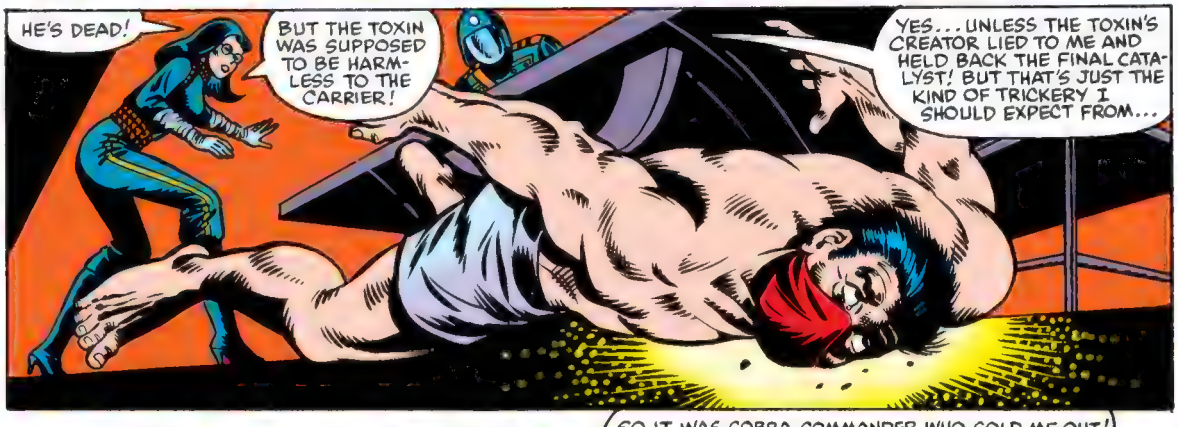
...THE FACTORY SHOULD BE IN SIGHT AS SOON AS WE CREST THAT NEXT HILL.

DESTRO! ONE OF THE MEN IS FALLING BEHIND...
SHOOT HIM, SCAR-FACE, THEN FALL BACK TO THE LAST POSITION AND ADMINISTER THE SAME TO ANY OTHER LAGGARD.


NNNNNNGH!!!

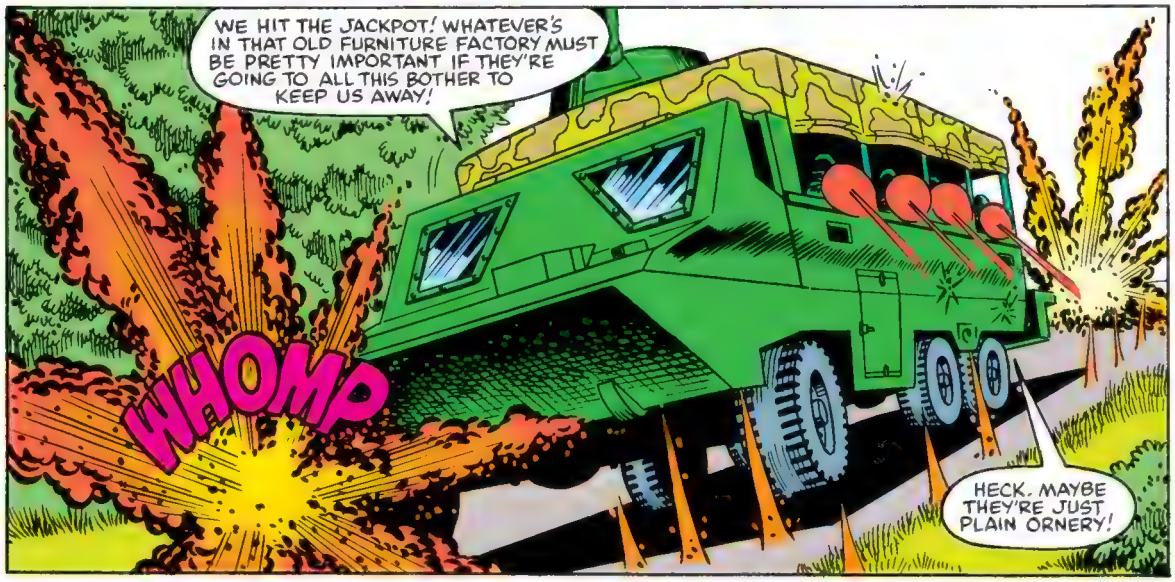
ALMOST THERE! JUST OVER THAT NEXT RISE...

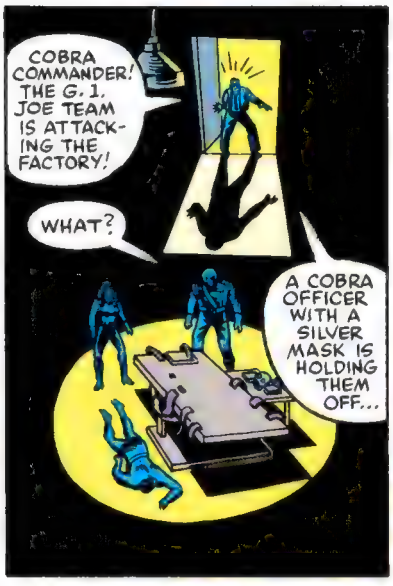
THAT'S IT. LOOKS PEACE-FUL ENOUGH, DON'T IT?
EVERYTHING LOOKS PEACE-FUL, ROCK 'N ROLL. 'TIL YOU PROD IT WITH A STICK AND SAY BOO!


HE'S DEAD!
BUT THE TOXIN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HARM-LESS TO THE CARRIER!
YES... UNLESS THE TOXIN'S CREATOR LIED TO ME AND HELD BACK THE FINAL CATA-LYST! BUT THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF TRICKERY I SHOULD EXPECT FROM...

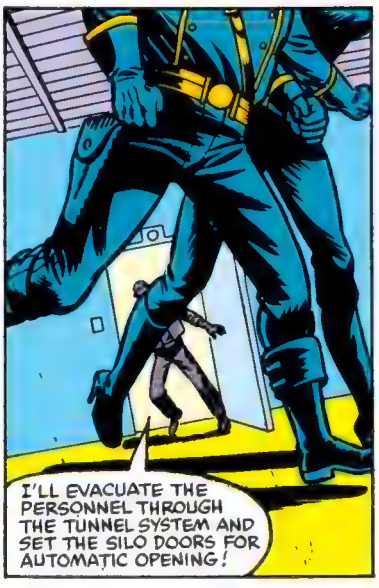
"...DR. VENOM!"
SO IT WAS COBRA COMMANDER WHO SOLD ME OUT! HE MUST BE HAVING QUITE A BIG LAUGH ON ME RIGHT NOW AS HE ATTEMPTS TO USE MY TOXIN WITHOUT MY SECRET CATALYST... IN FACT, THE LAUGHTER MUST BE *INFECTIOUS!*
WHAT'S HE BABBLING ABOUT?

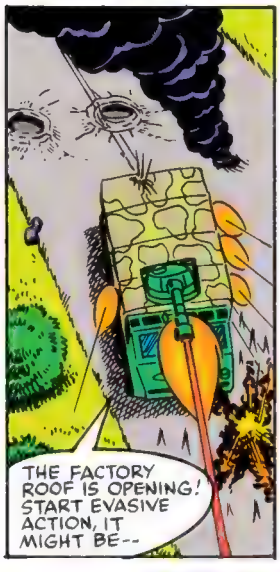
COBRA AMBUSH!
NO COVER ON EITHER SIDE OF THE ROAD! WE'LL HAVE TO BARREL ON THROUGH!
DO YOU SEE WHO'S LEADING THAT PACK OF VIPERS?
ARBCO FURNITURE COMPANY
WHAMM!
IT'S THAT COBRA BIG-SHOT WE RAN INTO IN ALASKA ON THAT PIPELINE CAPER!*
HOLD THEM BACK! THEY MUST NOT REACH THE FACTORY!
FOOOSH
*G. I. JOE #11!

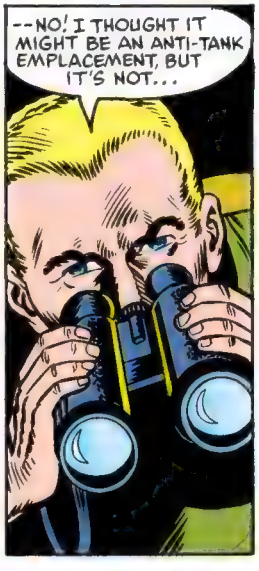


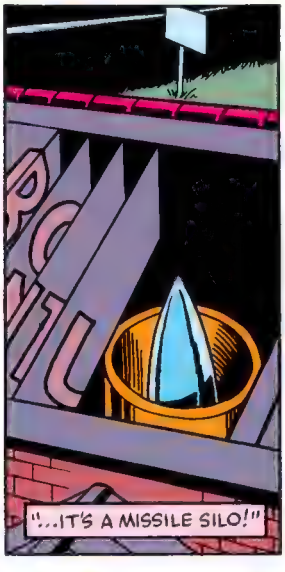

COBRA COMMANDER! THE G.I. JOE TEAM IS ATTACKING THE FACTORY!
WHAT?
A COBRA OFFICER WITH A SILVER MASK IS HOLDING THEM OFF...

DESTRO!
...HE WON'T BE ABLE TO HOLD THEM FOR LONG--
I SUGGEST YOU LEAVE IMMEDIATELY IN THE ROCKET PLANE!

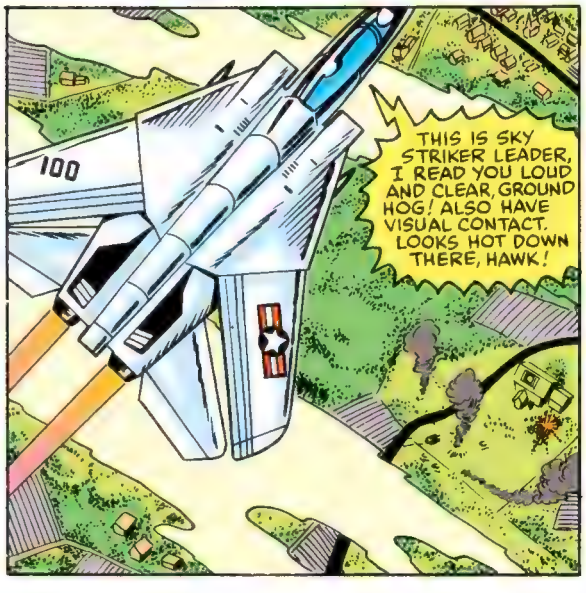

I'LL EVACUATE THE PERSONNEL THROUGH THE TUNNEL SYSTEM AND SET THE SILO DOORS FOR AUTOMATIC OPENING!


THE FACTORY ROOF IS OPENING! START EVASIVE ACTION, IT MIGHT BE--


--NO! I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE AN ANTI-TANK EMPLACEMENT, BUT IT'S NOT...

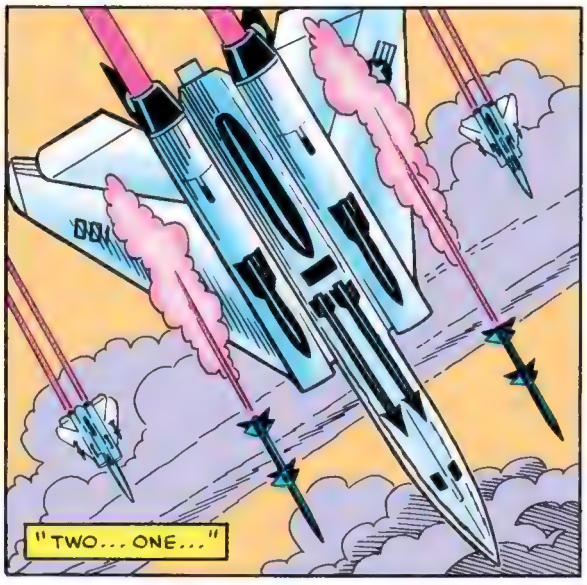

"...IT'S A MISSILE SILO!"

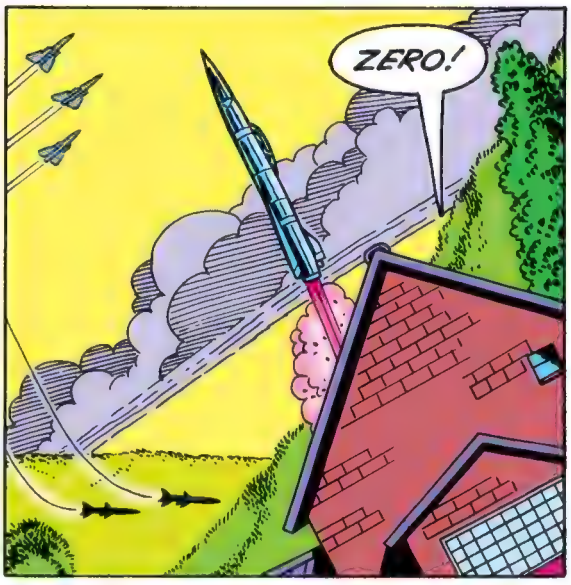
THIS IS GROUND HOG CALLING SKY STRIKER, DO YOU READ ME?

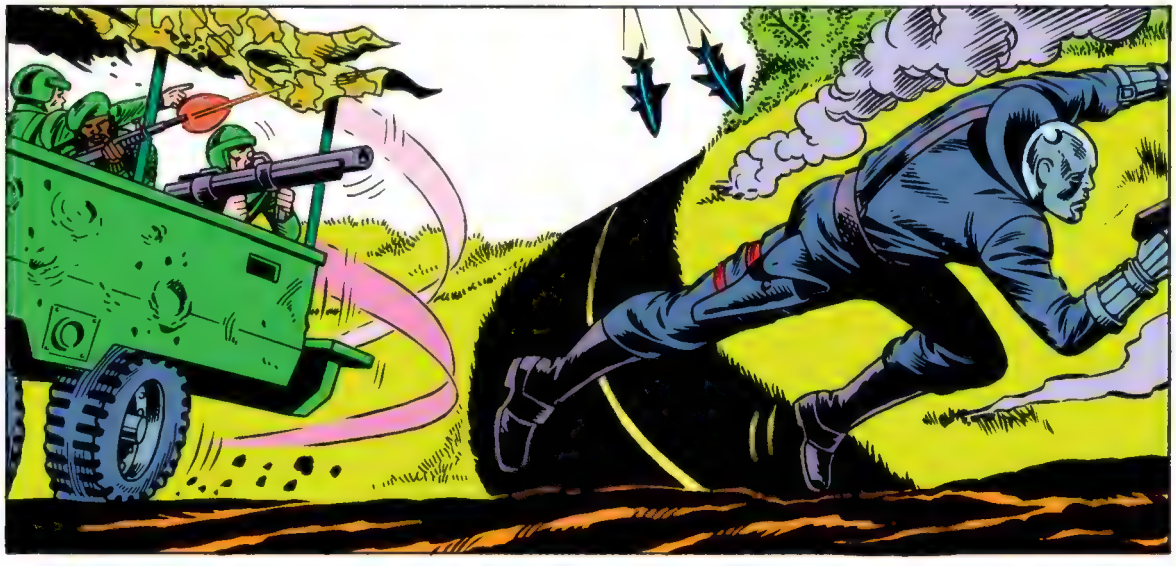

100
THIS IS SKY STRIKER LEADER, I READ YOU LOUD AND CLEAR, GROUND HOG! ALSO HAVE VISUAL CONTACT. LOOKS HOT DOWN THERE, HAWK!

I WANT YOU TO MAKE IT HOTTER, ACE. PASTE THAT FACTORY FOR ME. MAKE IT GO AWAY.
YOU GOT IT. THAT FACTORY IS MOVIN' TO MATCHSTICK CITY!
ACE

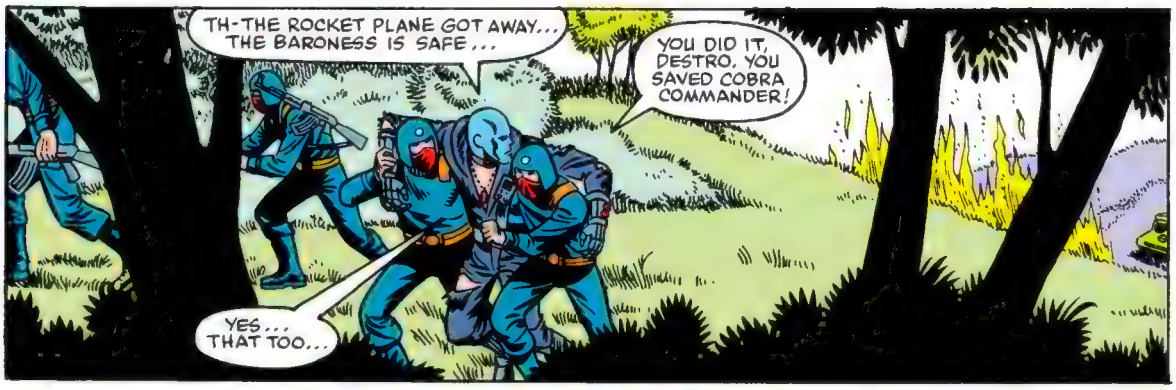
TEN SECONDS TO LAUNCH AND COUNTING...NINE...
"EIGHT... SEVEN..."
"SIX... FIVE..."
"FOUR... THREE..."

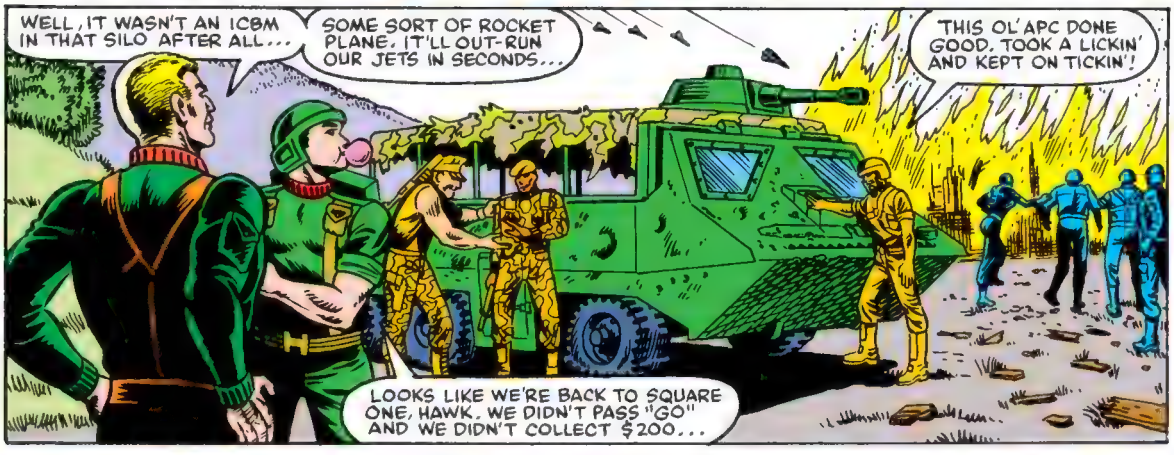

"TWO... ONE..."


ZERO!



VA-DOOOOM!!

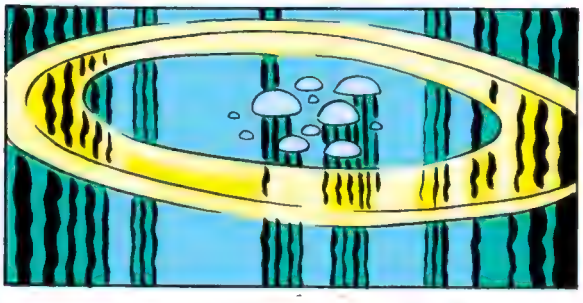

TH-THE ROCKET PLANE GOT AWAY... THE BARONESS IS SAFE...
YOU DID IT, DESTRO, YOU SAVED COBRA COMMANDER!
YES... THAT TOO...

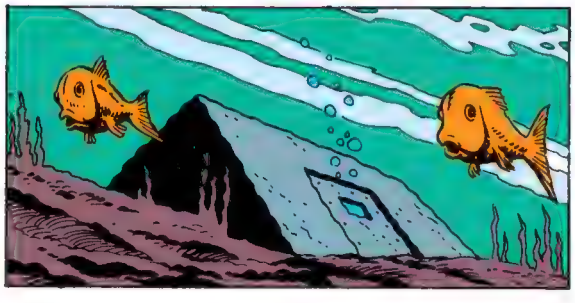

WELL, IT WASN'T AN ICBM IN THAT SILO AFTER ALL...
SOME SORT OF ROCKET PLANE, IT'LL OUT-RUN OUR JETS IN SECONDS...
THIS OL' APC DONE GOOD, TOOK A LICKIN' AND KEPT ON TICKIN'!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BACK TO SQUARE ONE, HAWK. WE DIDN'T PASS "GO" AND WE DIDN'T COLLECT $200...

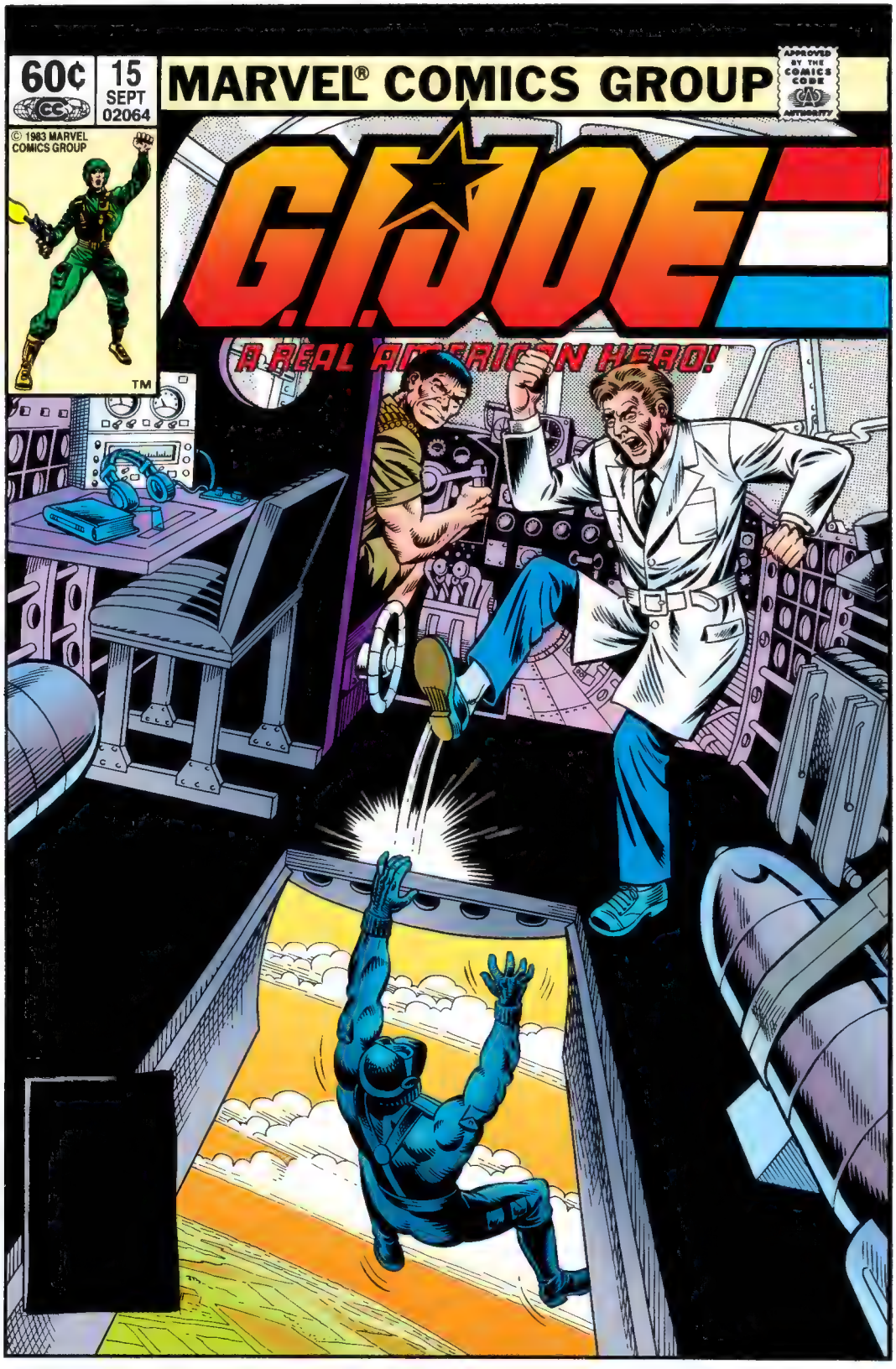
BACK IN SIERRA GORDO...
WAIT. WEREN'T THERE THREE OF YOU IN THAT BUNKER? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ESKIMO, KWINN?
I CAVED IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD WITH A WRENCH...

...HE'S DEAD.
YOU HAVEN'T TOLD US THE TRUTH SO FAR, WHY SHOULD WE BELIEVE--
KWINN'S DEAD...

...IF HE HASN'T COME UP BY NOW, HE'S DROWNED FOR SURE!
TO THE AIRFIELD, THEN!



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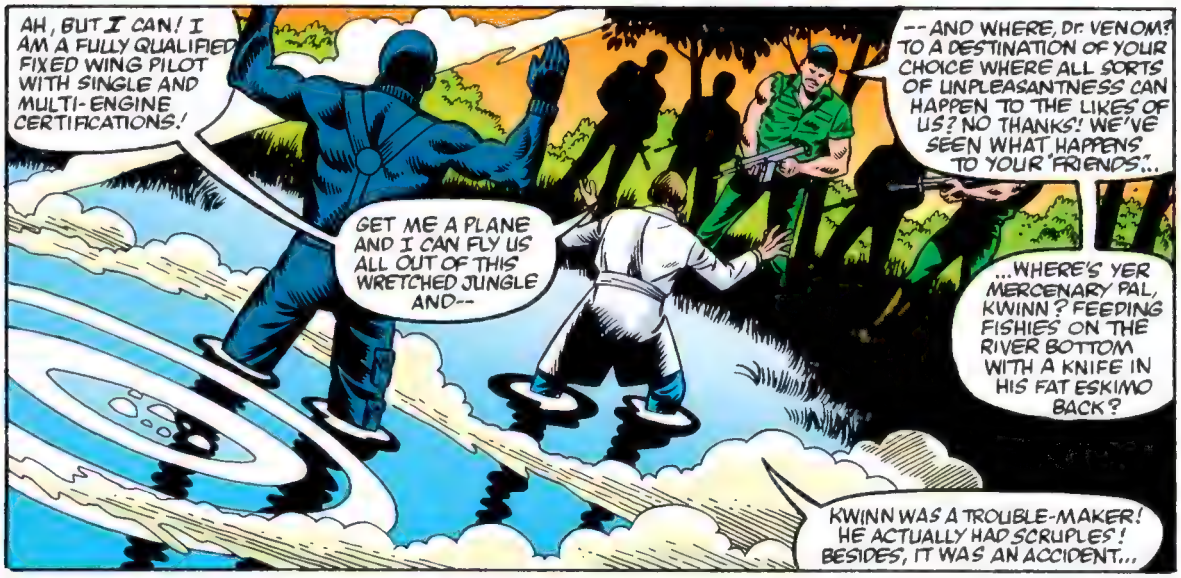
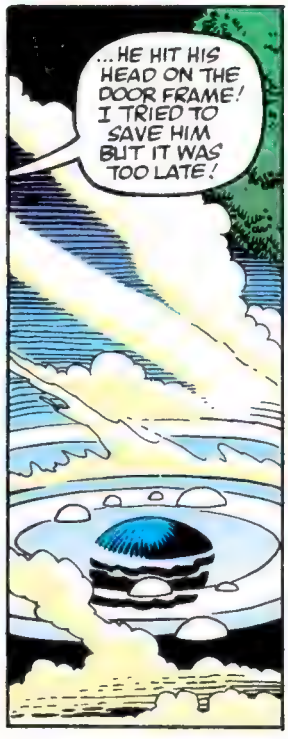
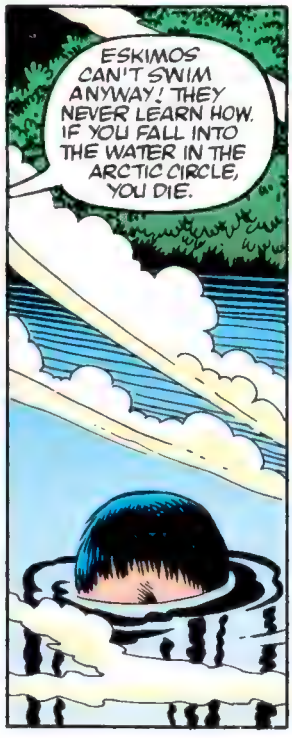
G.I. JOE
A REAL AMERICAN HERO!

Stan Lee PRESENTS:
RED-EYE TO MIAMI!
SNAKE-EYES AND DR. VENOM ESCAPE FROM THE SUNKEN BUNKER IN SIERRA GORDO ONLY TO BE CAPTURED BY THE COBRA HIT SQUAD THAT HAD BEEN MASQUERADING AS RENEGADE GOVERNMENT TROOPS...
THE BARONESS TOLD COBRA COMMANDER THAT SHE HAD KILLED THE TWO OF YOU. I GUESS ITS UP TO ME TO SHOW HER UP AND FINISH OFF THE JOB GOOD AND PROPER.
NO! PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING! I'LL GIVE YOU MONEY! I HAVE MILLIONS HIDDEN IN ZURICH! JUST DON'T SHOOT ME!
LET'S DO THE WORLD A FAVOR AND FINISH OFF THIS CREEP BEFORE HE CONTAMINATES THE GENE POOL...
LARRY HAMA SCRIPT
MIKE VOSBURG PENCILS
JON D'AGOSTINO INKS
RICK PARKER LETTERER
ANDY YANCHUS COLORIST
DENNY O'NEIL EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER GENERAL-IN-CHIEF

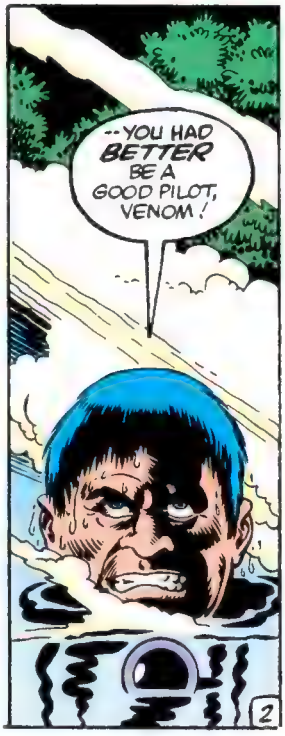
WAIT. COBRA COMMANDER'S GONNA WANNA SEE THEIR BODIES. WE SHOOT 'EM HERE, WE GOTTA CARRY 'EM! LETS MAKE 'EM WALK TO THE AIRFIELD AND SHOOT 'EM THERE!
WHAT WE GONNA DO WHEN WE GET TO THE AIRFIELD? AIN'T NONE OF US CAN FLY A PLANE, NO-HOW!

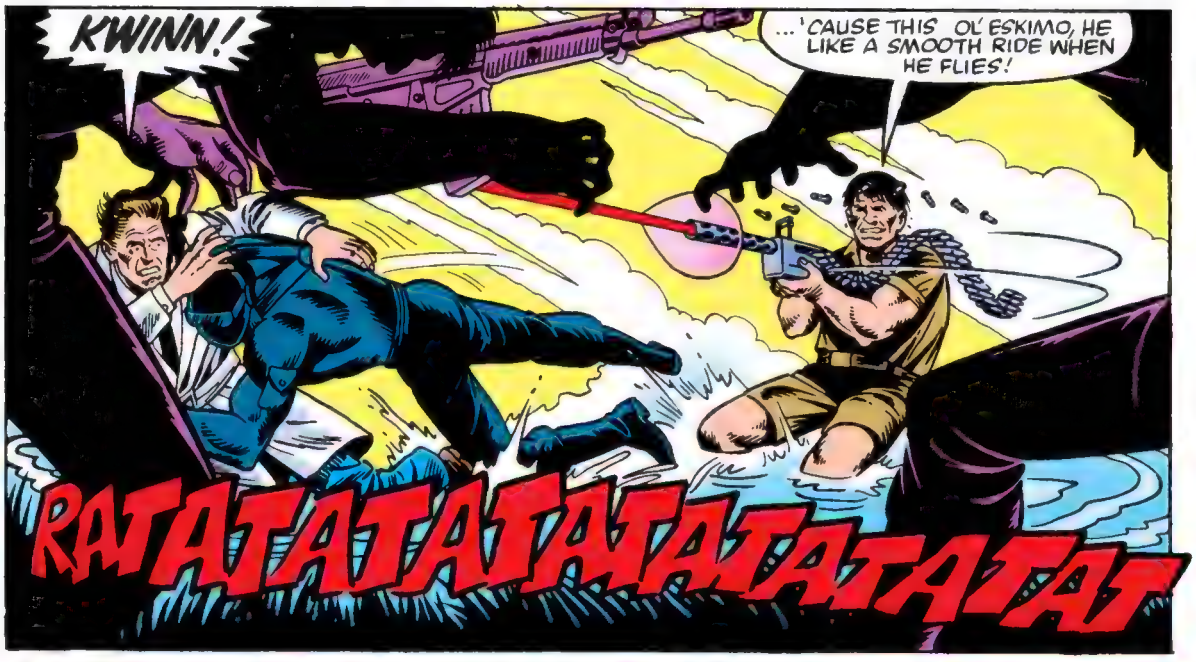

AH, BUT I CAN! I AM A FULLY QUALIFIED FIXED WING PILOT WITH SINGLE AND MULTI-ENGINE CERTIFICATIONS!
GET ME A PLANE AND I CAN FLY US ALL OUT OF THIS WRETCHED JUNGLE AND--
--AND WHERE, Dr. VENOM? TO A DESTINATION OF YOUR CHOICE WHERE ALL SORTS OF UNPLEASANTNESS CAN HAPPEN TO THE LIKES OF US? NO THANKS! WE'VE SEEN WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR 'FRIENDS'...
...WHERE'S YER MERCENARY PAL, KWINN? FEEDING FISHIES ON THE RIVER BOTTOM WITH A KNIFE IN HIS FAT ESKIMO BACK?
KWINN WAS A TROUBLE-MAKER! HE ACTUALLY HAD SCRUPLES! BESIDES, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT...


...HE HIT HIS HEAD ON THE DOOR FRAME! I TRIED TO SAVE HIM BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!


ESKIMOS CAN'T SWIM ANYWAY! THEY NEVER LEARN HOW. IF YOU FALL INTO THE WATER IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, YOU DIE.

SO THERE'S NO REASON TO MISTRUST ME! I CAN FLY THE PLANE WHEREVER YOU WANT, AND I AM AN EXCELLENT PILOT.


--YOU HAD BETTER BE A GOOD PILOT, VENOM!
2

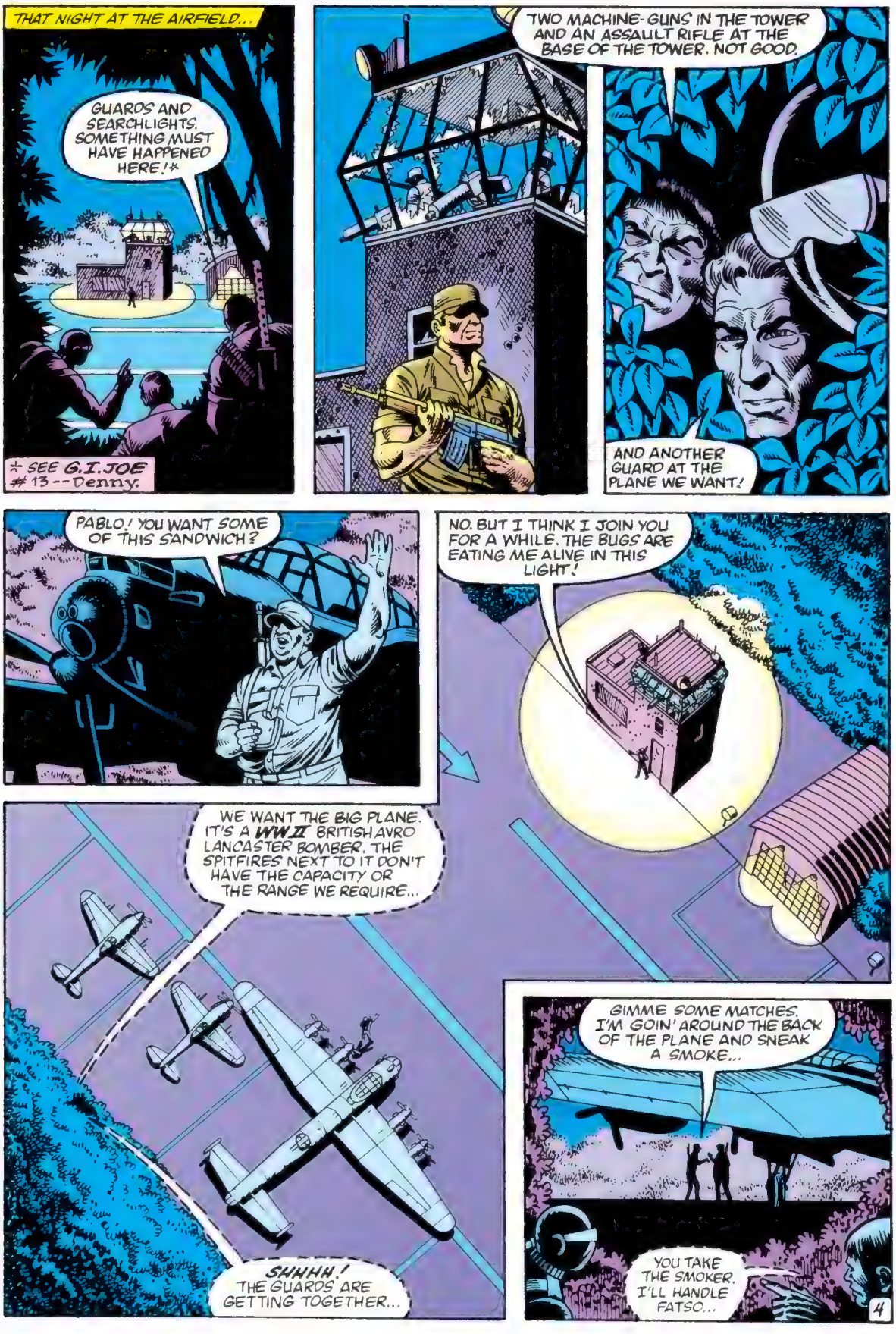

KWINN!
...'CAUSE THIS OL' ESKIMO, HE LIKE A SMOOTH RIDE WHEN HE FLIES!
RATATATATATATATATATAT

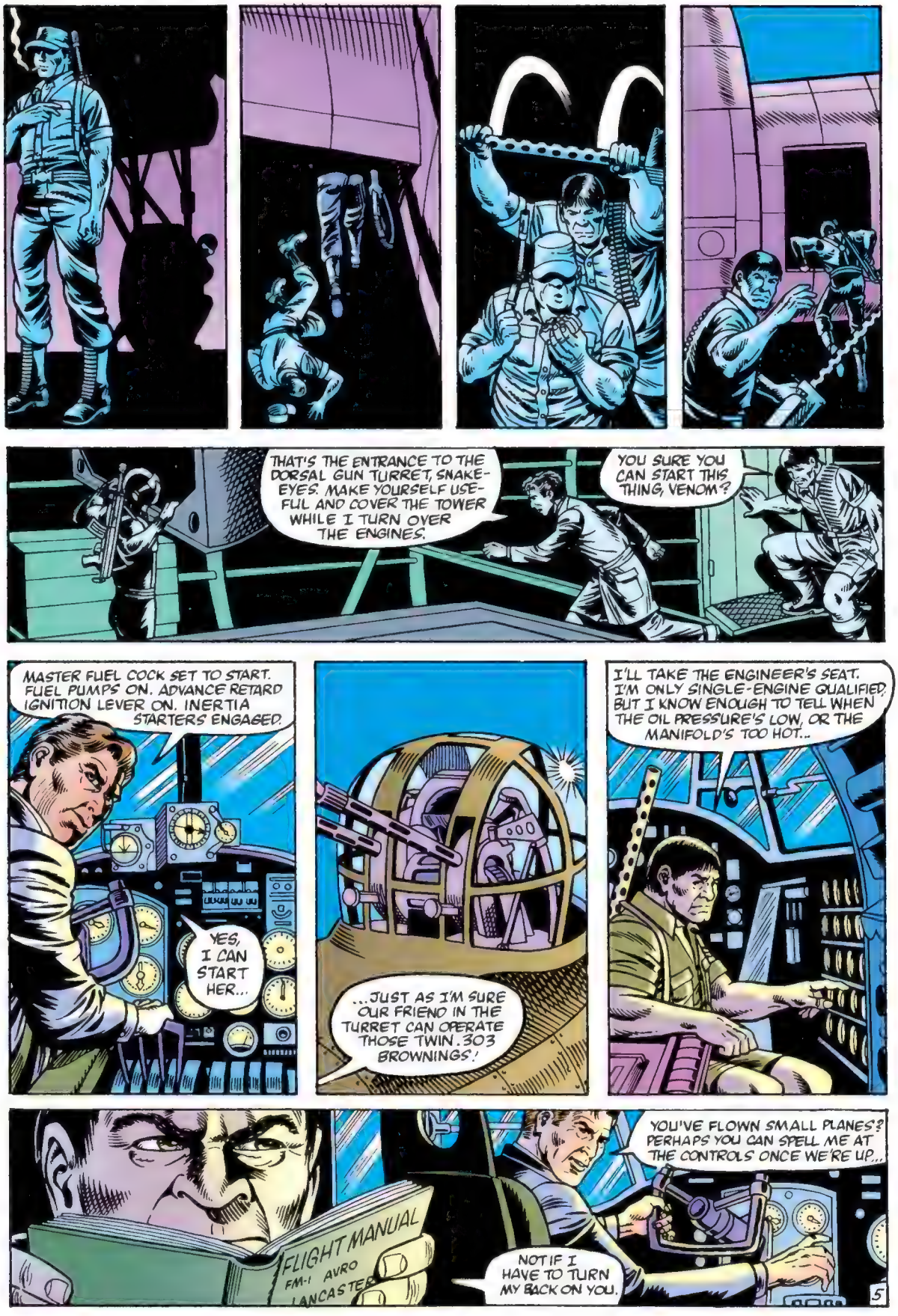
LET HIM UP, SNAKE-EYES... IT'S OVER.

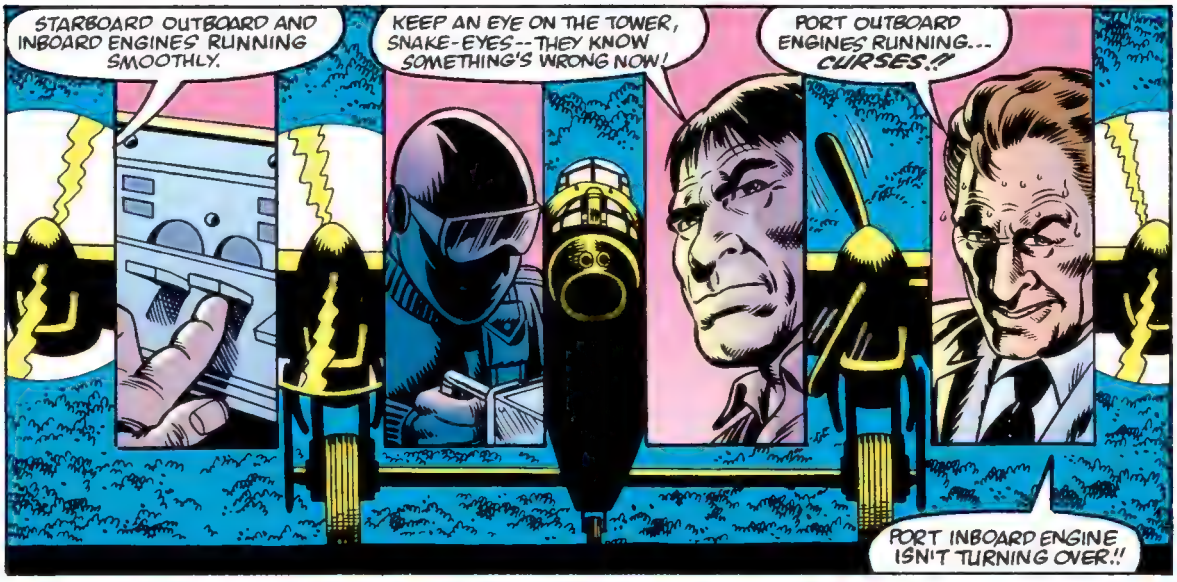
NNNGGG!

I SAID LET HIM UP!

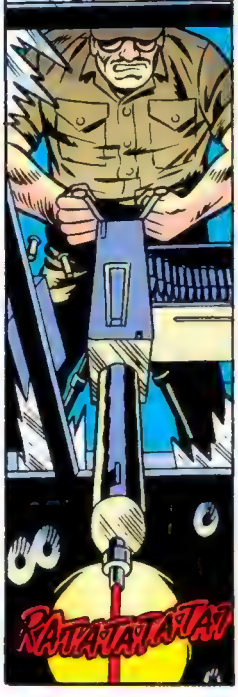
LIKE HIM OR NOT, HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN FLY US OUT OF THIS MESS!
3

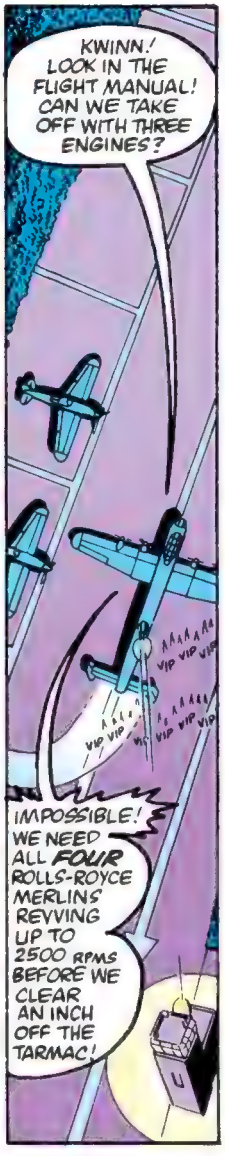

THAT NIGHT AT THE AIRFIELD...
GUARDS AND SEARCHLIGHTS. SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED HERE!*
* SEE G.I. JOE #13 -- Denny.
TWO MACHINE-GUNS IN THE TOWER AND AN ASSAULT RIFLE AT THE BASE OF THE TOWER. NOT GOOD.
AND ANOTHER GUARD AT THE PLANE WE WANT!
PABLO! YOU WANT SOME OF THIS SANDWICH?
NO. BUT I THINK I JOIN YOU FOR A WHILE. THE BUGS ARE EATING ME ALIVE IN THIS LIGHT!
WE WANT THE BIG PLANE. IT'S A WW II BRITISH AVRO LANCASTER BOMBER. THE SPITFIRES NEXT TO IT DON'T HAVE THE CAPACITY OR THE RANGE WE REQUIRE...
SHHHH! THE GUARDS ARE GETTING TOGETHER...
GIMME SOME MATCHES. I'M GOIN' AROUND THE BACK OF THE PLANE AND SNEAK A SMOKE...
YOU TAKE THE SMOKER. I'LL HANDLE FATSO...
4

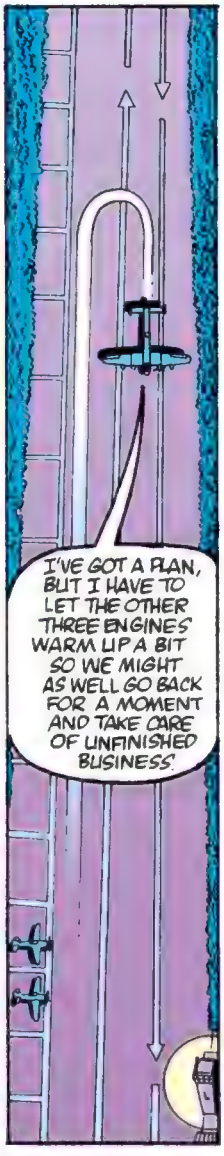

THAT'S THE ENTRANCE TO THE DORSAL GUN TURRET, SNAKE-EYES. MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL AND COVER THE TOWER WHILE I TURN OVER THE ENGINES.
YOU SURE YOU CAN START THIS THING, VENOM?
MASTER FUEL COCK SET TO START. FUEL PUMPS ON. ADVANCE RETARD IGNITION LEVER ON. INERTIA STARTERS ENGAGED.
YES, I CAN START HER...
...JUST AS I'M SURE OUR FRIEND IN THE TURRET CAN OPERATE THOSE TWIN .303 BROWNINGS!
I'LL TAKE THE ENGINEER'S SEAT. I'M ONLY SINGLE-ENGINE QUALIFIED, BUT I KNOW ENOUGH TO TELL WHEN THE OIL PRESSURE'S LOW, OR THE MANIFOLD'S TOO HOT...
FLIGHT MANUAL
FM-1 AVRO
LANCASTER
YOU'VE FLOWN SMALL PLANES? PERHAPS YOU CAN SPELL ME AT THE CONTROLS ONCE WE'RE UP...
NOT IF I HAVE TO TURN MY BACK ON YOU.
5


STARBOARD OUTBOARD AND INBOARD ENGINES RUNNING SMOOTHLY.
KEEP AN EYE ON THE TOWER, SNAKE-EYES--THEY KNOW SOMETHING'S WRONG NOW!
PORT OUTBOARD ENGINES RUNNING... CURSES!!
PORT INBOARD ENGINE ISN'T TURNING OVER!!

STOP THOSE SKYJACKERS, JULIO! I'LL CALL HEAD-QUARTERS!


RATATATATAT

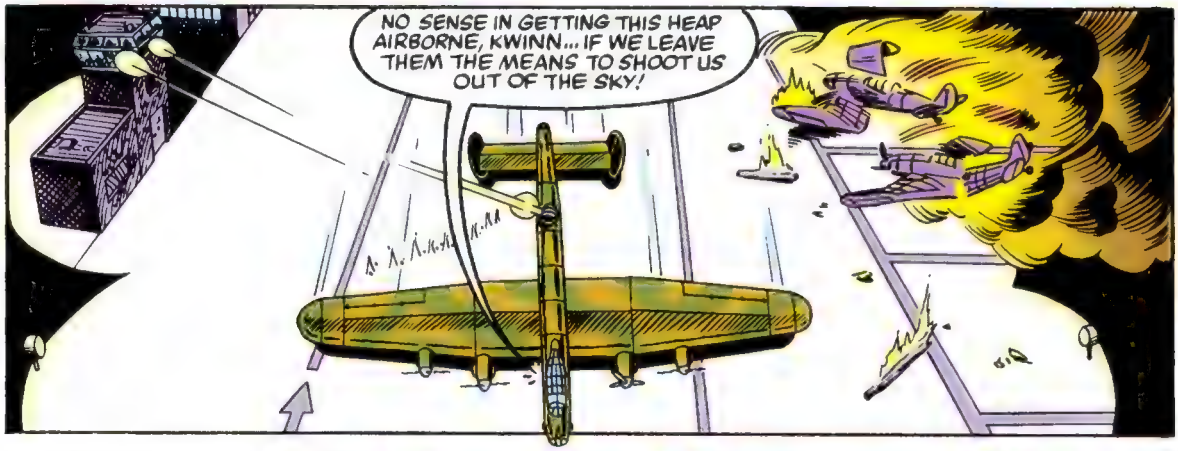

KWINN! LOOK IN THE FLIGHT MANUAL! CAN WE TAKE OFF WITH THREE ENGINES?
IMPOSSIBLE! WE NEED ALL FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE MERLINS REVVING UP TO 2500 RPMS BEFORE WE CLEAR AN INCH OFF THE TARMAC!

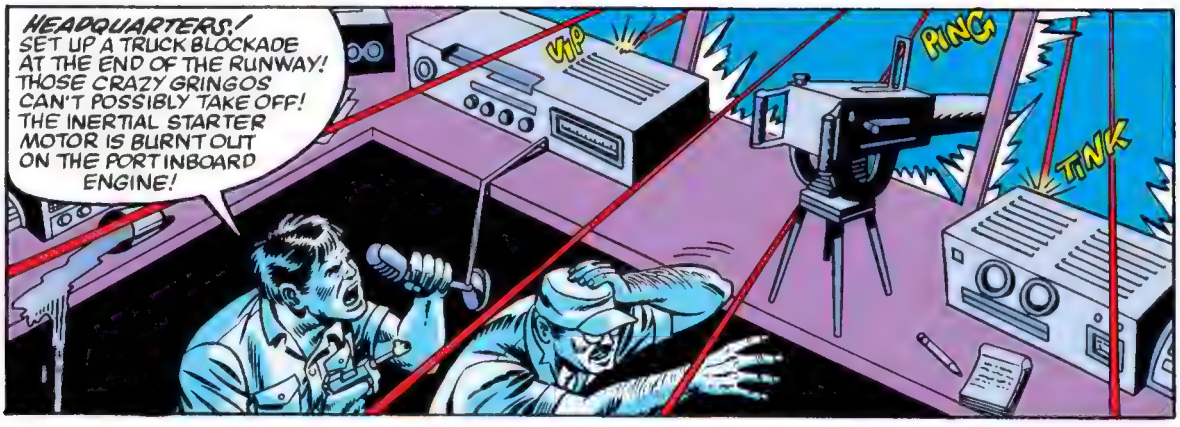

I'VE GOT A PLAN, BUT I HAVE TO LET THE OTHER THREE ENGINES WARM UP A BIT SO WE MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK FOR A MOMENT AND TAKE CARE OF UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

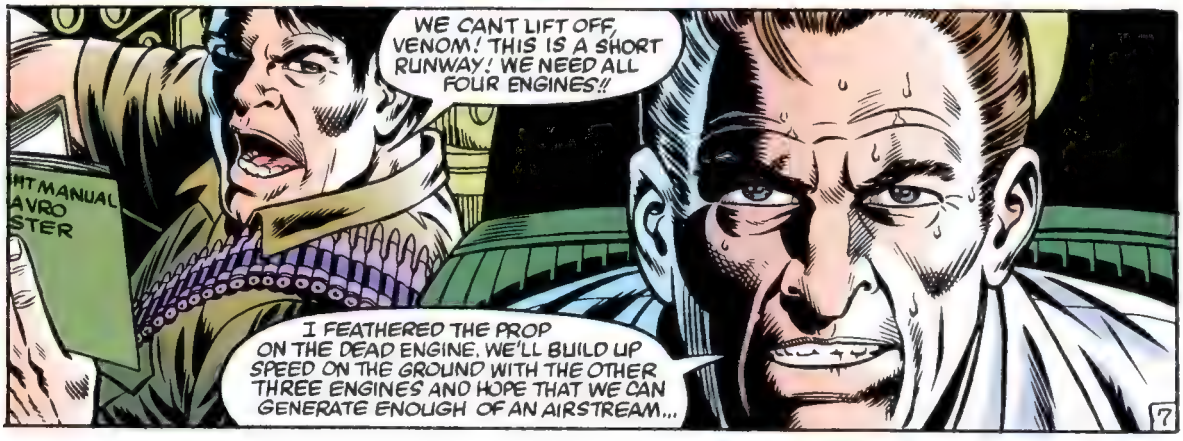
GO BACK?! THERE'RE TWO MACHINE-GUNS IN THAT TOWER!
YES. BUT THERE ARE TWELVE MACHINE GUNS IN THE WINGS OF THOSE PARKED SPITFIRES...

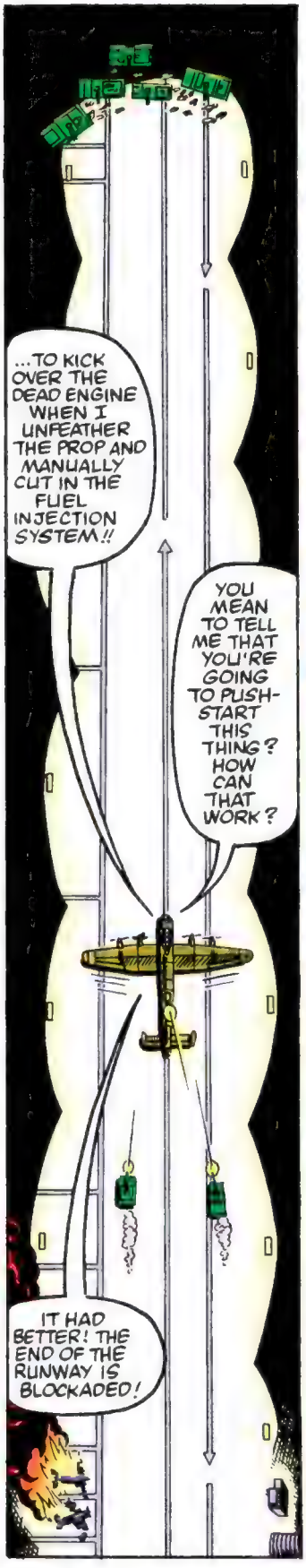
YOU MAY FIRE WHEN READY, SNAKE-EYES!
RATATATAT
6

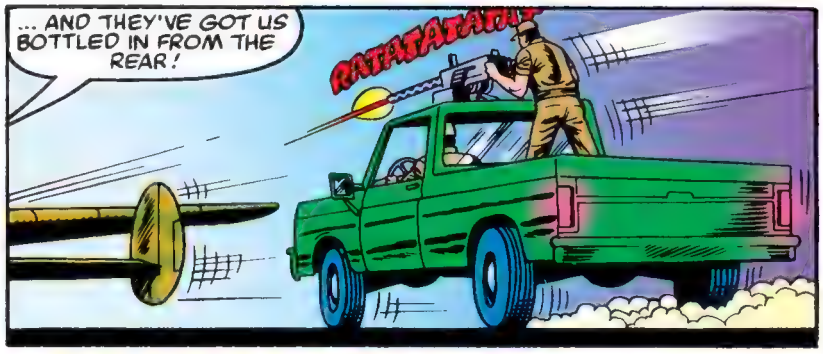
SH-BOOOM

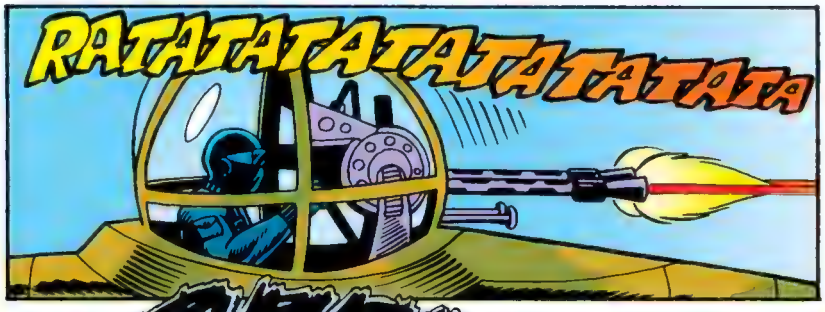

NO SENSE IN GETTING THIS HEAP AIRBORNE, KWINN... IF WE LEAVE THEM THE MEANS TO SHOOT US OUT OF THE SKY!

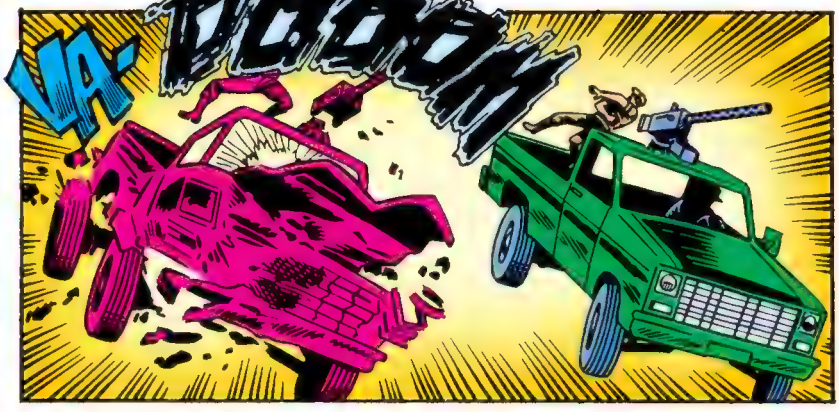

HEADQUARTERS! SET UP A TRUCK BLOCKADE AT THE END OF THE RUNWAY! THOSE CRAZY GRINGOS CAN'T POSSIBLY TAKE OFF! THE INERTIAL STARTER MOTOR IS BURNT OUT ON THE PORT INBOARD ENGINE!
VIP
PING
TINK


WE CANT LIFT OFF, VENOM! THIS IS A SHORT RUNWAY! WE NEED ALL FOUR ENGINES!!
I FEATHERED THE PROP ON THE DEAD ENGINE. WE'LL BUILD UP SPEED ON THE GROUND WITH THE OTHER THREE ENGINES AND HOPE THAT WE CAN GENERATE ENOUGH OF AN AIRSTREAM...
7


...TO KICK OVER THE DEAD ENGINE WHEN I UNFEATHER THE PROP AND MANUALLY CUT IN THE FUEL INJECTION SYSTEM!!
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT YOU'RE GOING TO PUSH-START THIS THING? HOW CAN THAT WORK?
IT HAD BETTER! THE END OF THE RUNWAY IS BLOCKADED!

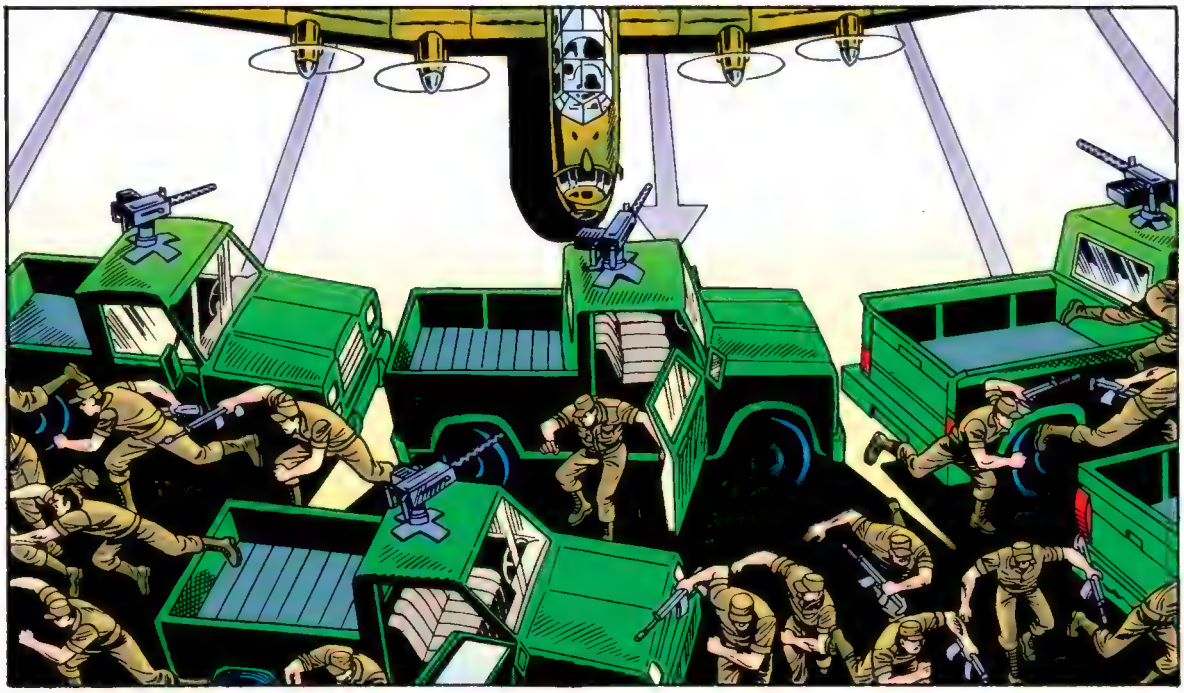

... AND THEY'VE GOT US BOTTLED IN FROM THE REAR!
RATATATATA!!


RATATATATATATATATATA

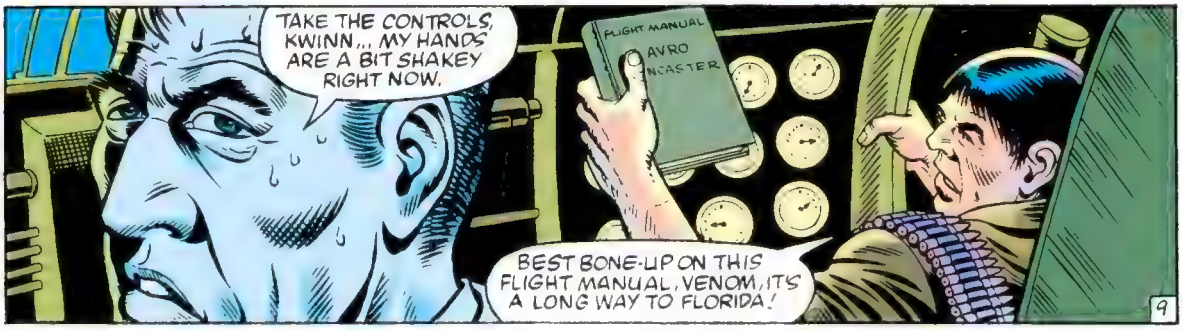

VA-
BOOM

NOW! PROP UNFEATHERED! FUEL MIXTURE ON...!
TURN OVER, CURSE YOU-- TURN OVER!!

PHUTT
PHUTT
WHUP WHUP WHUP
ROAR!!!
8



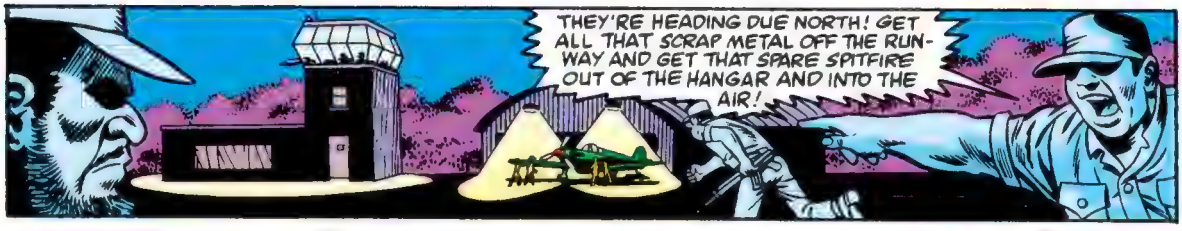
VOOOOM
KRAK!
CRUNCH!
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
BUT THEY'VE LOST THEIR MAIN LANDING GEAR. THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LAND!

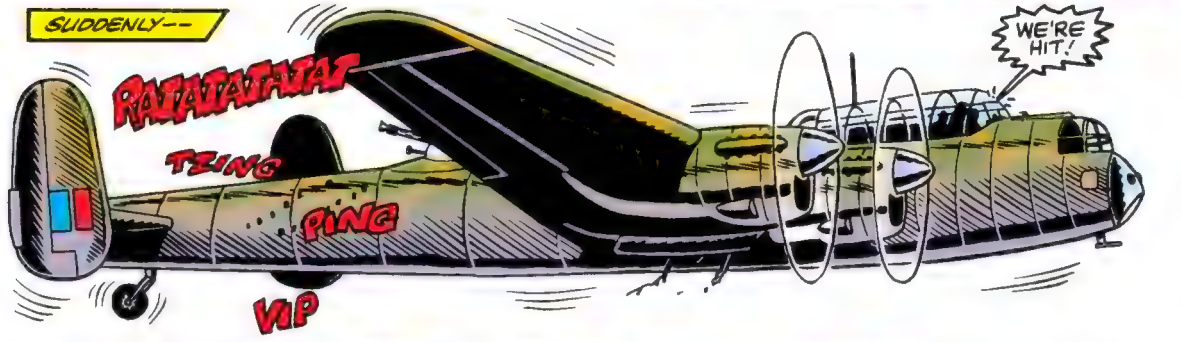

TAKE THE CONTROLS, KWINN... MY HANDS ARE A BIT SHAKEY RIGHT NOW.
FLIGHT MANUAL
AVRO
NCASTER
BEST BONE-UP ON THIS FLIGHT MANUAL, VENOM. IT'S A LONG WAY TO FLORIDA!
9

...YOU CAN SIT HERE AT THE RADIO OPERATOR'S STATION AND STUDY QUIETLY, BUT I'M WARNING YOU, VENOM--

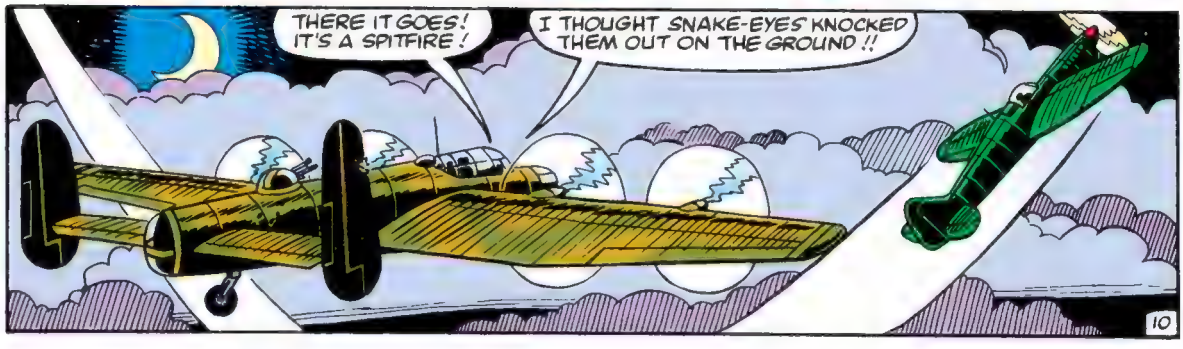
--THE SLIGHTEST HINT OF TREACHERY FROM YOU WILL RESULT IN EXCESSIVE PAIN AND PERMANENT DAMAGE...
DON'T BE PARANOID, KWINN. WHAT HARM COULD I DO WITH THE RADIO?

FLIGHT MA
AVRO
ANCAST
I'M HARDLY IN THE POSITION TO EXPECT HELP FROM COBRA EVEN IF I WAS ABLE TO SEND THEM A MESSAGE IN MORSE...
TAP TAP


THEY'RE HEADING DUE NORTH! GET ALL THAT SCRAP METAL OFF THE RUNWAY AND GET THAT SPARE SPITFIRE OUT OF THE HANGAR AND INTO THE AIR!


SUDDENLY--
RATATATATAT
TZING
PING
VIP
WE'RE HIT!

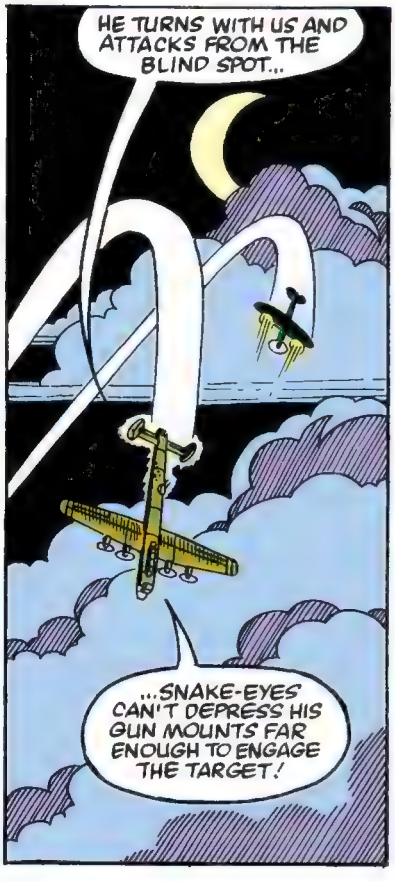
HOW?! WE'RE ABOVE THE RANGE OF ACK-ACK FIRE!
NO GROUND-FIRE! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK BY ANOTHER AIRCRAFT!


THERE IT GOES! IT'S A SPITFIRE!
I THOUGHT SNAKE-EYES KNOCKED THEM OUT ON THE GROUND!!
10

WE SHOULD HAVE STRAFED THE HANGARS, TOO! BETTER LET ME DRIVE FOR A WHILE!
WHAT IF WE LEVEL OUT AND LET SNAKE-EYES GET A CLEAR SHOT AT HIM?

SNAKE-EYES WILL NEVER HIT HIM!

I'M NOT DISPARAGING SNAKE-EYES' MARKSMANSHIP... IT'S JUST THAT WE'RE DEALING WITH AN EXPERIENCED PILOT!

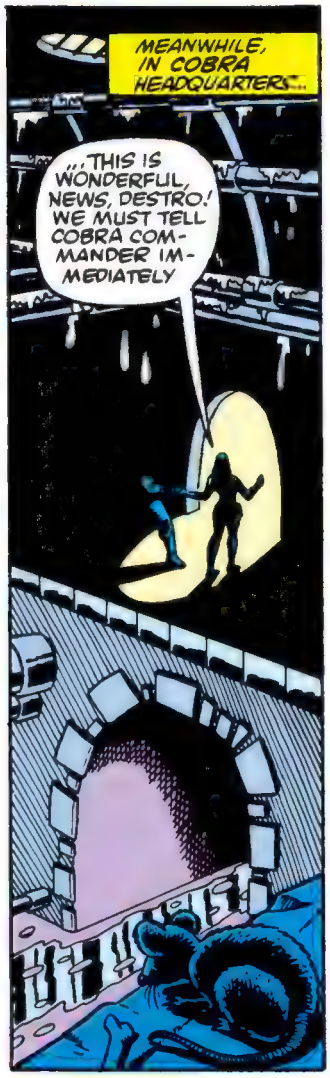

HE TURNS WITH US AND ATTACKS FROM THE BLIND SPOT...
...SNAKE-EYES CAN'T DEPRESS HIS GUN MOUNTS FAR ENOUGH TO ENGAGE THE TARGET!

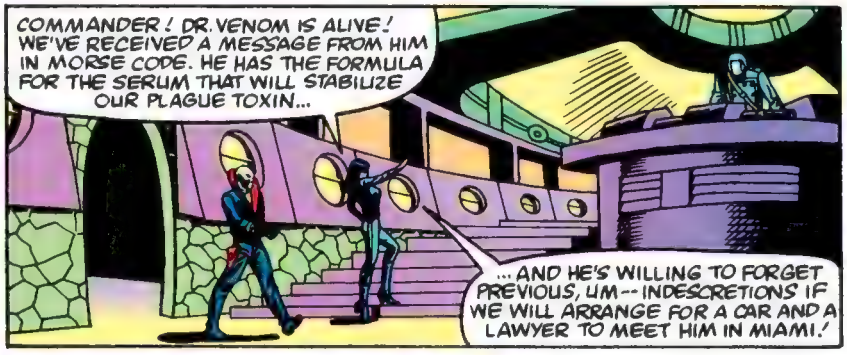
SPITFIRE 3 TO ALPHA BASE... AM CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL...

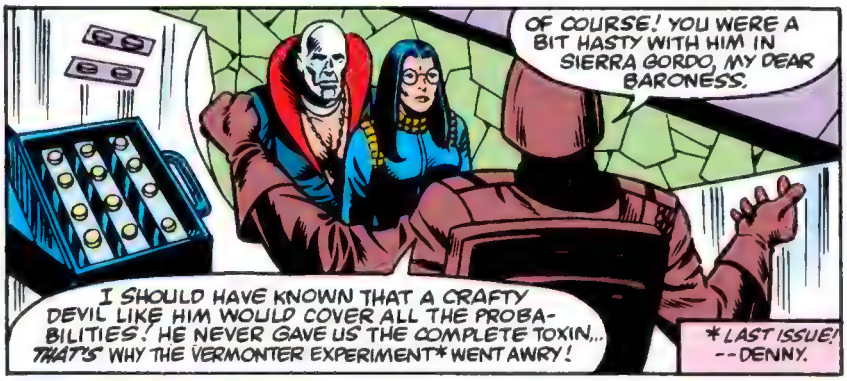
HE HIT US AGAIN! CAN WE OUTRUN HIM?
NO, AND WE CAN'T OUTCLIMB HIM, EITHER...
11

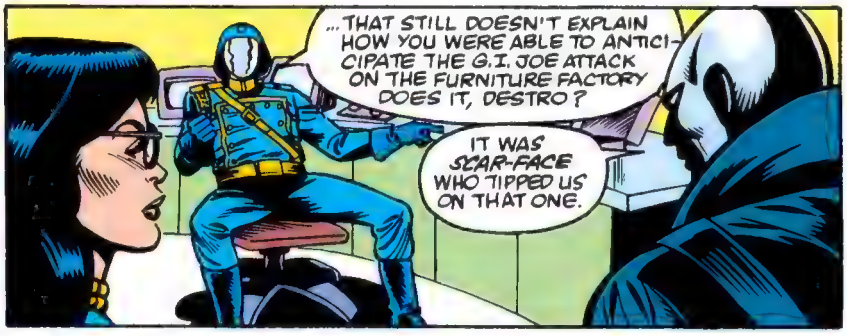
...BUT MAYBE WE CAN OUT-DIVE HIM!
NOW, IF WE CAN JUST GET BELOW THIS ACCURSED MOONLIGHT...
THERE! NOW GIVE HIS PUPILS TIME TO DILATE IN THE DARK...
...AND SWITCH ON ALL RUNNING LIGHTS!
AARRRGGHH
HELP ME, KWINN! PULL THE YOKE BACK HARD! WE HAVE TO BREAK OUT OF THIS DIVE!
NNNNGGG!
WHAMM
VROOOOOOOM!
12

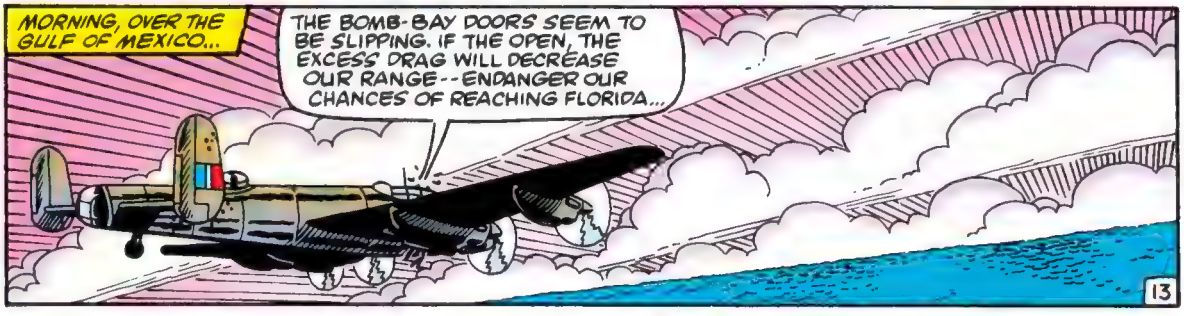
YOU ARE A GOOD PILOT, VENOM. TOO BAD THE WEASEL SPIRIT LIVES IN YOUR BELLY LIKE A CANCER...
I MIGHT HAVE TO CARVE IT OUT FOR YOU SOMEDAY.


MEANWHILE, IN COBRA HEADQUARTERS...
...THIS IS WONDERFUL, NEWS, DESTRO! WE MUST TELL COBRA COMMANDER IMMEDIATELY


COMMANDER! DR. VENOM IS ALIVE! WE'VE RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM HIM IN MORSE CODE. HE HAS THE FORMULA FOR THE SERUM THAT WILL STABILIZE OUR PLAGUE TOXIN...
...AND HE'S WILLING TO FORGET PREVIOUS, UM--INDESCRETIONS IF WE WILL ARRANGE FOR A CAR AND A LAWYER TO MEET HIM IN MIAMI!

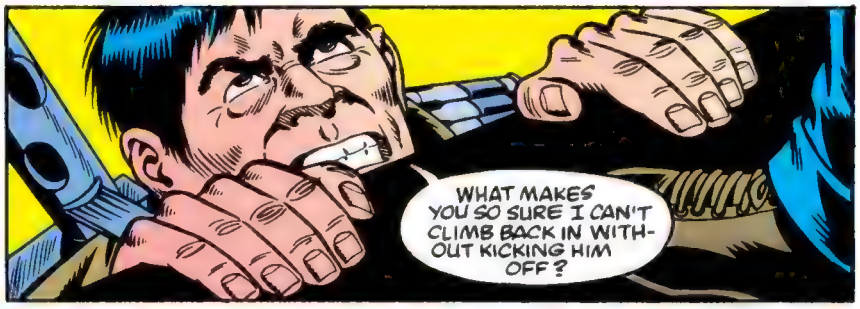

OF COURSE! YOU WERE A BIT HASTY WITH HIM IN SIERRA GORDO, MY DEAR BARONESS.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT A CRAFTY DEVIL LIKE HIM WOULD COVER ALL THE PROBABILITIES! HE NEVER GAVE US THE COMPLETE TOXIN... THAT'S WHY THE VERMONTER EXPERIMENT* WENT AWRY!
*LAST ISSUE! --DENNY.


...THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN HOW YOU WERE ABLE TO ANTICIPATE THE G.I. JOE ATTACK ON THE FURNITURE FACTORY DOES IT, DESTRO?
IT WAS SCAR-FACE WHO TIPPED US ON THAT ONE.


MORNING, OVER THE GULF OF MEXICO...
THE BOMB-BAY DOORS SEEM TO BE SLIPPING. IF THE OPEN, THE EXCESS DRAG WILL DECREASE OUR RANGE--ENDANGER OUR CHANCES OF REACHING FLORIDA...
13

SNAKE-EYES-- COULD YOU LASH THE DOORS SHUT WITH SOME CABLE?
ARE YOU BACK THERE YET?
CLIK
...GOOD!
HANG ON SHADOW-MAN! I'LL--
HELP HIM, KWINN?
...I DOUBT IT.
URK!
THWONK!
SNIT!
14

KICK HIM LOOSE, KWINN. HE WILL ONLY WEIGH YOU DOWN AND MAKE YOU FALL!


WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE I CAN'T CLIMB BACK IN WITHOUT KICKING HIM OFF?

STUPID QUESTION!
WHAPP!
NNG!

CRAK!
YOU UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER--OF THE BEAR SPIRIT--

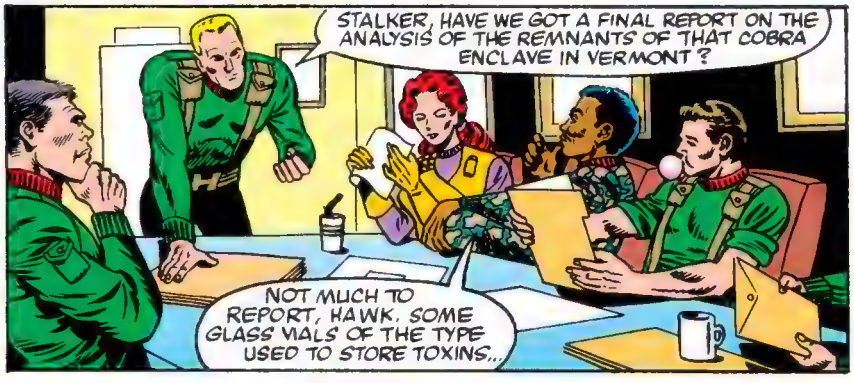
THE BEAR IS STRONG-- THE BEAR IS ANGRY--

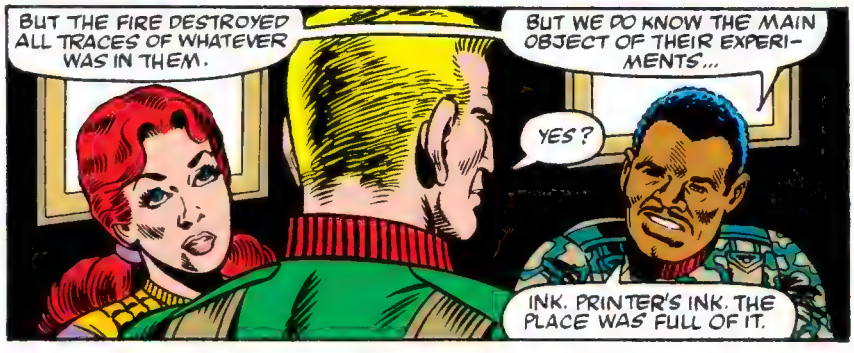
--THE BEAR HATES THE WEASEL!
THOK!
PING!

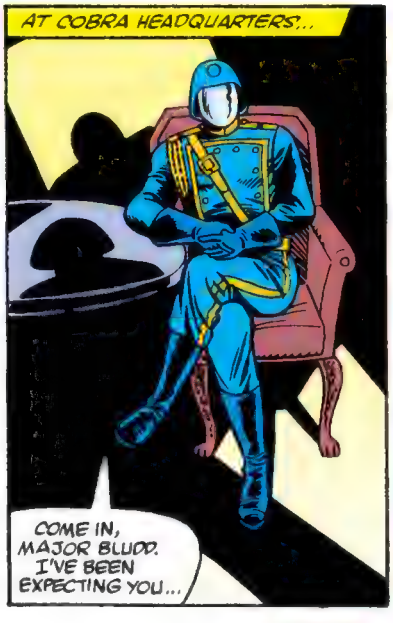
THE BEAR WISHES THE WEASEL WAS DEAD!!
NOOOO! I'LL BE GOOD! I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME! I'M A SICK PERSON-- I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE! PLEASE--
15

SOB! SNIFF! NNNNGGG!
EH?
YOU WOULD HAVE ME SPARE HIS MISERABLE LIFE, SHADOW-MAN?
YOU'RE RIGHT. A MAN WHO WHIPS A DOG WILL PULL HIS OWN OWN SLED SOMEDAY...

G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS, DEEP UNDER FORT WADSWORTH...
CAMP HQ

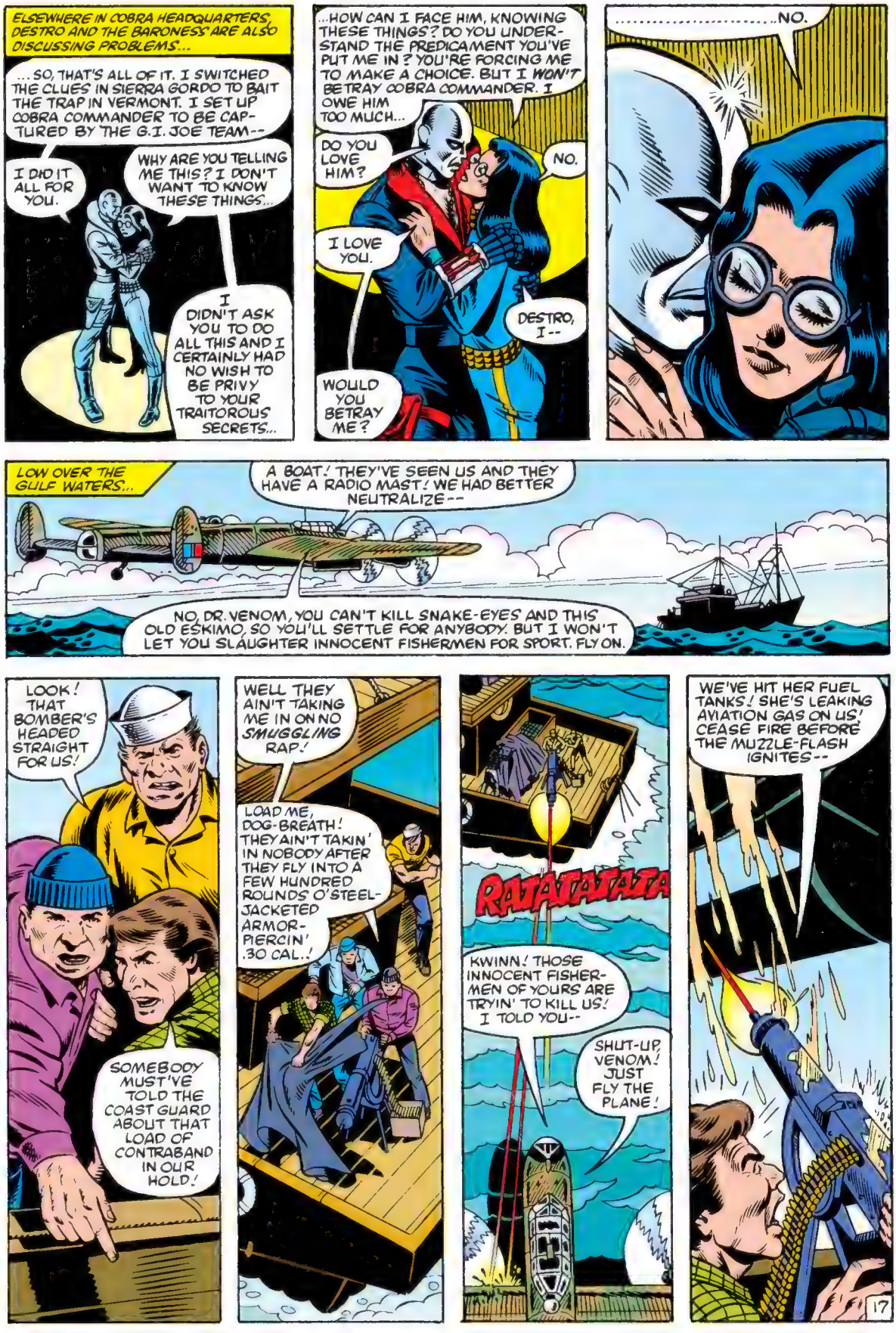

STALKER, HAVE WE GOT A FINAL REPORT ON THE ANALYSIS OF THE REMNANTS OF THAT COBRA ENCLAVE IN VERMONT?
NOT MUCH TO REPORT, HAWK. SOME GLASS VIALS OF THE TYPE USED TO STORE TOXINS...

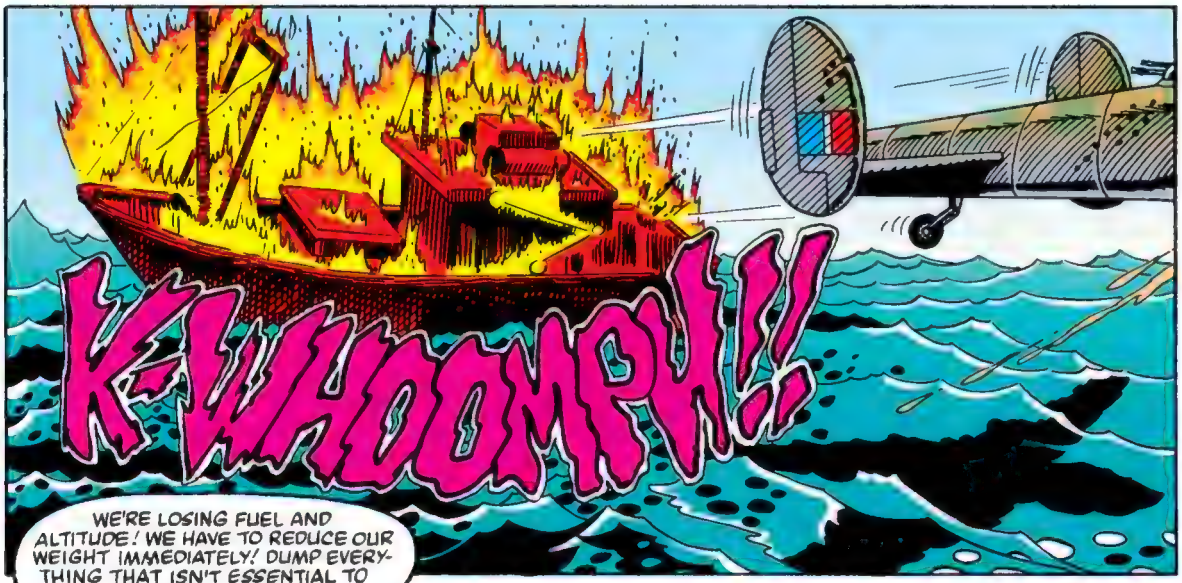

BUT THE FIRE DESTROYED ALL TRACES OF WHATEVER WAS IN THEM.
BUT WE DO KNOW THE MAIN OBJECT OF THEIR EXPERIMENTS...
YES?
INK. PRINTER'S INK. THE PLACE WAS FULL OF IT.

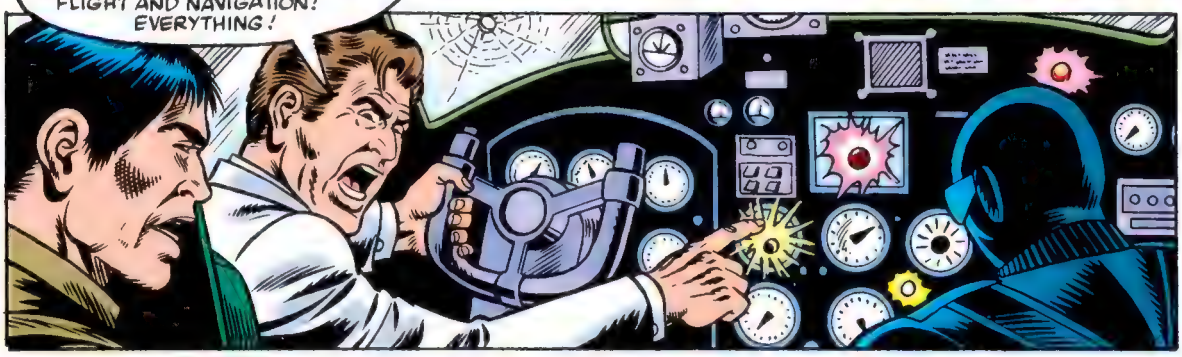

AT COBRA HEADQUARTERS...
COME IN, MAJOR BLUDD. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU...

ALL HAIL--
YOU MAY DISPENSE WITH THE FORMALITIES! I DON'T PAY YOU TO SALUTE ME...

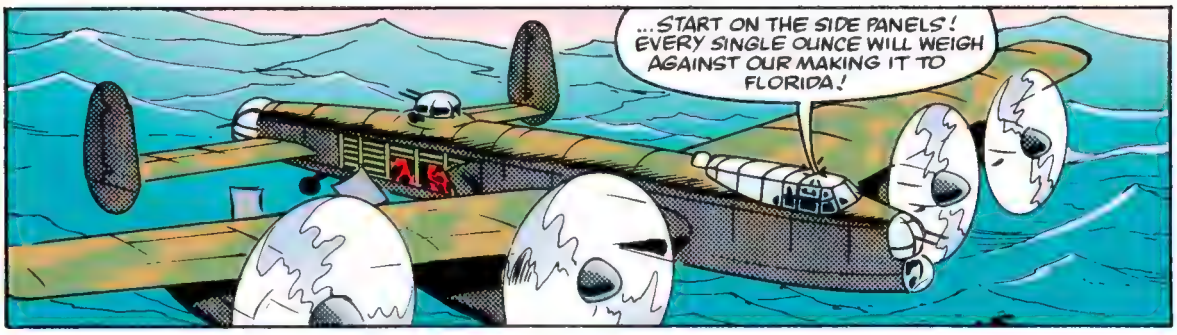
...I PAY YOU TO SOLVE PROBLEMS. RIGHT NOW, I HAVE A PROBLEM THAT ONLY YOU CAN SOLVE--
--HIS NAME IS DESTRO!
16


ELSEWHERE IN COBRA HEADQUARTERS, DESTRO AND THE BARONESS ARE ALSO DISCUSSING PROBLEMS...
...SO, THAT'S ALL OF IT. I SWITCHED THE CLUES IN SIERRA GORDO TO BAIT THE TRAP IN VERMONT. I SET UP COBRA COMMANDER TO BE CAPTURED BY THE G.I. JOE TEAM--
I DID IT ALL FOR YOU.
WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS? I DON'T WANT TO KNOW THESE THINGS...
I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO DO ALL THIS AND I CERTAINLY HAD NO WISH TO BE PRIVY TO YOUR TRAITOROUS SECRETS...
...HOW CAN I FACE HIM, KNOWING THESE THINGS? DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE PREDICAMENT YOU'VE PUT ME IN? YOU'RE FORCING ME TO MAKE A CHOICE. BUT I WON'T BETRAY COBRA COMMANDER. I OWE HIM TOO MUCH...
DO YOU LOVE HIM?
NO.
I LOVE YOU.
DESTRO, I--
WOULD YOU BETRAY ME?
.....NO.
LOW OVER THE GULF WATERS...
A BOAT! THEY'VE SEEN US AND THEY HAVE A RADIO MAST! WE HAD BETTER NEUTRALIZE--
NO, DR. VENOM, YOU CAN'T KILL SNAKE-EYES AND THIS OLD ESKIMO, SO YOU'LL SETTLE FOR ANYBODY. BUT I WON'T LET YOU SLAUGHTER INNOCENT FISHERMEN FOR SPORT. FLY ON.
LOOK! THAT BOMBER'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR US!
SOMEBODY MUST'VE TOLD THE COAST GUARD ABOUT THAT LOAD OF CONTRABAND IN OUR HOLD!
WELL THEY AIN'T TAKING ME IN ON NO SMUGGLING RAP!
LOAD ME, DOG-BREATH! THEY AIN'T TAKIN' IN NOBODY AFTER THEY FLY INTO A FEW HUNDRED ROUNDS O'STEEL-JACKETED ARMOR-PIERCIN' .30 CAL.!
RATATATATATA
KWINN! THOSE INNOCENT FISHERMEN OF YOURS ARE TRYIN' TO KILL US! I TOLD YOU--
SHUT-UP, VENOM! JUST FLY THE PLANE!
WE'VE HIT HER FUEL TANKS! SHE'S LEAKING AVIATION GAS ON US! CEASE FIRE BEFORE THE MUZZLE-FLASH IGNITES--
17


K-WHOOMPH!!

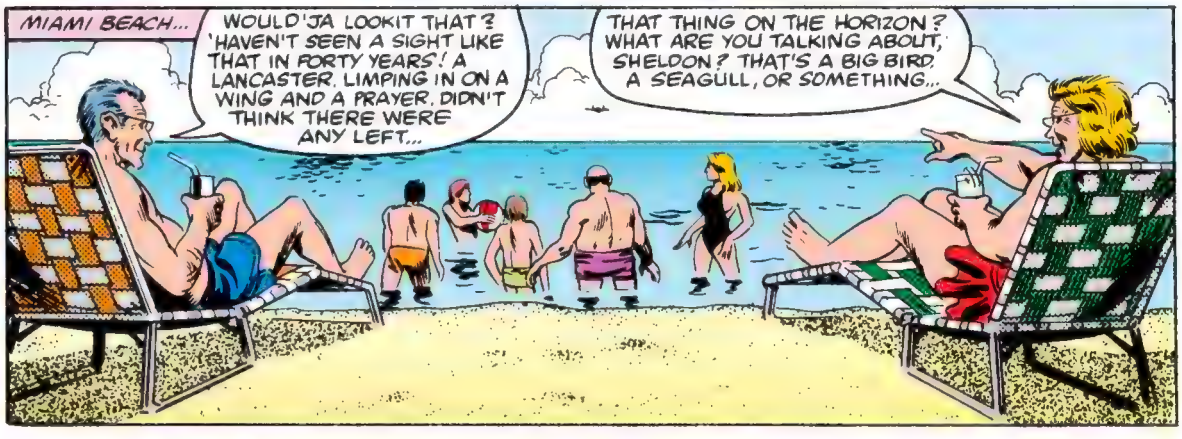

WE'RE LOSING FUEL AND ALTITUDE! WE HAVE TO REDUCE OUR WEIGHT IMMEDIATELY! DUMP EVERYTHING THAT ISN'T ESSENTIAL TO FLIGHT AND NAVIGATION! EVERYTHING!

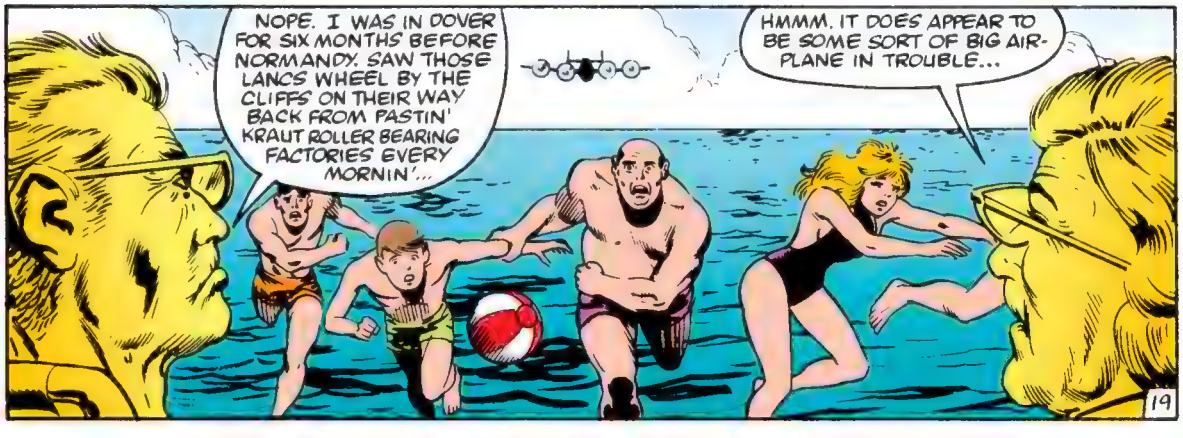
RADIO--
GUNS AND AMMO--
SEATS--
--TAKE THE BREAK-OUT AXES AND CHOP OFF THE BOMB-BAY DOORS!
18

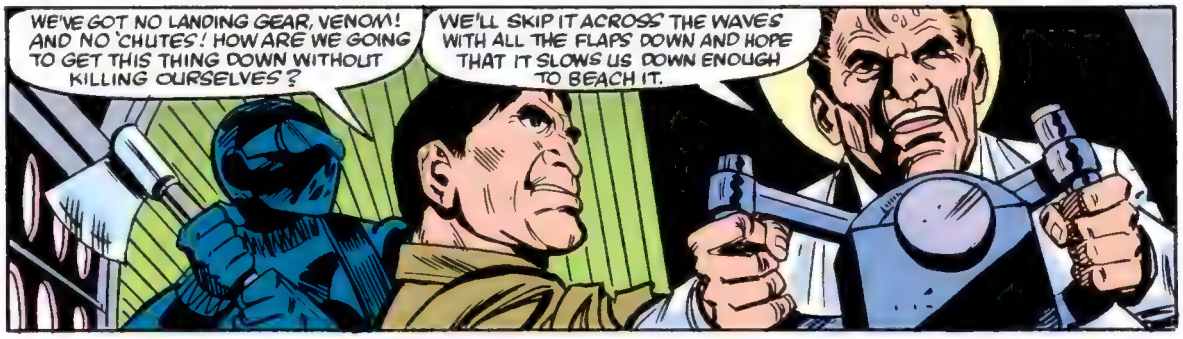

...START ON THE SIDE PANELS! EVERY SINGLE OUNCE WILL WEIGH AGAINST OUR MAKING IT TO FLORIDA!

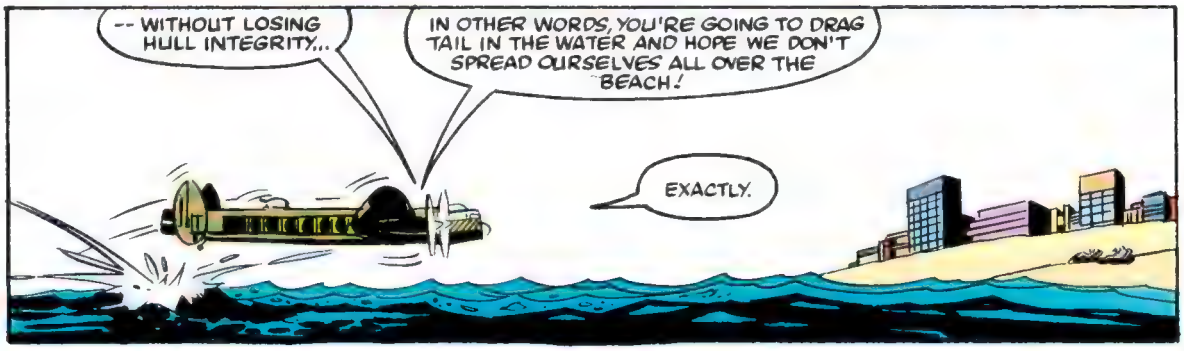
MIAMI AIRPORT...
HAS HE ARRIVED YET?
NO, BUT COBRA HEADQUARTERS IS KEEPING US INFORMED...

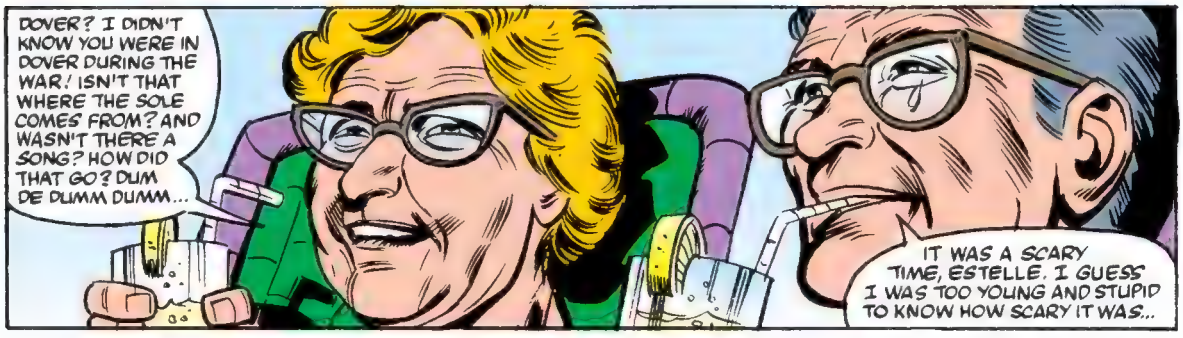
I'M SURE THEY ARE. TAKE ME TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

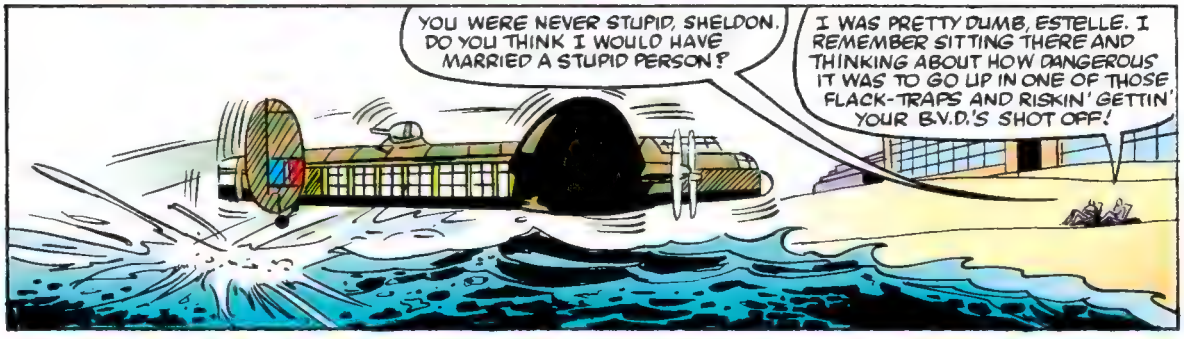

MIAMI BEACH...
WOULD'JA LOOKIT THAT? 'HAVEN'T SEEN A SIGHT LIKE THAT IN FORTY YEARS! A LANCASTER. LIMPING IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER. DIDN'T THINK THERE WERE ANY LEFT...
THAT THING ON THE HORIZON? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, SHELDON? THAT'S A BIG BIRD. A SEAGULL, OR SOMETHING...

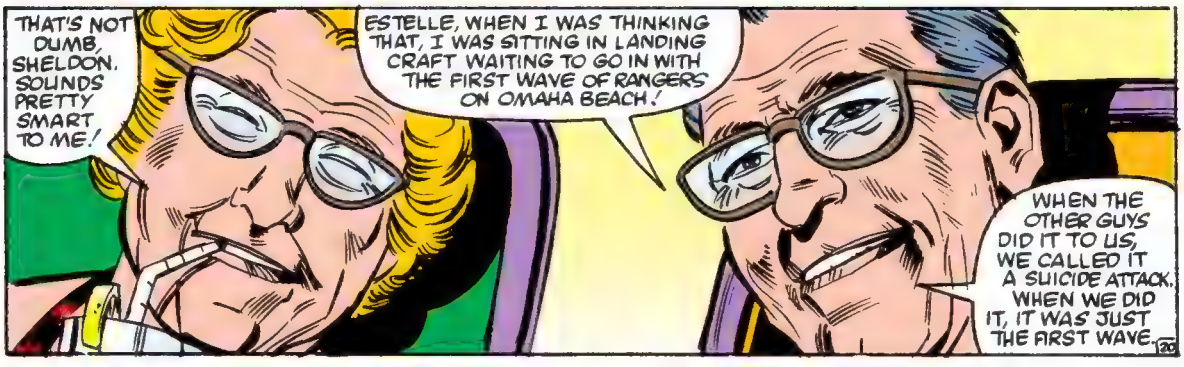

NOPE. I WAS IN DOVER FOR SIX MONTHS BEFORE NORMANDY. SAW THOSE LANCS WHEEL BY THE CLIFFS ON THEIR WAY BACK FROM PASTIN' KRAUT ROLLER BEARING FACTORIES EVERY MORNIN'...
HMMM. IT DOES APPEAR TO BE SOME SORT OF BIG AIRPLANE IN TROUBLE...
19

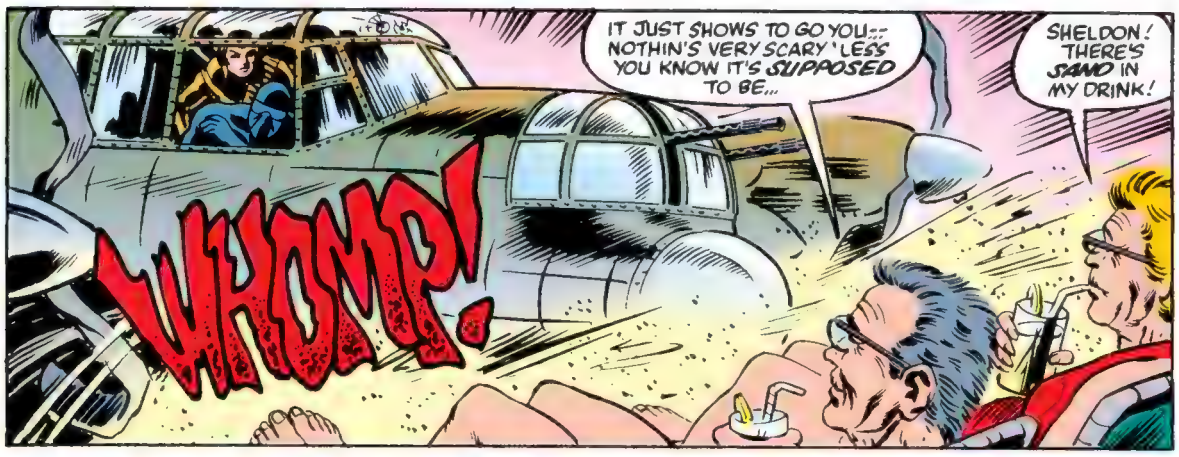

WE'VE GOT NO LANDING GEAR, VENOM! AND NO 'CHUTES! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THIS THING DOWN WITHOUT KILLING OURSELVES?
WE'LL SKIP IT ACROSS THE WAVES WITH ALL THE FLAPS DOWN AND HOPE THAT IT SLOWS US DOWN ENOUGH TO BEACH IT.


-- WITHOUT LOSING HULL INTEGRITY...
IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'RE GOING TO DRAG TAIL IN THE WATER AND HOPE WE DON'T SPREAD OURSELVES ALL OVER THE BEACH!
EXACTLY.


DOVER? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE IN DOVER DURING THE WAR! ISN'T THAT WHERE THE SOLE COMES FROM? AND WASN'T THERE A SONG? HOW DID THAT GO? DUM DE DUMM DUMM...
IT WAS A SCARY TIME, ESTELLE. I GUESS I WAS TOO YOUNG AND STUPID TO KNOW HOW SCARY IT WAS...

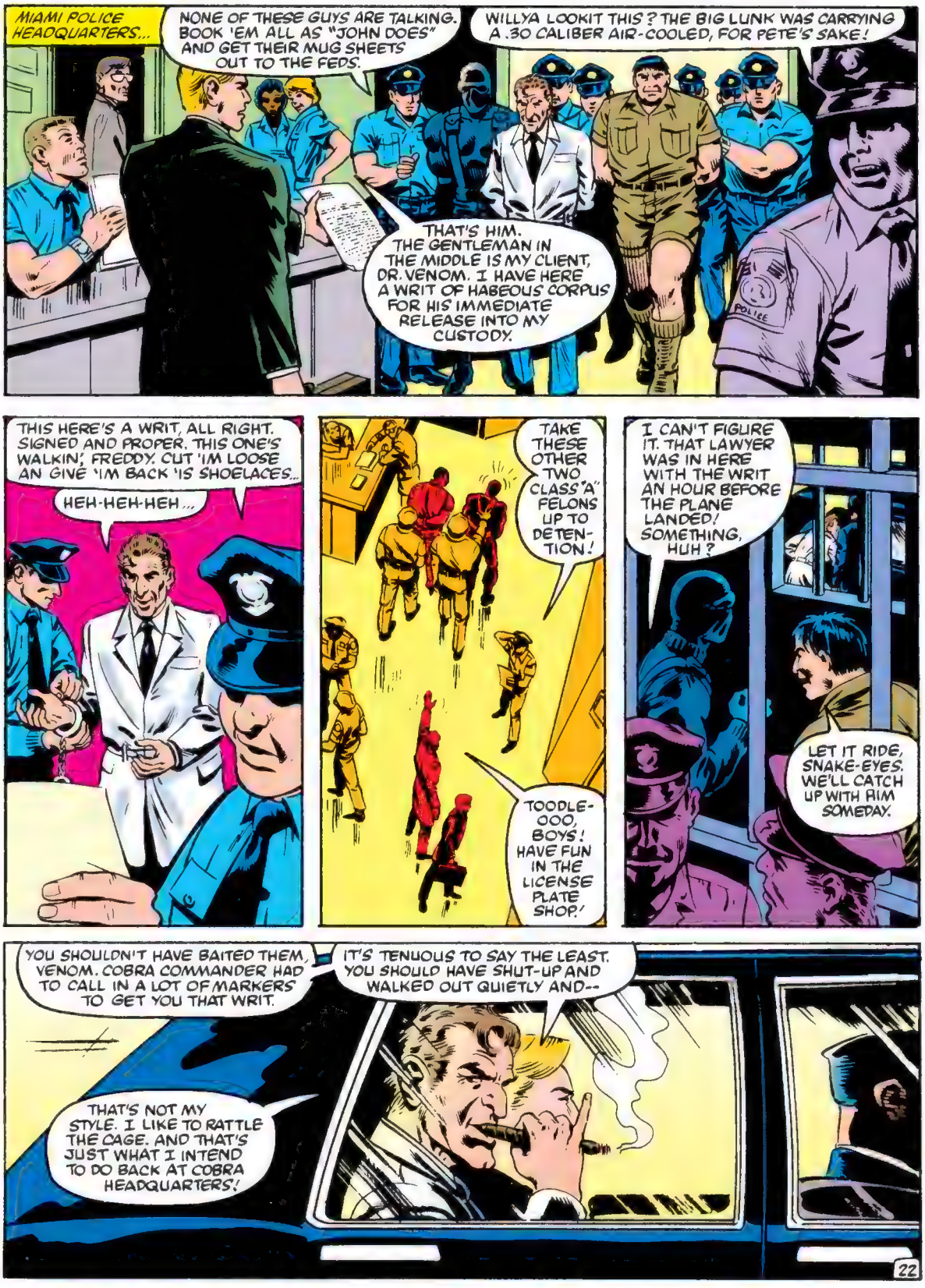

YOU WERE NEVER STUPID, SHELDON. DO YOU THINK I WOULD HAVE MARRIED A STUPID PERSON?
I WAS PRETTY DUMB, ESTELLE. I REMEMBER SITTING THERE AND THINKING ABOUT HOW DANGEROUS IT WAS TO GO UP IN ONE OF THOSE FLACK-TRAPS AND RISKIN' GETTIN' YOUR B.V.D.'S SHOT OFF!


THAT'S NOT DUMB, SHELDON. SOUNDS PRETTY SMART TO ME!
ESTELLE, WHEN I WAS THINKING THAT, I WAS SITTING IN LANDING CRAFT WAITING TO GO IN WITH THE FIRST WAVE OF RANGERS ON OMAHA BEACH!
WHEN THE OTHER GUYS DID IT TO US, WE CALLED IT A SUICIDE ATTACK. WHEN WE DID IT, IT WAS JUST THE FIRST WAVE.




SWAT VAN
POLICE
CLIMB OUT OF THERE WITH YOUR HANDS HIGH...
SHELDON, DO SOMETHING! THOSE MEN IN THAT PLANE RUINED MY PINA COLADA!
WHATTA YA WANT ME TO DO, ESTELLE, CALL A COP?

21


MIAMI POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
NONE OF THESE GUYS ARE TALKING. BOOK 'EM ALL AS "JOHN DOES" AND GET THEIR MUG SHEETS OUT TO THE FEDS.
WILLYA LOOKIT THIS? THE BIG LUNK WAS CARRYING A .30 CALIBER AIR-COOLED, FOR PETE'S SAKE!
THAT'S HIM. THE GENTLEMAN IN THE MIDDLE IS MY CLIENT, DR. VENOM. I HAVE HERE A WRIT OF HABEOUS CORPUS FOR HIS IMMEDIATE RELEASE INTO MY CUSTODY.
POLICE
THIS HERE'S A WRIT, ALL RIGHT. SIGNED AND PROPER. THIS ONE'S WALKIN', FREDDY. CUT 'IM LOOSE AN GIVE 'IM BACK 'IS SHOELACES...
HEH-HEH-HEH...
TAKE THESE OTHER TWO CLASS "A" FELONS UP TO DETENTION!
TOODLE-OOO, BOYS! HAVE FUN IN THE LICENSE PLATE SHOP!
I CAN'T FIGURE IT. THAT LAWYER WAS IN HERE WITH THE WRIT AN HOUR BEFORE THE PLANE LANDED! SOMETHING, HUH?
LET IT RIDE, SNAKE-EYES. WE'LL CATCH UP WITH HIM SOMEDAY.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BAITED THEM, VENOM. COBRA COMMANDER HAD TO CALL IN A LOT OF MARKERS TO GET YOU THAT WRIT.
IT'S TENUOUS TO SAY THE LEAST. YOU SHOULD HAVE SHUT-UP AND WALKED OUT QUIETLY AND--
THAT'S NOT MY STYLE. I LIKE TO RATTLE THE CAGE. AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I INTEND TO DO BACK AT COBRA HEADQUARTERS!
22

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G.I. JOE
A REAL AMERICAN HERO!

Stan Lee PRESENTS:
NIGHT ATTACK!
WAY TO GO, AIRBORNE! YOU JUST RACKED UP TWO COBRA HISS TANKS AND A PILL BOX!
THANKS, WILD BILL. NOW IF THOSE MUD TURTLES ON THE GROUND COULD GET A HUSTLE ON, MAYBE WE COULD MOP UP THE REST OF THESE TARGETS AND GET BACK IN TIME FOR CHOW!
DO YOU HEAR THOSE CREEPS UP THERE? THE AIR-SUPPORT IS ALWAYS TRYING TO STEAL OUR THUNDER!
LET'S LAY ON THE COMBINED FIRE-POWER AND WASTE THAT WHOLE ROW OF HISS TANKS!
LARRY HAMA SCRIPT
MIKE VOSBURG PENCILS
JON D'AGOSTINO INKS
JOE ROSEN LETTERS
ANDY YANCHUS COLORS
DENNY O'NEIL EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER ED.IN CHIEF

WE DID IT! WE KNOCKED OUT A WHOLE ROW!

YEAH, BUT HAWK JUST POPPED UP ANOTHER ROW EACH OF "PILL-BOXES" AND "*HISS* TANKS"!

MAN, THIS TARGET RANGE IS TRICKIER THAN A REAL COBRA ATTACK!

*HMMMM*...THAT'S EIGHT OUT OF TEN TARGETS ON THE LAST SERIES...CLOSE. BUT ALMOST ONLY COUNTS IN HORSESHOES AND HAND GRENADES!

WE HAVE TO UP-GRADE THE G.I. JOE ARMOR DE-FEATING CAPA-BILITY!

BREAKER! ROLL OUT THE RADIO-CONTROLLED *HISS* TANKS. SET THEM ALL FOR RANDOM EVASION AND HIGH SPEED OFFENSE!

YOU WANT IT, YOU GOT IT, HAWK!

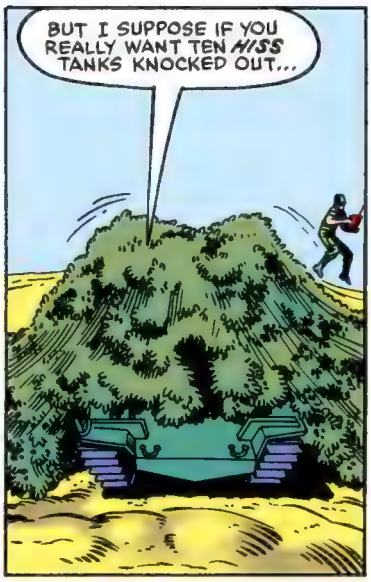
TEN *HISS* TANKS, ROLLING OUT!

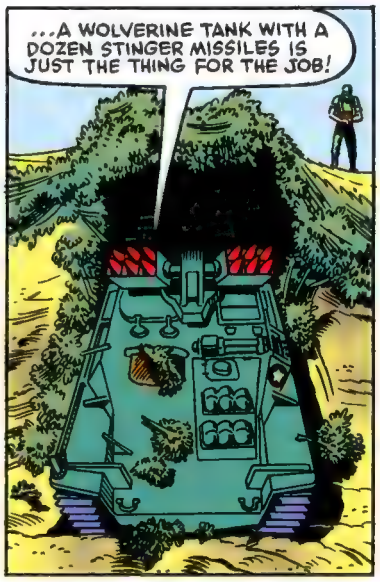
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUTNUMBERED AND OUT-GUNNED!

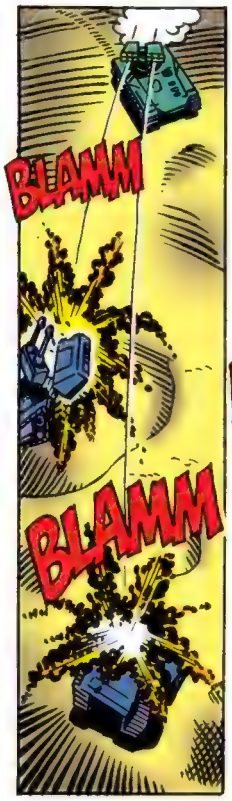
VEER RIGHT! WE'LL FLANK THEM AND TRY FOR THEIR THINNER SIDE ARMOR! THAT FRONTAL ARMOR'S TOO THICK FOR ANY-THING BUT THE MAIN TANK GUN!

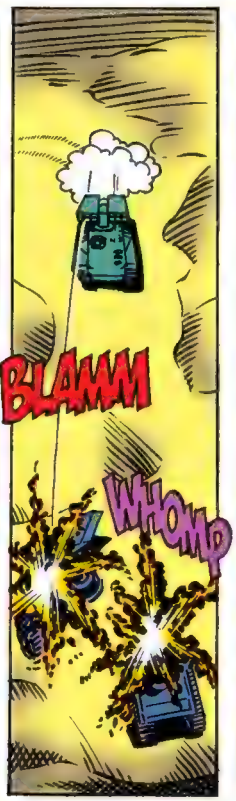
PUT THE *WOLVERINE* IN! LET'S TAKE BACK THE OFFENSIVE!

YOU HEARD THE MAN! ROLL OUT THE WOLVERINE!
I WAS TAKING A NAP, BREAKER. THIS IS SPOILING MY BEAUTY SLEEP!


BUT I SUPPOSE IF YOU REALLY WANT TEN HISS TANKS KNOCKED OUT...


...A WOLVERINE TANK WITH A DOZEN STINGER MISSILES IS JUST THE THING FOR THE JOB!


BLAMM
BLAMM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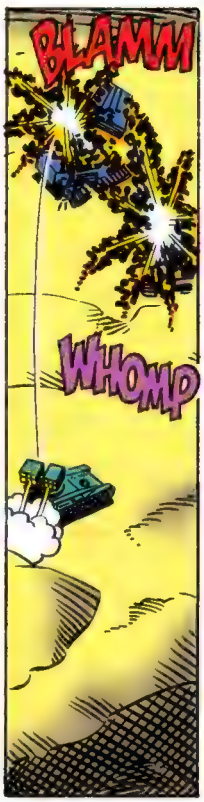
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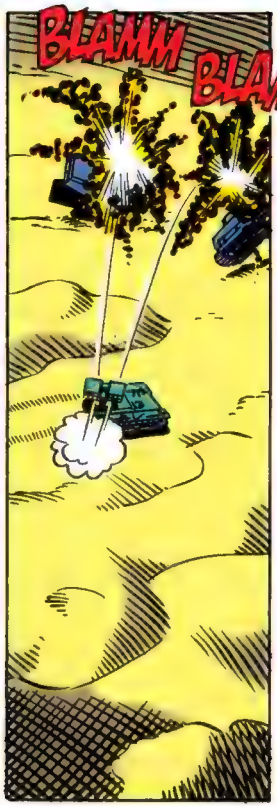
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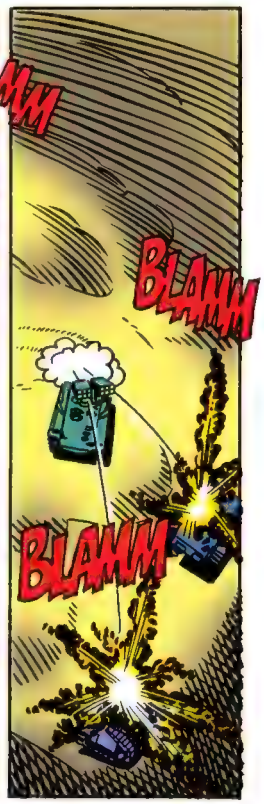
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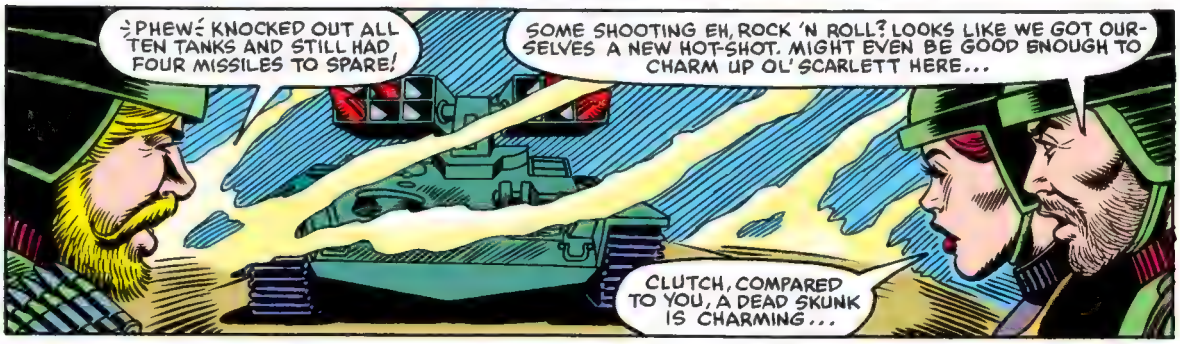
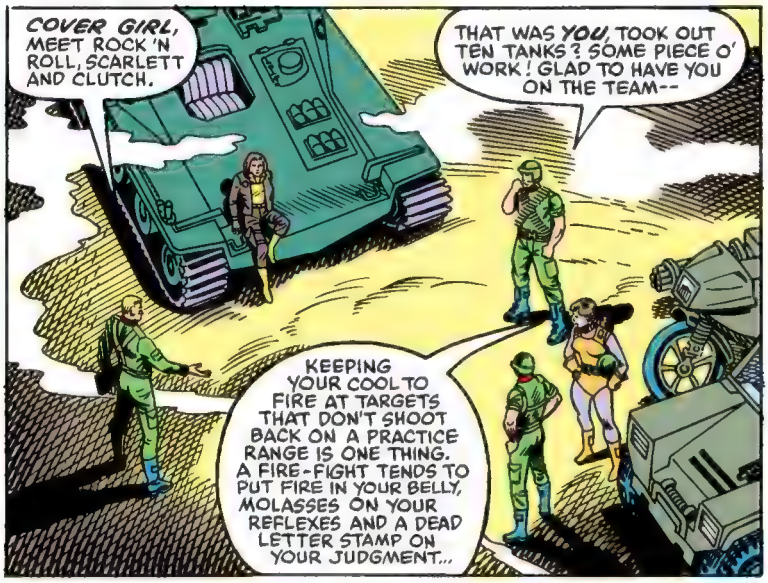

PHEW! KNOCKED OUT ALL TEN TANKS AND STILL HAD FOUR MISSILES TO SPARE!
SOME SHOOTING EH, ROCK 'N ROLL? LOOKS LIKE WE GOT OURSELVES A NEW HOT-SHOT. MIGHT EVEN BE GOOD ENOUGH TO CHARM UP OL' SCARLETT HERE...
CLUTCH, COMPARED TO YOU, A DEAD SKUNK IS CHARMING...

WELL, I SHOULD CERTAINLY HOPE I'M MORE CHARMING THAN A DEAD SKUNK!

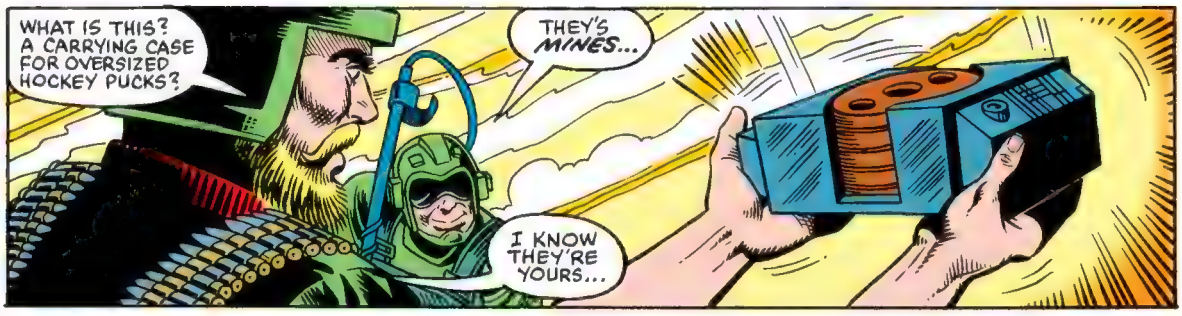

COVER GIRL, MEET ROCK 'N ROLL, SCARLETT AND CLUTCH.
THAT WAS YOU, TOOK OUT TEN TANKS? SOME PIECE O' WORK! GLAD TO HAVE YOU ON THE TEAM--
KEEPING YOUR COOL TO FIRE AT TARGETS THAT DON'T SHOOT BACK ON A PRACTICE RANGE IS ONE THING. A FIRE-FIGHT TENDS TO PUT FIRE IN YOUR BELLY, MOLASSES ON YOUR REFLEXES AND A DEAD LETTER STAMP ON YOUR JUDGMENT...

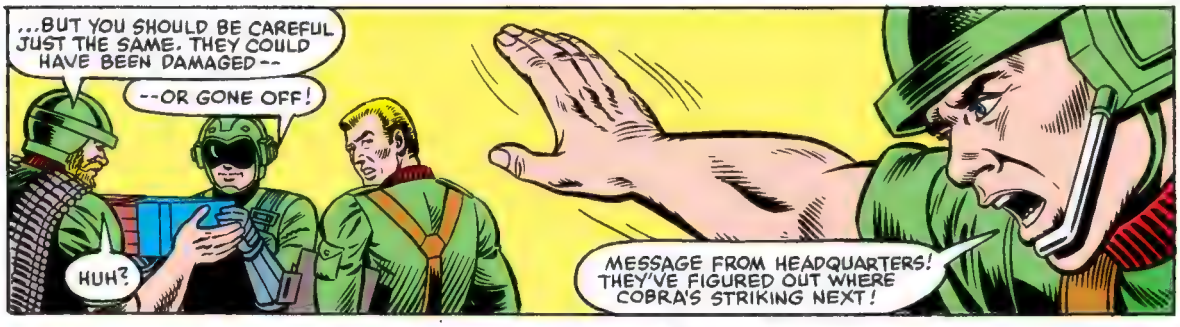
...LET'S RESERVE OUR JUDGMENT 'TIL WE SEE HOW SHE HOLDS UP IN A REAL BATTLE.
BETTER THAN YOUR FACE HAS, DEARIE...
WOOF! CHALK UP ONE FOR COVER GIRL!
I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING! YOU ONLY FIRED EIGHT MISSILES, BUT TEN TANKS WERE--
--SHE DIDN'T NEUTRALIZE ALL TEN TANKS. I DISPOSED OF THE FOURTH AND SIXTH TANKS...

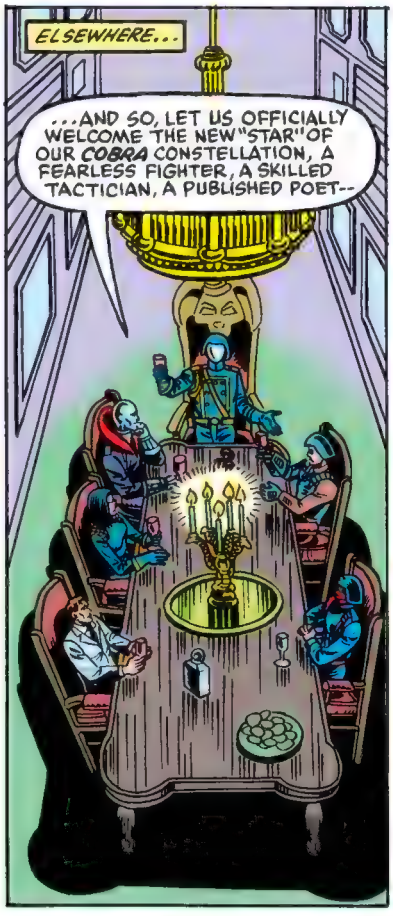
...I JUST WAITED UNTIL THE FUR WAS FLYING, SNUCK UP BEHIND THEM SUCKERS AND SLAPPED ON A COUPLE O' MAGNETIC SHAPED CHARGES!

YOU CAN CALL ME "TRIP-WIRE." I'M THE NEW EXPLOSIVE ORDNANCE SPECIALIST AROUND HERE. DE-FUSINGS, EXCAVATIONS, PYROTECHNICS AND LIGHT REMOVALS, JUST CALL ON--

OOF!


WHAT IS THIS? A CARRYING CASE FOR OVERSIZED HOCKEY PUCKS?
THEY'S MINES...
I KNOW THEY'RE YOURS...

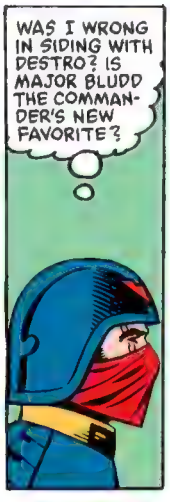

...BUT YOU SHOULD BE CAREFUL JUST THE SAME. THEY COULD HAVE BEEN DAMAGED--
--OR GONE OFF!
HUH?
MESSAGE FROM HEADQUARTERS! THEY'VE FIGURED OUT WHERE COBRA'S STRIKING NEXT!


ELSEWHERE...
...AND SO, LET US OFFICIALLY WELCOME THE NEW "STAR" OF OUR COBRA CONSTELLATION, A FEARLESS FIGHTER, A SKILLED TACTICIAN, A PUBLISHED POET--

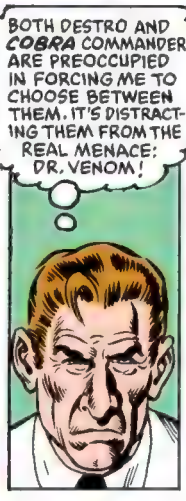
--MAJOR SEBASTION BLUDD!
"RAISE YOUR GLASSES AND SING THE PRAISES OF OUR LEADER, WHO NOTHING FAZES; COBRA COMMANDER, HE'S MY CHUM, I TRUST HIM LIKE I TRUST MY GUN!"

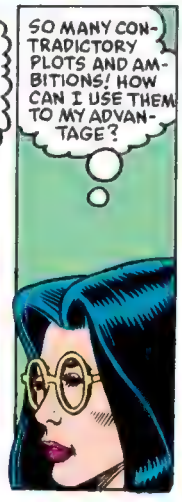
THANK YOU, MAJOR BLUDD. I'M...TOUCHED.
HE'S A DESPICABLE BOOTLICKER. EVERYTHING THAT DESTRO ISN'T. AND THAT'S WHY HE MUST DESTROY DESTRO FOR ME.

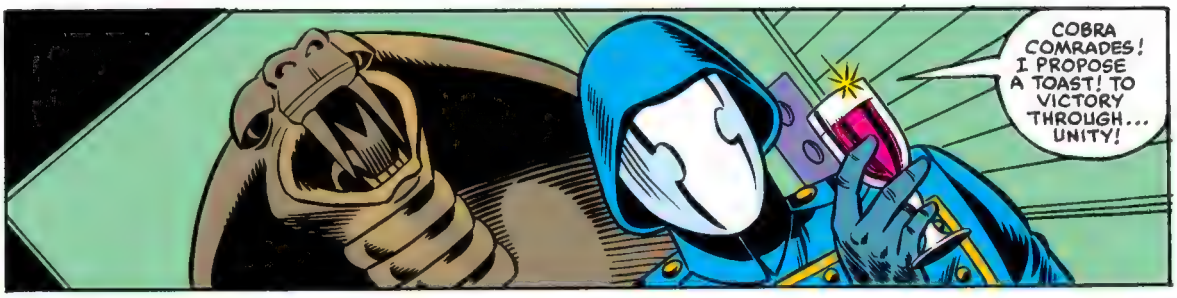
AH WELL, A JOB IS A JOB BUT IT JUST SEEMS A DEAD WASTE TO TERMINATE A FELLOW LIKE DESTRO WHILST LETTING LIVE SPINELESS LEECHES LIKE SCAR-FACE...

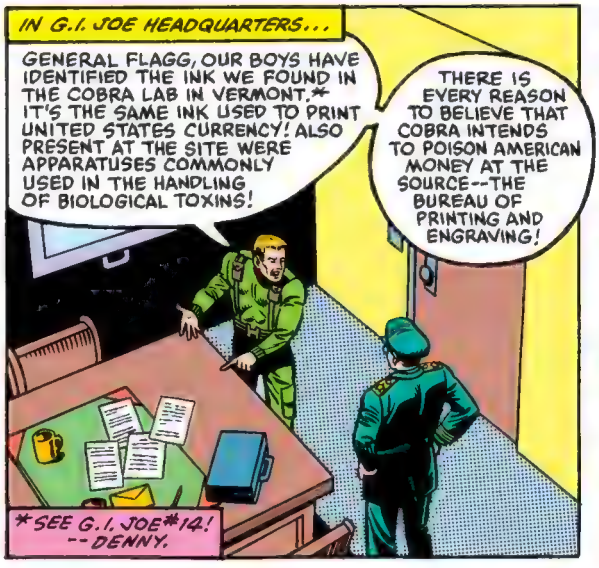

WAS I WRONG IN SIDING WITH DESTRO? IS MAJOR BLUDD THE COMMANDER'S NEW FAVORITE?

EVEN THROUGH THIS MASK OF STAINLESS STEEL, I FEAR MY FACE BETRAYS ME. DOES THE COMMANDER SUSPECT MY FEELINGS FOR THE BARONESS? WILL HE ACT AGAINST ME FIRST...OR HER?


BOTH DESTRO AND COBRA COMMANDER ARE PREOCCUPIED IN FORCING ME TO CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM. IT'S DISTRACTING THEM FROM THE REAL MENACE: DR. VENOM!


SO MANY CONTRADICTORY PLOTS AND AMBITIONS! HOW CAN I USE THEM TO MY ADVANTAGE?

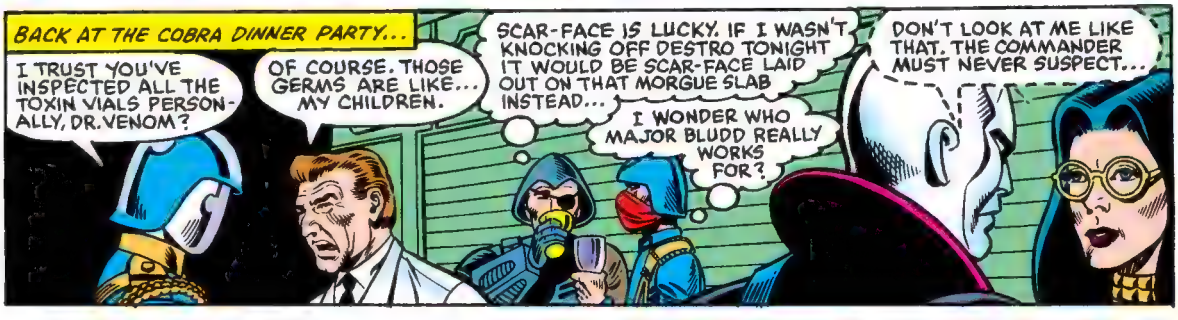

COBRA COMRADES! I PROPOSE A TOAST! TO VICTORY THROUGH... UNITY!


IN G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS...
GENERAL FLAGG, OUR BOYS HAVE IDENTIFIED THE INK WE FOUND IN THE COBRA LAB IN VERMONT.* IT'S THE SAME INK USED TO PRINT UNITED STATES CURRENCY! ALSO PRESENT AT THE SITE WERE APPARATUSES COMMONLY USED IN THE HANDLING OF BIOLOGICAL TOXINS!
THERE IS EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE THAT COBRA INTENDS TO POISON AMERICAN MONEY AT THE SOURCE--THE BUREAU OF PRINTING AND ENGRAVING!
*SEE G.I. JOE #14! --DENNY.

ASSIGN ME ENOUGH TROOPS TO THROW A CORDON AROUND THE TREASURY BUILDINGS AND I CAN SCOOP UP COBRAS AS THEY--
THAT'S A NEGATIVE, HAWK. COBRA HAS THREATENED TO BLOW UP THE THE CAPITOL BUILDING. ALL AVAILABLE TROOPS ARE EARMARKED FOR DEFENSIVE DUTIES. NO EXCEPTIONS.

THE GOVERNMENT IS KEEPING THIS WHOLE THING UNDER WRAPS TO AVOID A PUBLIC PANIC BUT THEY ARE NOT ABOUT TO BE TAKING ANY CHANCES. BESIDES, THE TREASURY THREAT MAY BE THE DIVERSION AND THE REAL TARGET MAY JUST BE THE CAPITOL AFTER ALL!

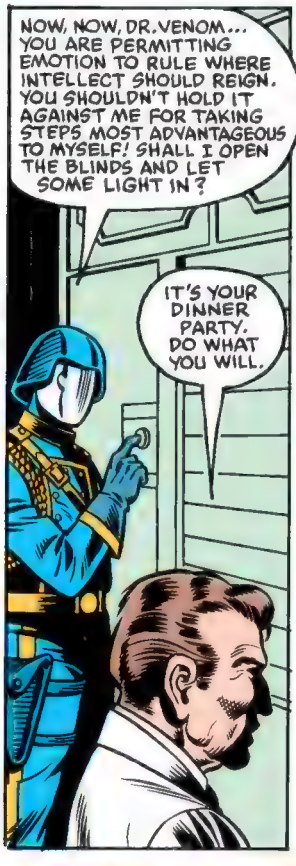
YOU REALLY CAN'T BLAME THE BRASS FOR TRYING TO COVER THEIR OWN TAILS IN THIS MESS. AND HAWK, IF I WERE YOU, I'D COVER MYSELF AS WELL...
I WILL, GENERAL FLAGG...


BACK AT THE COBRA DINNER PARTY...
I TRUST YOU'VE INSPECTED ALL THE TOXIN VIALS PERSONALLY, DR. VENOM?
OF COURSE. THOSE GERMS ARE LIKE... MY CHILDREN.
SCAR-FACE IS LUCKY. IF I WASN'T KNOCKING OFF DESTRO TONIGHT IT WOULD BE SCAR-FACE LAID OUT ON THAT MORGUE SLAB INSTEAD...
I WONDER WHO MAJOR BLUDD REALLY WORKS FOR?
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT. THE COMMANDER MUST NEVER SUSPECT...

...HE MUST NOT NOTICE ANYTHING BETWEEN US UNTIL--
UNTIL WHAT?
KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!
YOU'RE NOT ANSWERING MY QUESTION...

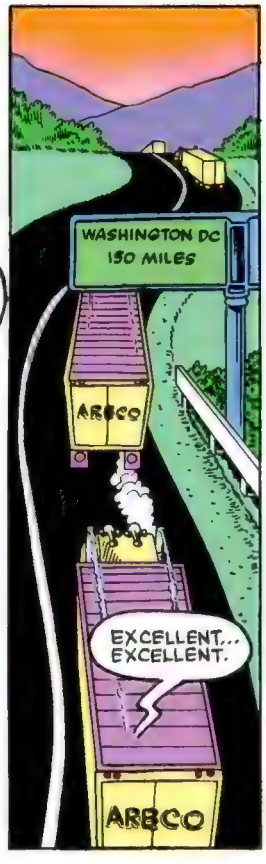
PERMIT ME TO REMIND YOU, COBRA COMMANDER THAT I SHALL CARRY THIS PLAGUE TOXIN PROJECT TO ITS CONCLUSION NOT FOR YOUR SAKE BUT SIMPLY BECAUSE I LIKE TO FINISH WHAT I START.
I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THAT IT WAS UNDER ORDERS FROM YOU THAT I WAS LEFT FOR DEAD IN THAT SUNKEN BUNKER WITH SNAKE-EYES AND KWINN!*
*SEE G.I. JOE #'S 12, 13 AND 15,--DENNY.

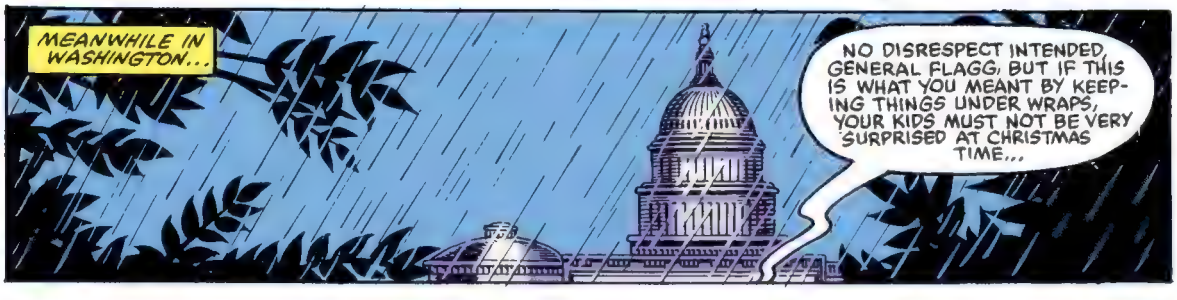
THAT DR. VENOM SURE GIVES ME THE CREEPS. BUT I'M GLAD HE'S ON OUR SIDE! SURE WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO SHOOT ME UP WITH THAT PLAGUE TOXIN OF HIS!
I'LL BET YOU WOULDN'T...


NOW, NOW, DR. VENOM... YOU ARE PERMITTING EMOTION TO RULE WHERE INTELLECT SHOULD REIGN. YOU SHOULDN'T HOLD IT AGAINST ME FOR TAKING STEPS MOST ADVANTAGEOUS TO MYSELF! SHALL I OPEN THE BLINDS AND LET SOME LIGHT IN?
IT'S YOUR DINNER PARTY. DO WHAT YOU WILL.

THE SUN IS SETTING, DR. VENOM. JUST AS THE SUN IS SETTING FOREVER ON THE STABILITY OF THE AMERICAN DOLLAR...
BZZZZZT

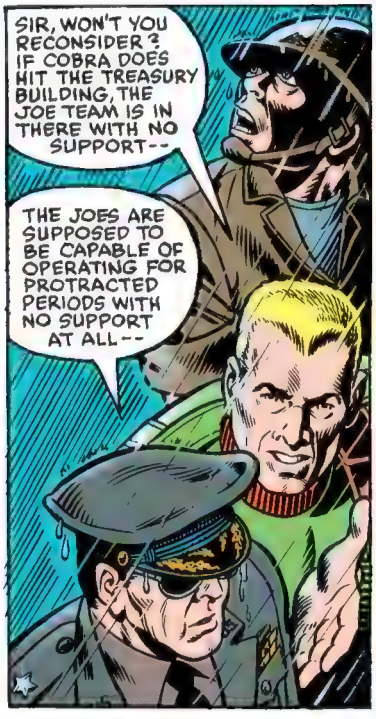
...A STABILITY THAT SHALL BE IRREPARABLY DAMAGED BY EVENTS WE SHALL ENGINEER THIS EVENING!
SCAR-FACE! HAVE THE PLANES BEEN LAUNCHED YET?
YES, COBRA COMMANDER! THEY ARE ENROUTE TO TARGET NOW!
ARBCO


WASHINGTON DC 150 MILES
ARBCO
EXCELLENT... EXCELLENT.
ARBCO

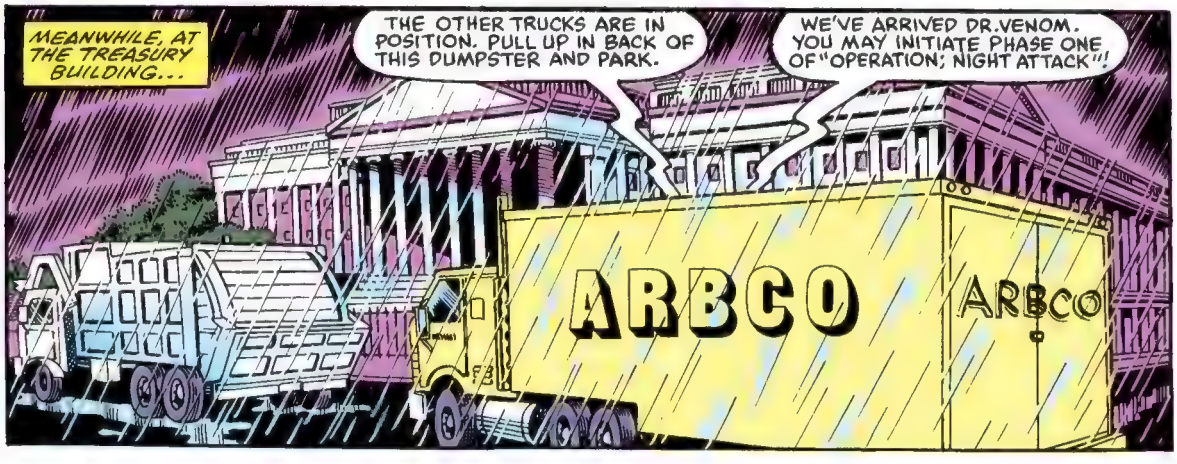

MEANWHILE IN WASHINGTON...
NO DISRESPECT INTENDED, GENERAL FLAGG, BUT IF THIS IS WHAT YOU MEANT BY KEEPING THINGS UNDER WRAPS, YOUR KIDS MUST NOT BE VERY SURPRISED AT CHRISTMAS TIME...

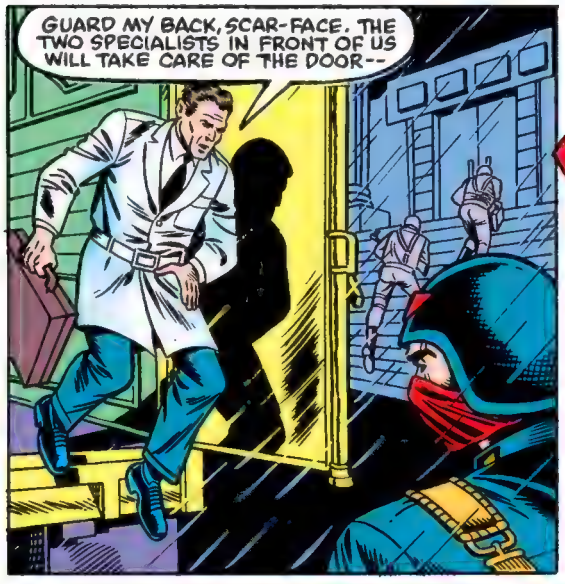
...YOU'VE GOT THE ENTIRE VIRGINIA NATIONAL GUARD OUT HERE IN FULL BATTLE KIT! I SEE AIRBORNE RANGERS FROM FORT BRAGG, ARMOR FROM KNOX, INTELLIGENCE HONCHOS FROM HOLABIRD AND A 76 PIECE BAND FROM FORT DIX!

IF YOU WERE TO LOAN ME A SMALL BATTALION NOBODY WOULD EVEN MISS THEM! WE COULD SET UP A PERIMETER AROUND THE TREASURY BUILDING AND TAKE A LOT OF HEAT OFF MY JOES!
NO, HAWK. THE DEFENSE OF THE CAPITOL IS TOP PRIORITY.


SIR, WON'T YOU RECONSIDER? IF COBRA DOES HIT THE TREASURY BUILDING, THE JOE TEAM IS IN THERE WITH NO SUPPORT--
THE JOES ARE SUPPOSED TO BE CAPABLE OF OPERATING FOR PROTRACTED PERIODS WITH NO SUPPORT AT ALL--

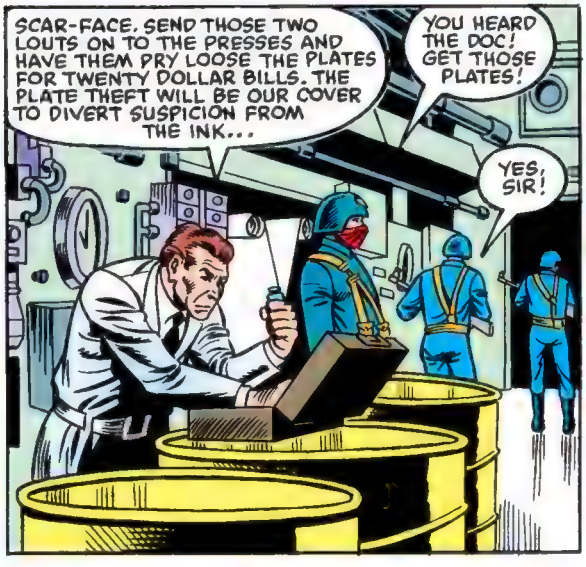
TAKE COVER! COBRA AIRCRAFT COMING IN LOW AND FAST!!

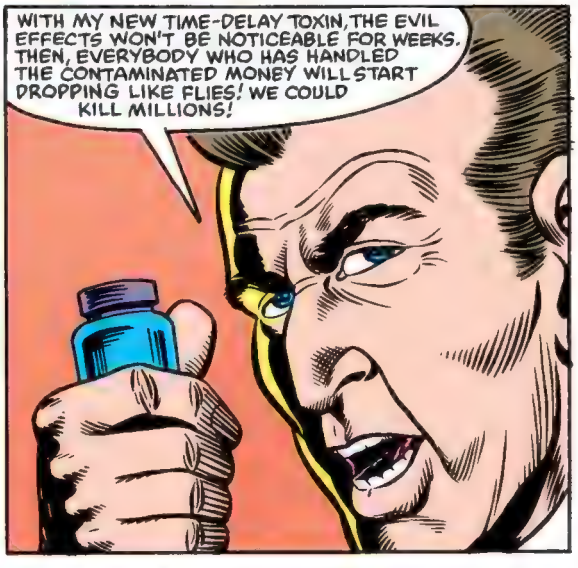

MEANWHILE, AT THE TREASURY BUILDING...
THE OTHER TRUCKS ARE IN POSITION. PULL UP IN BACK OF THIS DUMPSTER AND PARK.
WE'VE ARRIVED DR. VENOM. YOU MAY INITIATE PHASE ONE OF "OPERATION; NIGHT ATTACK"!
ARBCO
ARBCO

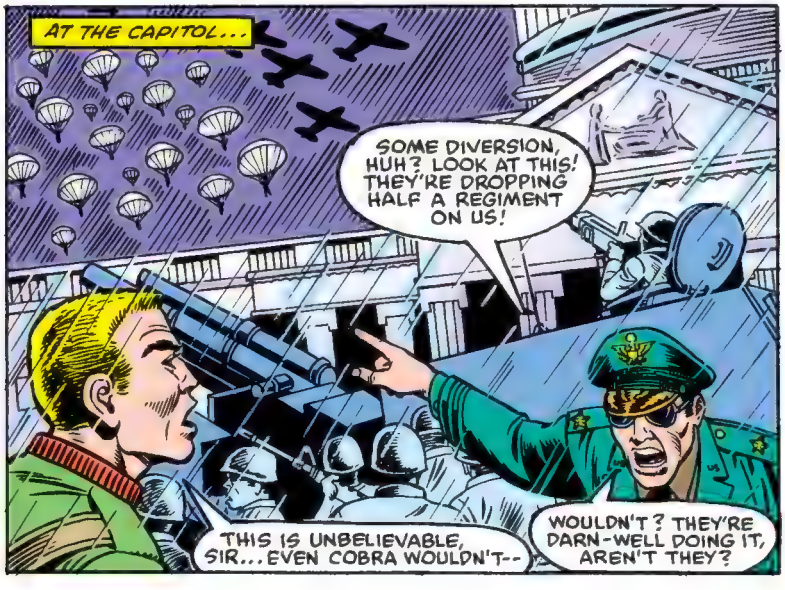

GUARD MY BACK, SCAR-FACE. THE TWO SPECIALISTS IN FRONT OF US WILL TAKE CARE OF THE DOOR--

BLAMM!

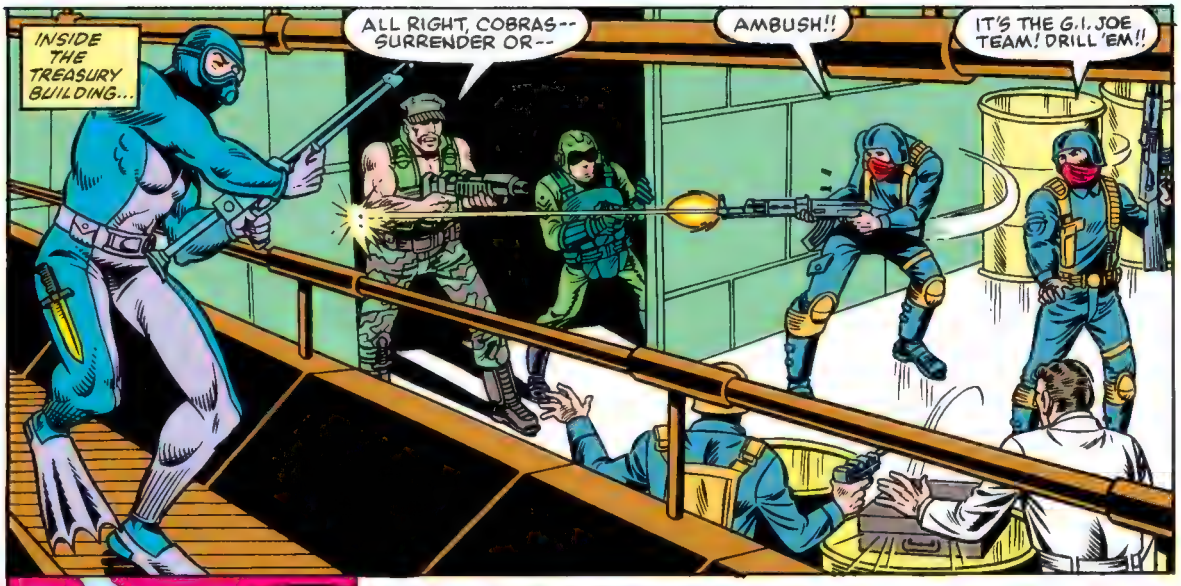
--AND ANY GUARDS THAT ARE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO BOTHER US!
KA-POW!
BRAAAADD!


SCAR-FACE, SEND THOSE TWO LOUTS ON TO THE PRESSES AND HAVE THEM PRY LOOSE THE PLATES FOR TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS. THE PLATE THEFT WILL BE OUR COVER TO DIVERT SUSPICION FROM THE INK...
YOU HEARD THE DOC! GET THOSE PLATES!
YES, SIR!

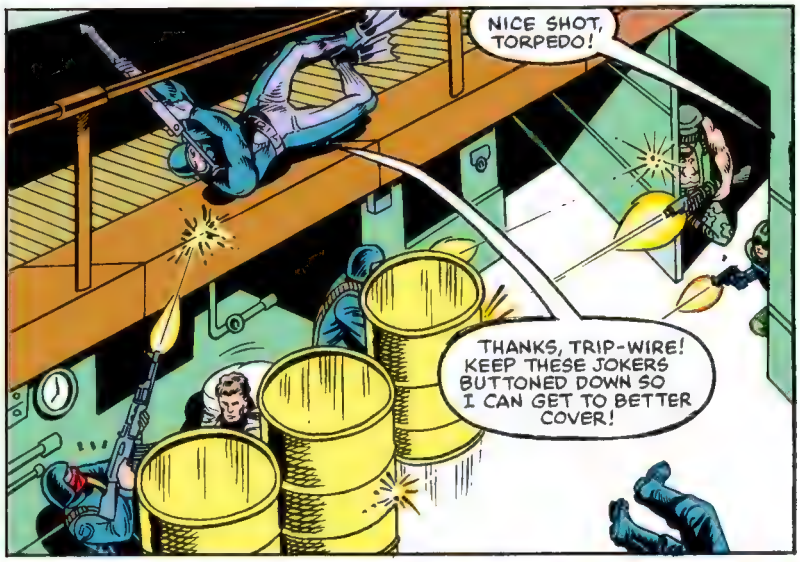

WITH MY NEW TIME-DELAY TOXIN, THE EVIL EFFECTS WON'T BE NOTICEABLE FOR WEEKS. THEN, EVERYBODY WHO HAS HANDLED THE CONTAMINATED MONEY WILL START DROPPING LIKE FLIES! WE COULD KILL MILLIONS!


AT THE CAPITOL...
SOME DIVERSION, HUH? LOOK AT THIS! THEY'RE DROPPING HALF A REGIMENT ON US!
THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE, SIR... EVEN COBRA WOULDN'T--
WOULDN'T? THEY'RE DARN-WELL DOING IT, AREN'T THEY?

PATCH ME THROUGH TO CENTRAL COMM-LINK! I WANT ALL AVAILABLE UNITS ON IMMEDIATE ALERT AND STANDING BY TO MOVE INTO THE CAPITOL AREA!

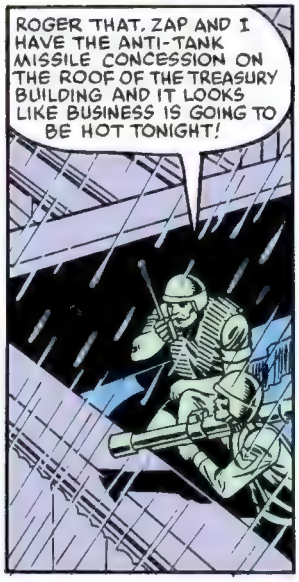

INSIDE THE TREASURY BUILDING...
ALL RIGHT, COBRAS-- SURRENDER OR--
AMBUSH!!
IT'S THE G.I. JOE TEAM! DRILL 'EM!!

THOK!
NNNGGG!!

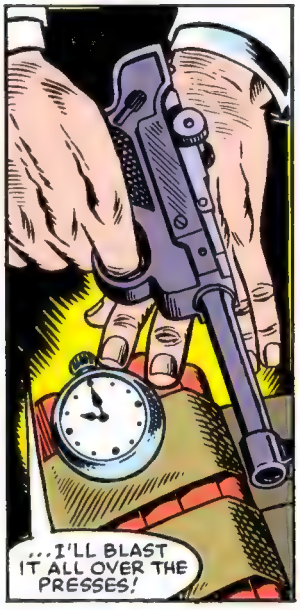

NICE SHOT, TORPEDO!
THANKS, TRIP-WIRE! KEEP THESE JOKERS BUTTONED DOWN SO I CAN GET TO BETTER COVER!

COVER GIRL, THIS IS GUNG-HO! WE HAVE A SMALL FIRE-FIGHT SITUATION INSIDE BUT THE OUTLOOK IS... QU'EST-CE QUE C'EST? OPTIMISTIC?

COPY THAT LOUD AND CLEAR. AM MAINTAINING COVER POSITION FOR TIME BEING. OVER.
ROCK 'N ROLL, DID YOU COPY LAST TRANSMISSION?


ROGER THAT. ZAP AND I HAVE THE ANTI-TANK MISSILE CONCESSION ON THE ROOF OF THE TREASURY BUILDING AND IT LOOKS LIKE BUSINESS IS GOING TO BE HOT TONIGHT!

HRMPH! COBRA COMMANDER CLAIMED HE HAD A FOOL-PROOF DIVERSION! NOW EVERYTHING IS FALLING APART! BUT I WON'T LET THIS TOXIN GO TO WASTE...


...I'LL BLAST IT ALL OVER THE PRESSES!

AND JUST IN CASE THESE LACKEYS HAVE ORDERS TO RETRIEVE THE TOXIN--

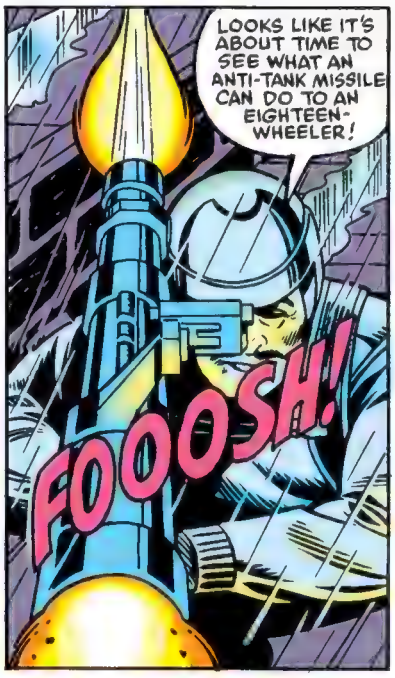
--YOU TOO, SCAR-FACE! YOU THOUGHT I FORGOT ABOUT YOU FIRING THE MISSILE THAT BLEW UP MY BUNKER? HAH!!
DR. VENOM NEVER FORGETS!

AT THE CAPITOL...
THE PLANES WERE RADIO CONTROLLED SCALE MODELS! AND THE PARATROOPERS WERE TOYS! WE'VE BEEN DUPED! THERE NEVER WAS AN ATTACK ON THE CAPITOL!
IF THIS WAS THE DIVERSION--

--THEN THE REAL TARGET IS THE TREASURY!!
LET'S MOVE IT OUT, CLUTCH!!
SHOULDN'T WE WAIT FOR REIN-FORCEMENTS?

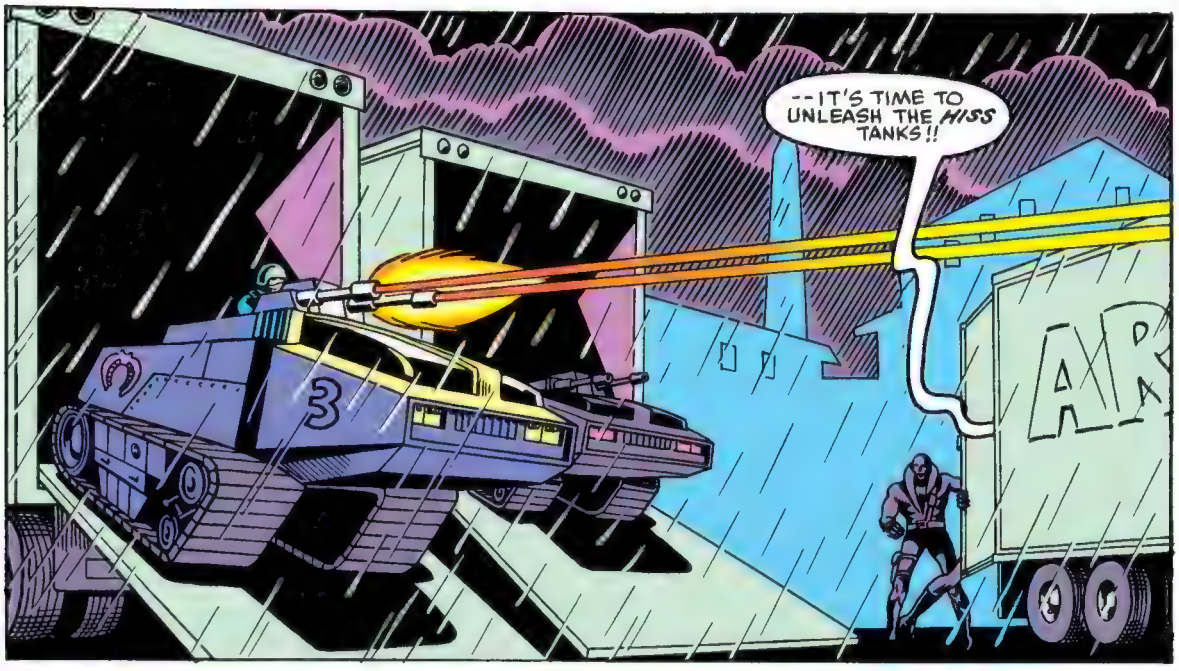
NO, GENERAL FLAGG WAS RIGHT IN A WAY...
...WE'RE THE G.I. JOES. WE DON'T NEED ANYBODY ELSE'S HELP. WE TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN.

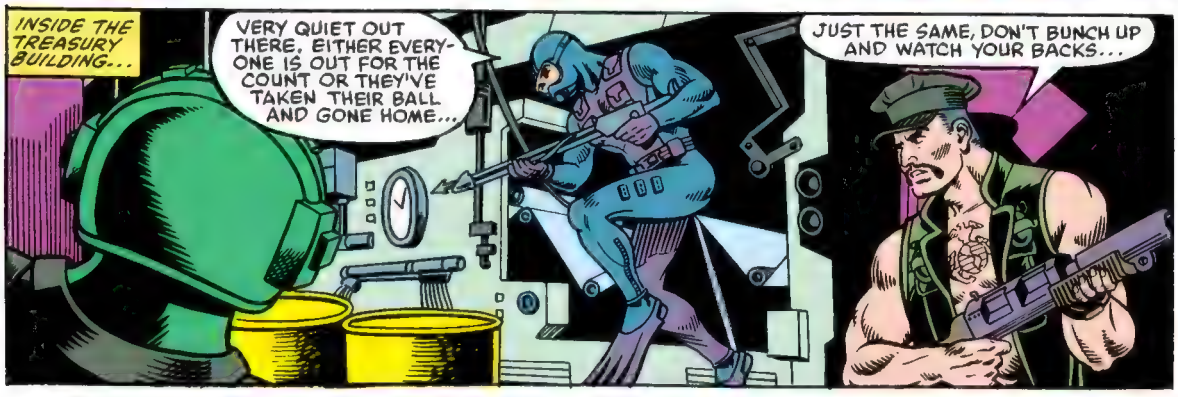
AT THE TREASURY...
COBRA COMMANDER! IT WAS A TRAP! THE JOES HAVE TAKEN CONTROL INSIDE!
BLAST! DESTRO, GIVE THE ORDER TO INITIATE PHASE TWO--

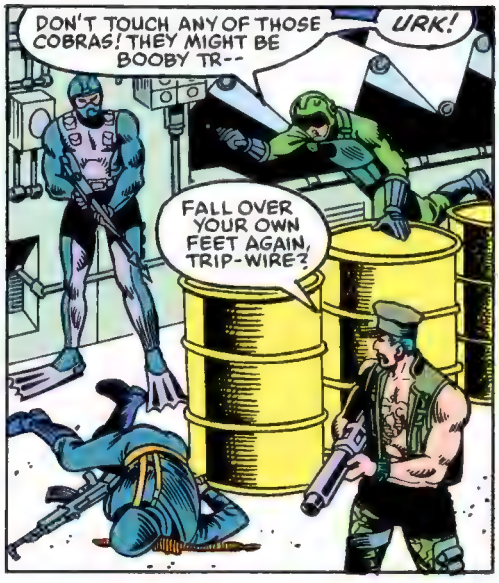

LOOKS LIKE IT'S ABOUT TIME TO SEE WHAT AN ANTI-TANK MISSILE CAN DO TO AN EIGHTEEN-WHEELER!
FOOOSH!

NOT BAD! MIGHT HAVE BEEN MORE INTERESTING IF IT HAD BEEN A GAS TANKER BUT-- QUE SERA SERA!
BA-DOOOM!

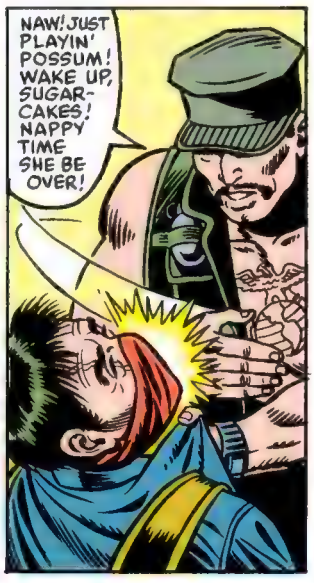
THEY WERE LUCKY! THEY ALMOST GOT US ALL! BUT THE COMMAND TRUCK IS--
FORGET IT! DESTRO, RIDES WITH ME...
BLUDD RIDES WITH THE BARONESS--

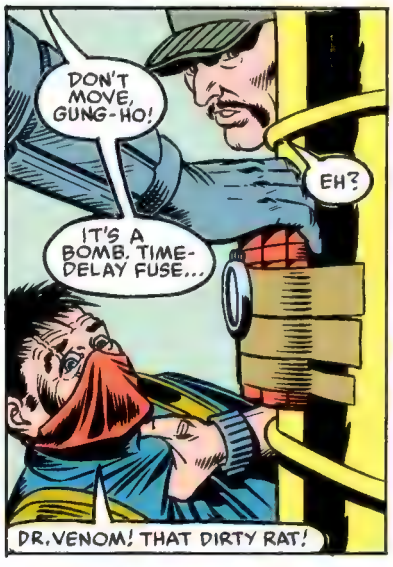

--IT'S TIME TO UNLEASH THE HISS TANKS!!
3


INSIDE THE TREASURY BUILDING...
VERY QUIET OUT THERE. EITHER EVERYONE IS OUT FOR THE COUNT OR THEY'VE TAKEN THEIR BALL AND GONE HOME...
JUST THE SAME, DON'T BUNCH UP AND WATCH YOUR BACKS...


DON'T TOUCH ANY OF THOSE COBRAS! THEY MIGHT BE BOOBY TR--
URK!
FALL OVER YOUR OWN FEET AGAIN, TRIP-WIRE?

NO. IT'S SCAR-FACE!
IS HE DEAD?


NAW! JUST PLAYIN' POSSUM! WAKE UP, SUGAR-CAKES! NAPPY TIME SHE BE OVER!

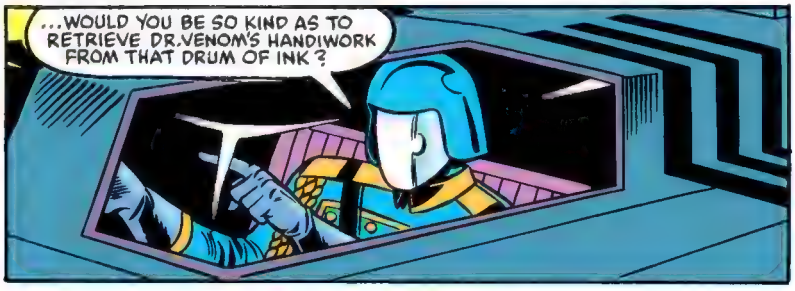

DON'T MOVE, GUNG-HO!
EH?
IT'S A BOMB. TIME-DELAY FUSE...
DR. VENOM! THAT DIRTY RAT!

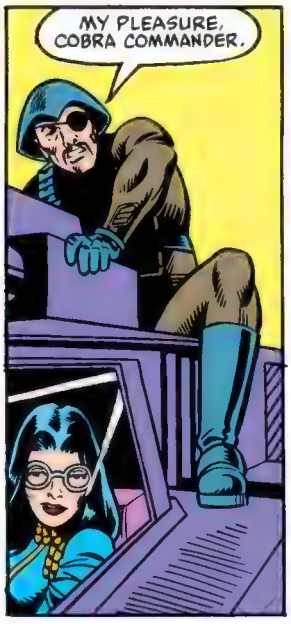
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. IT'S A CINCH TO DIS-ARM--
OUTTA MY WAY!
I'M SPLITTING THIS JOINT!

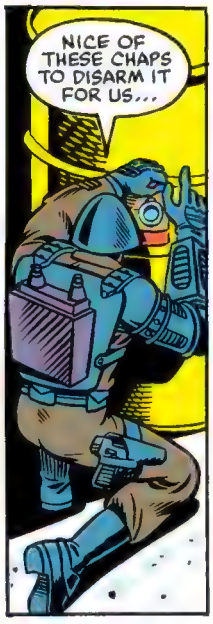
COME BACK HERE YOU--
OOF!
GUNG-HO! THE W-WALL IS CRUMBLING!

DROP YOUR WEAPONS! THERE IS NO POINT IN FURTHER RESISTANCE!

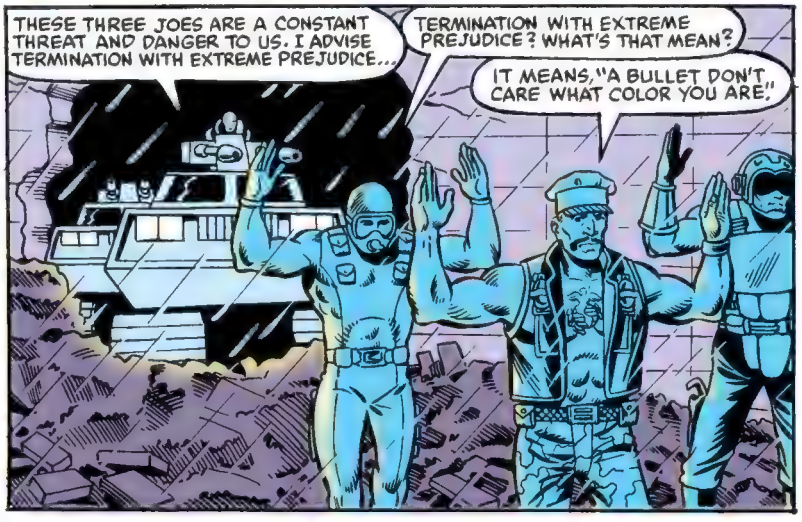
IT'S DESTRO, AND COBRA COMMANDER HIMSELF IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT.
AND I'LL BET THAT'S THE BARONESS DRIVING THE SECOND TANK, BUT WHO'S MANNING THE TURRET?
MAJOR BLUDD...

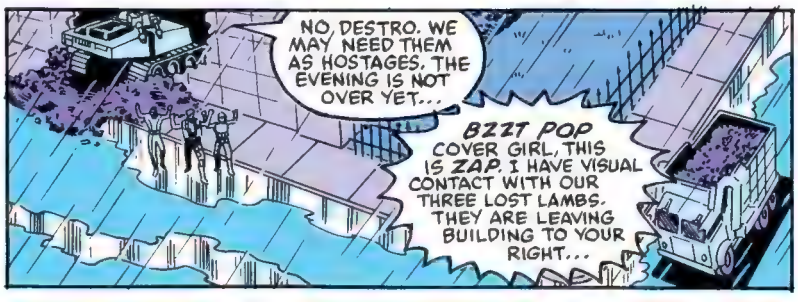

...WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO RETRIEVE DR.VENOM'S HANDIWORK FROM THAT DRUM OF INK?

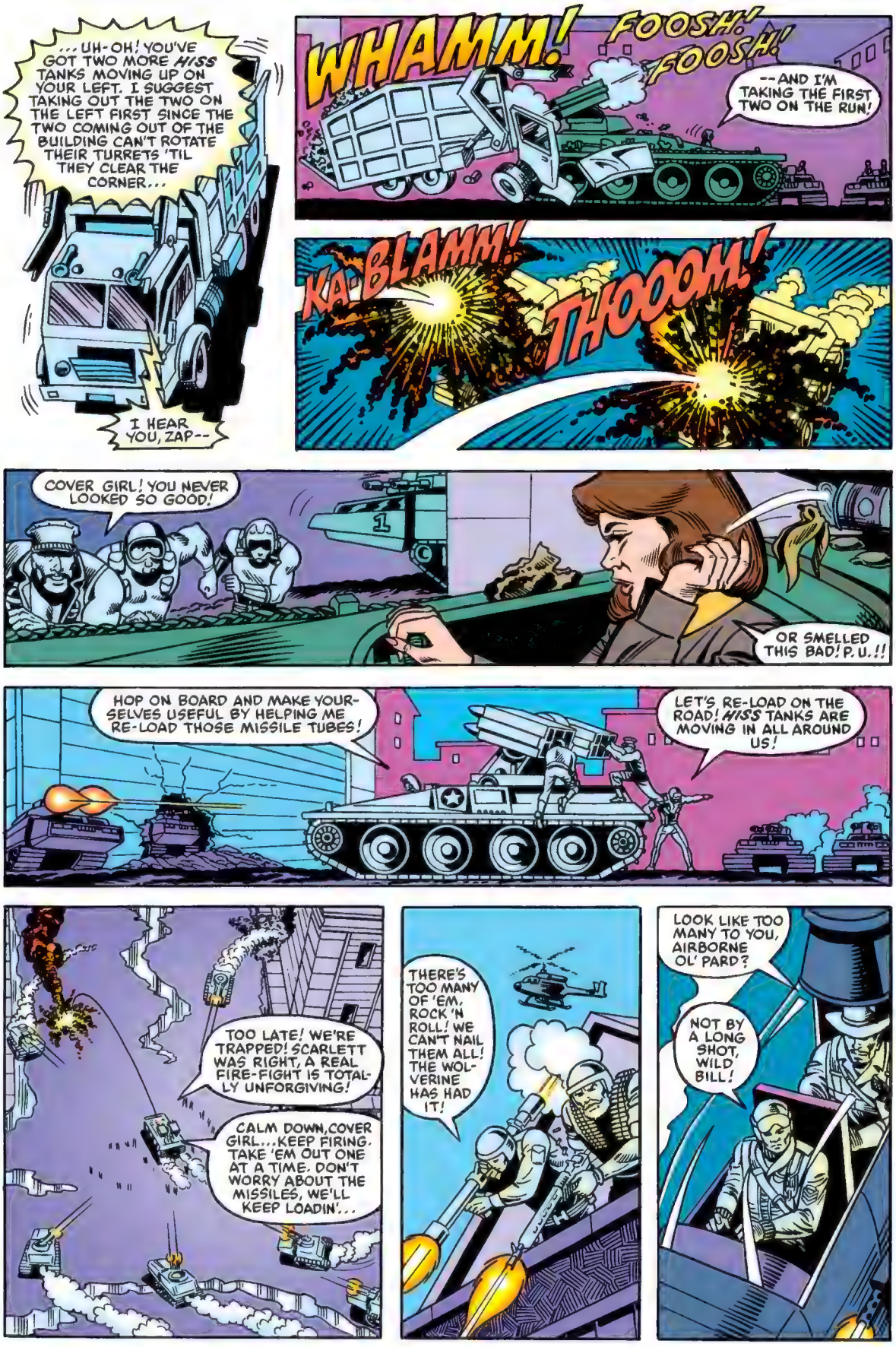

MY PLEASURE, COBRA COMMANDER.


NICE OF THESE CHAPS TO DISARM IT FOR US...

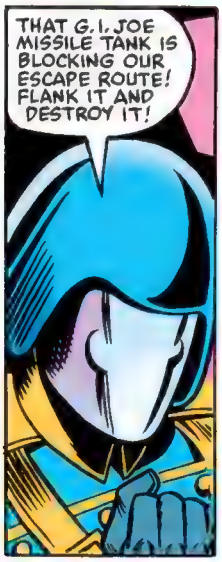
WHY ARE WE TAKING IT BACK? I THOUGHT--
THIS OPERATION IS BLOWN. IF THE TOXIN IS ANALYZED BY THE JOES, IT WILL BE USELESS TO US... FOR FUTURE OPERATIONS.

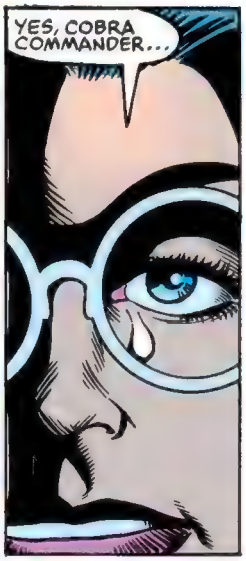

THESE THREE JOES ARE A CONSTANT THREAT AND DANGER TO US. I ADVISE TERMINATION WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE...
TERMINATION WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE? WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
IT MEANS, "A BULLET DON'T CARE WHAT COLOR YOU ARE."

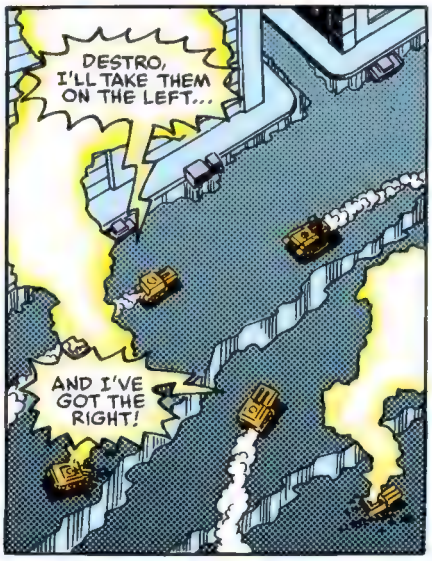

NO, DESTRO. WE MAY NEED THEM AS HOSTAGES. THE EVENING IS NOT OVER YET...
BZZT POP
COVER GIRL, THIS IS ZAP. I HAVE VISUAL CONTACT WITH OUR THREE LOST LAMBS. THEY ARE LEAVING BUILDING TO YOUR RIGHT...


...UH-OH! YOU'VE GOT TWO MORE HISS TANKS MOVING UP ON YOUR LEFT. I SUGGEST TAKING OUT THE TWO ON THE LEFT FIRST SINCE THE TWO COMING OUT OF THE BUILDING CAN'T ROTATE THEIR TURRETS 'TIL THEY CLEAR THE CORNER...
I HEAR YOU, ZAP--
WHAMM!
FOOSH! FOOSH!
--AND I'M TAKING THE FIRST TWO ON THE RUN!
KA-BLAMM!
THOOOM!
COVER GIRL! YOU NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD!
OR SMELLED THIS BAD! P.U.!!
HOP ON BOARD AND MAKE YOURSELVES USEFUL BY HELPING ME RE-LOAD THOSE MISSILE TUBES!
LET'S RE-LOAD ON THE ROAD! HISS TANKS ARE MOVING IN ALL AROUND US!
TOO LATE! WE'RE TRAPPED! SCARLETT WAS RIGHT, A REAL FIRE-FIGHT IS TOTALLY UNFORGIVING!
CALM DOWN, COVER GIRL...KEEP FIRING. TAKE 'EM OUT ONE AT A TIME. DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE MISSILES, WE'LL KEEP LOADIN'...
THERE'S TOO MANY OF 'EM, ROCK 'N ROLL! WE CAN'T NAIL THEM ALL! THE WOLVERINE HAS HAD IT!
LOOK LIKE TOO MANY TO YOU, AIRBORNE OL' PARD?
NOT BY A LONG SHOT, WILD BILL!

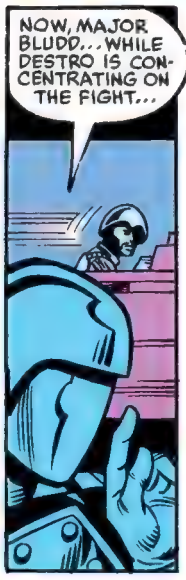
HOW'S THIS FOR THE CAVALRY TO THE RESCUE?
THAT DON'T PLAY ON MY RESERVATION.
THERE'S STILL TWO HISS TANKS LEFT!
I CAN SEE THAT! HELP ME LOAD!


THAT G.I. JOE MISSILE TANK IS BLOCKING OUR ESCAPE ROUTE! FLANK IT AND DESTROY IT!

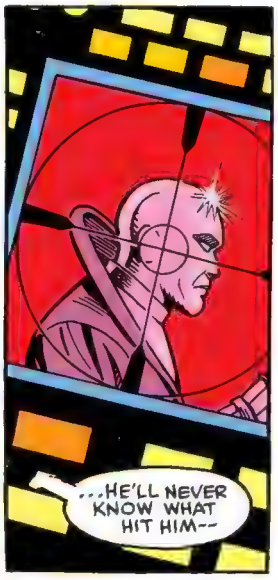

YES, COBRA COMMANDER...


DESTRO, I'LL TAKE THEM ON THE LEFT...
AND I'VE GOT THE RIGHT!

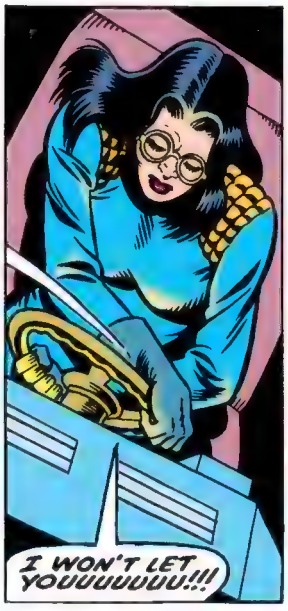
HERE COMES THE CLEAN-UP. I'M GLAD I WARMED UP FOR THIS...

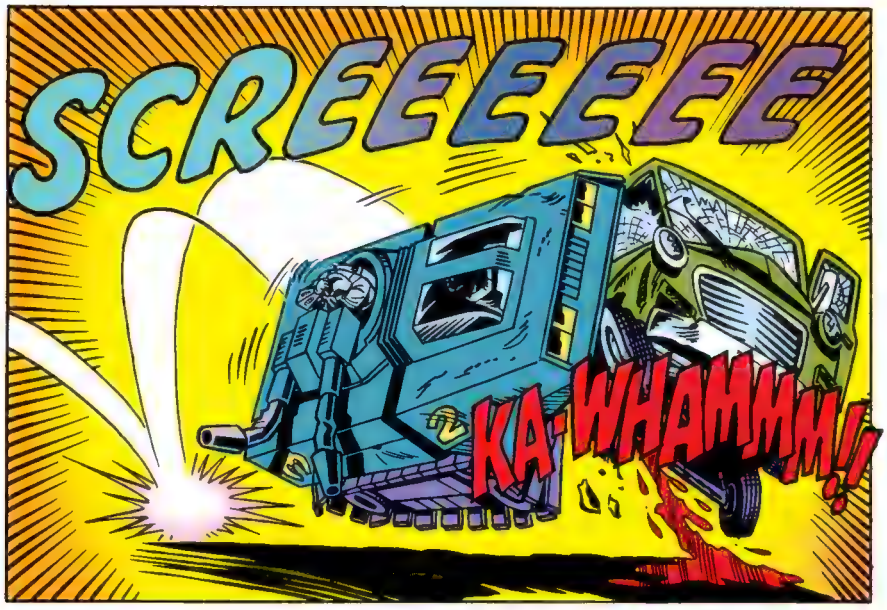

NOW, MAJOR BLUDD... WHILE DESTRO IS CONCENTRATING ON THE FIGHT...

...TERMINATE HIM!
HEH HEH HEH...


...HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM--

WHU? WHY IS BLUDD SWIVELING HIS TURRET?
HE'S AIMING AT--
--NOOOOO!!!


I WON'T LET YOUUUUUUU!!!


SCREEEEEE
KA-WHAMMM!!

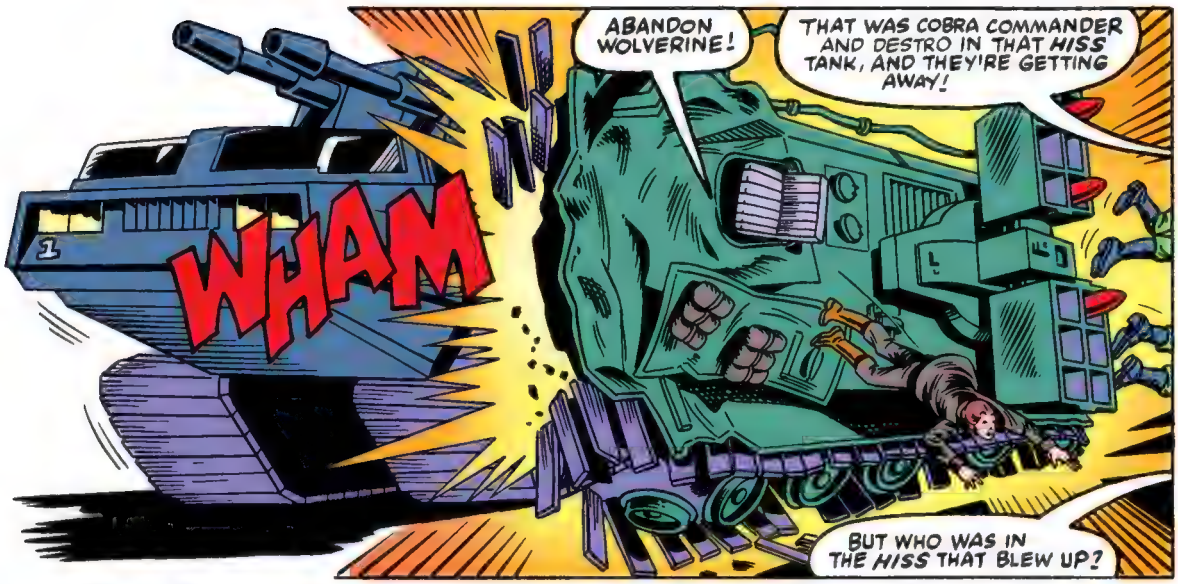
FUEL! LEAKING ALL OVER! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT HITS THE MANIFOLD!

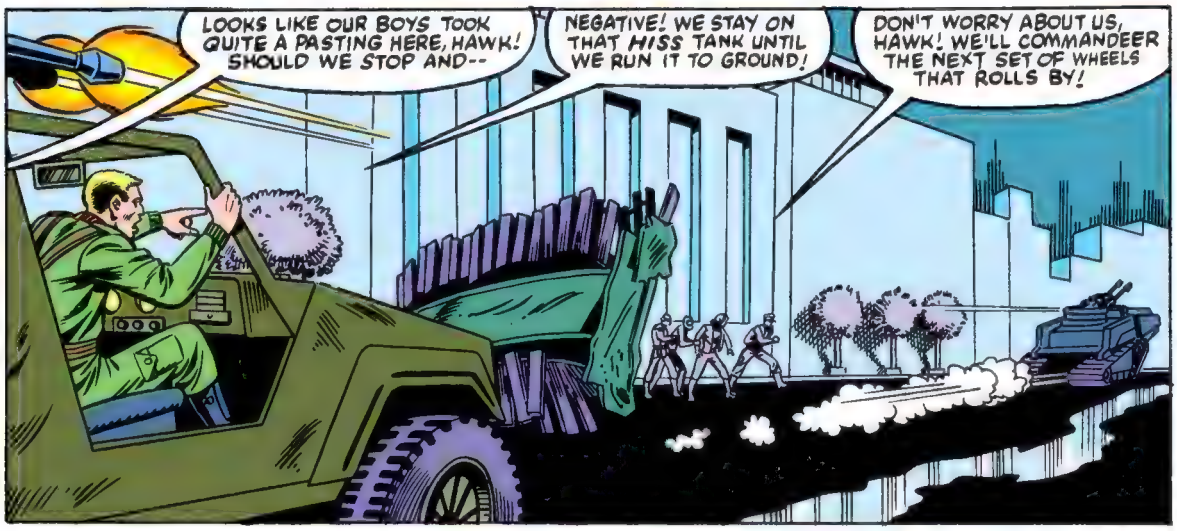
B-BLUDD... H-HELP ME... I'M TRAPPED AND I THINK M-MY LEG... IS BROKEN!

BLUDD! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! PLEASE!

MAJOR BLUDD!!

BWHAM


WHAM
ABANDON WOLVERINE!
THAT WAS COBRA COMMANDER AND DESTRO IN THAT HISS TANK, AND THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
BUT WHO WAS IN THE HISS THAT BLEW UP?


LOOKS LIKE OUR BOYS TOOK QUITE A PASTING HERE, HAWK! SHOULD WE STOP AND--
NEGATIVE! WE STAY ON THAT HISS TANK UNTIL WE RUN IT TO GROUND!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, HAWK! WE'LL COMMANDEER THE NEXT SET OF WHEELS THAT ROLLS BY!

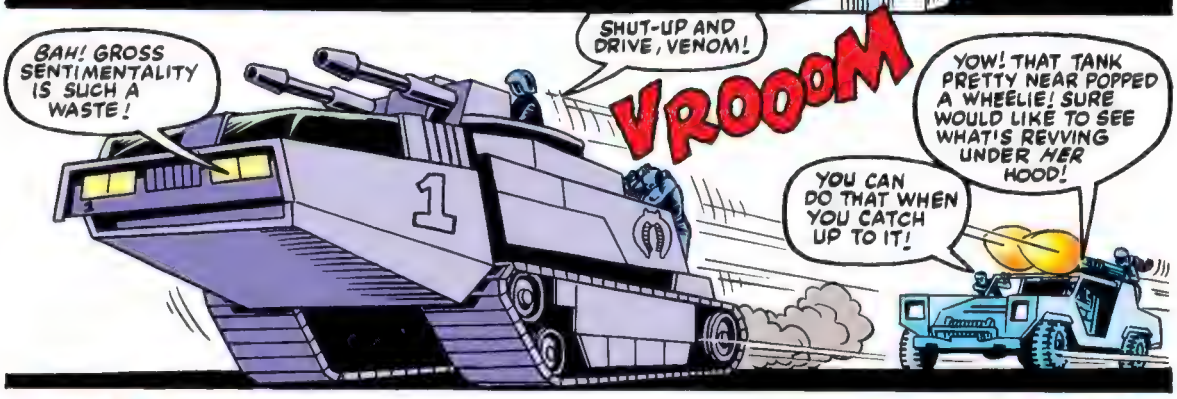
COBRA COMMANDER! WAIT FOR ME! IT'S DR. VENOM!

THAT TRAITOR, SCAR-FACE ALMOST-- SAY... WHAT'S WRONG WITH DESTRO?
DESTRO!

SOMEBODY HAS TO MAN THE GUN TURRET...

... DESTRO!

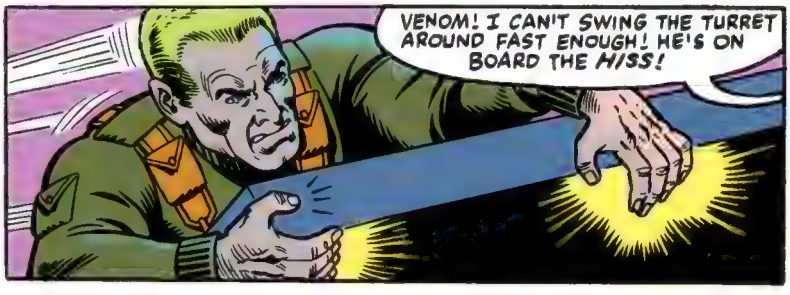
HE'S OVER-REACTING TO THE DEATH OF OUR COMRADE THE BARONESS. YOU TAKE THE CONTROLS AND DRIVE-- I'LL MAN THE TURRET!
ALL THAT OVER THE BARONESS? DOESN'T HE REALIZE THAT LOVE IS SIMPLY OVERESTIMATING THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ANY ONE GIVEN WOMAN AND ANOTHER?
STEP ON IT, CLUTCH! WE'VE ALMOST GOT 'EM!

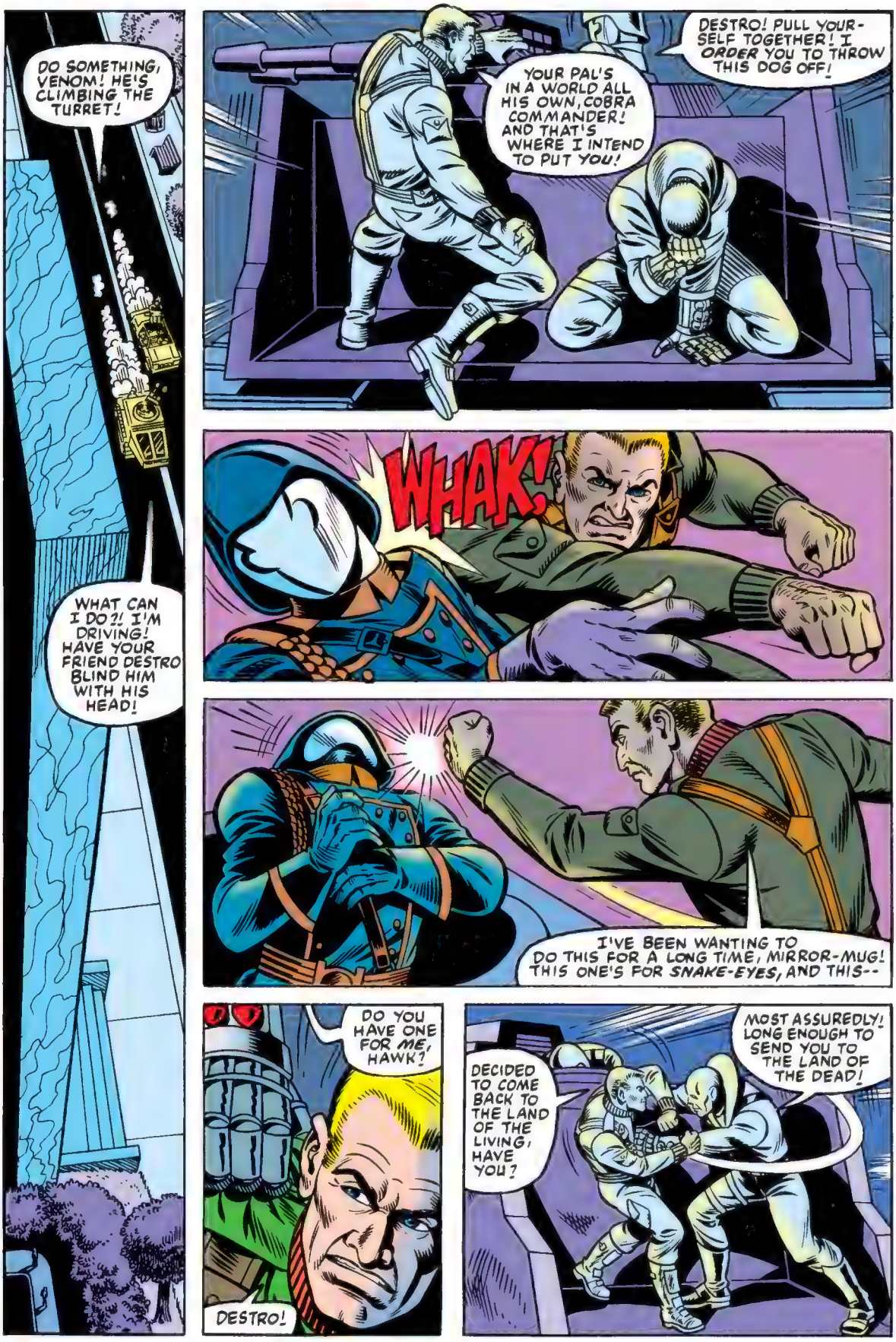

BAH! GROSS SENTIMENTALITY IS SUCH A WASTE!
SHUT-UP AND DRIVE, VENOM!
VROOOM
YOW! THAT TANK PRETTY NEAR POPPED A WHEELIE! SURE WOULD LIKE TO SEE WHAT'S REVVING UNDER HER HOOD!
YOU CAN DO THAT WHEN YOU CATCH UP TO IT!

NO PROBLEM, HAWK! BUT WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WHEN WE CATCH UP? EVERYTHING SCARLETT'S FIRING AT IT JUST BOUNCES OFF THE ARMOR PLATE!

YOU JUST WORRY ABOUT GETTING CLOSE ENOUGH--

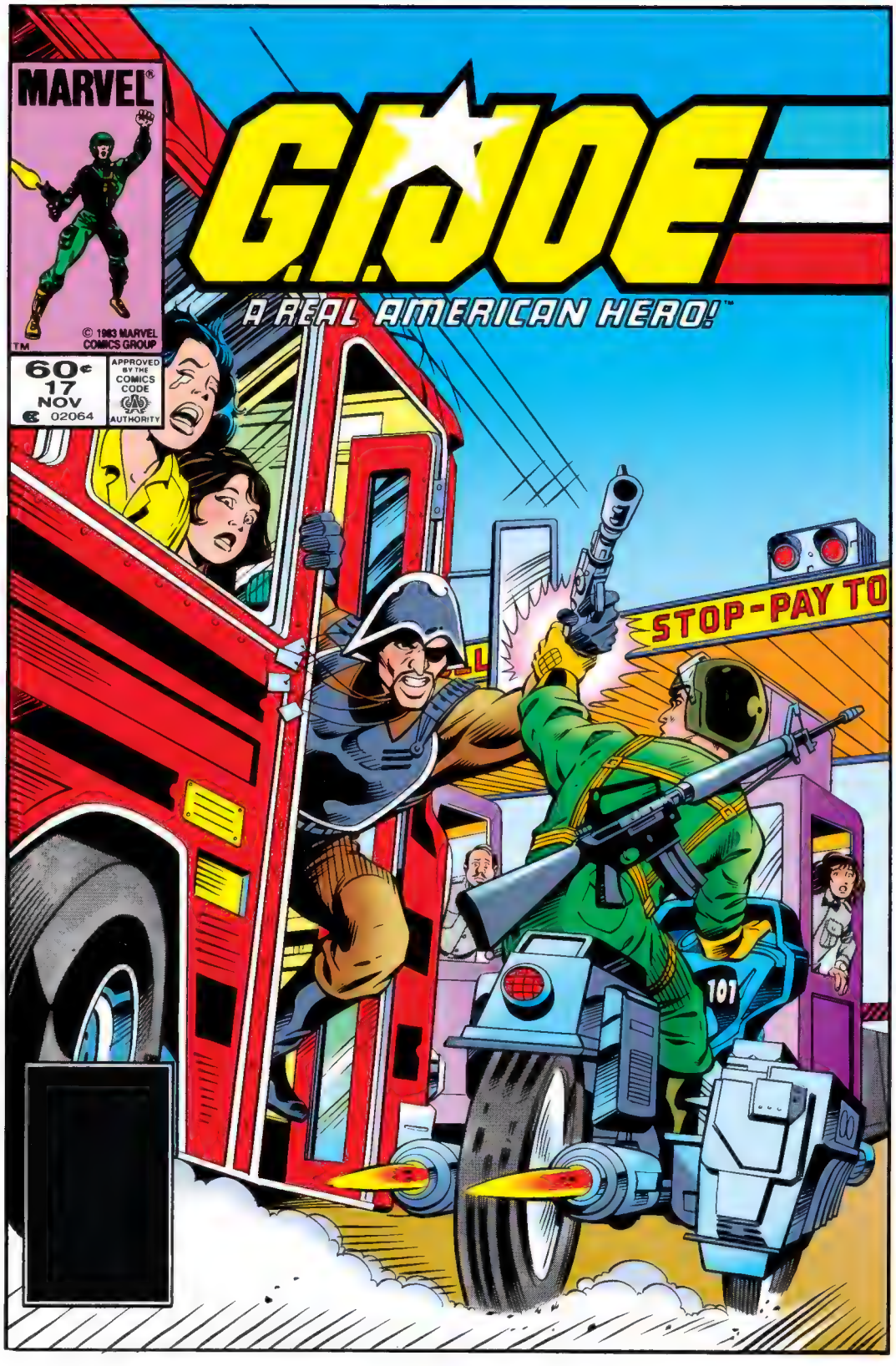
--AND I'LL HANDLE THE REST!


VENOM! I CAN'T SWING THE TURRET AROUND FAST ENOUGH! HE'S ON BOARD THE HISS!


DO SOMETHING, VENOM! HE'S CLIMBING THE TURRET!
WHAT CAN I DO?! I'M DRIVING! HAVE YOUR FRIEND DESTRO BLIND HIM WITH HIS HEAD!
DESTRO! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! I ORDER YOU TO THROW THIS DOG OFF!
YOUR PAL'S IN A WORLD ALL HIS OWN, COBRA COMMANDER! AND THAT'S WHERE I INTEND TO PUT YOU!
WHAK!
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO THIS FOR A LONG TIME, MIRROR-MUG! THIS ONE'S FOR SNAKE-EYES, AND THIS--
DO YOU HAVE ONE FOR ME, HAWK?
DESTRO!
DECIDED TO COME BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING, HAVE YOU?
MOST ASSUREDLY! LONG ENOUGH TO SEND YOU TO THE LAND OF THE DEAD!

LESS ELOQUENCE AND MORE BRUTALITY, DESTRO! THRASH THE PIG AND THROW HIM UNDER THE WHEELS!
YOU GOT HIM NOW, HAWK! GIVE HIM THE LEFT-- JAB JAB!
UUUNNNHHHH...
LET'S GO, HAWK! DECK THE MAN! ALL US CHICKENS WANT TO GO HOME!
SO YOU'RE DESTRO, HUH? EXCUSE ME WHILE I DENT YOUR FACE!
POLISHED BERYLIUM STEEL IS NOT SO EASILY DENTED, HAWK...
...UNLIKE HUMAN FLESH...
UUNNHHH... GOT T-TO K-K-KILL HIM...
THAT'S WHAT I H-HAVE T'DO... K-KILL HIM...
YES... BUT...
WHICH ONE!?!

BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
THUDD
CLUTCH! IS HE-- IS HE--?
IT DON'T LOOK GOOD, SCARLETT!
SCREEEEEECHH!!
MEANWHILE AT THE BUS TERMINAL...
CITY HIT BY TERROR CAPITAL UNDER FIRE
I'LL GET YOU, DR. VENOM!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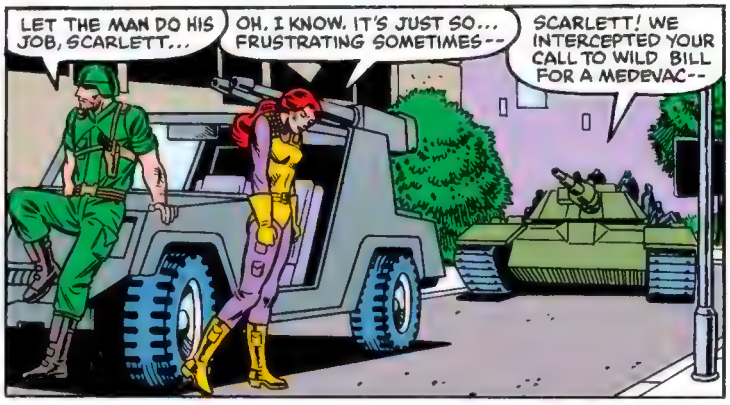
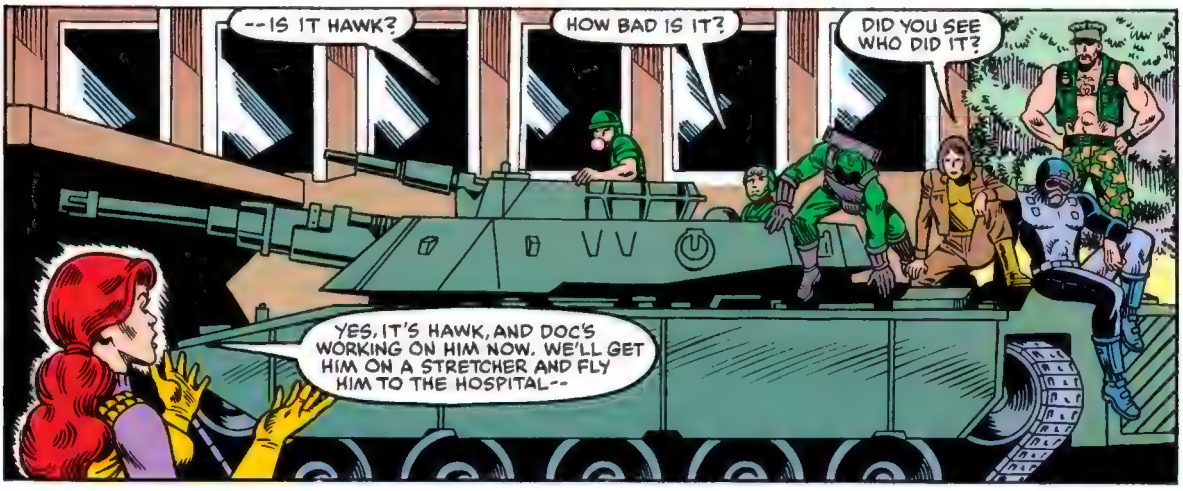
DOC! DON'T BE DRAGGING TAIL! HAWK NEEDS A PLASMA HOOK-UP AND SOME--
WHOA! WHO'S THE DOC HERE ANYHOW? I'LL DECIDE WHAT TREATMENT THE MAN GETS...

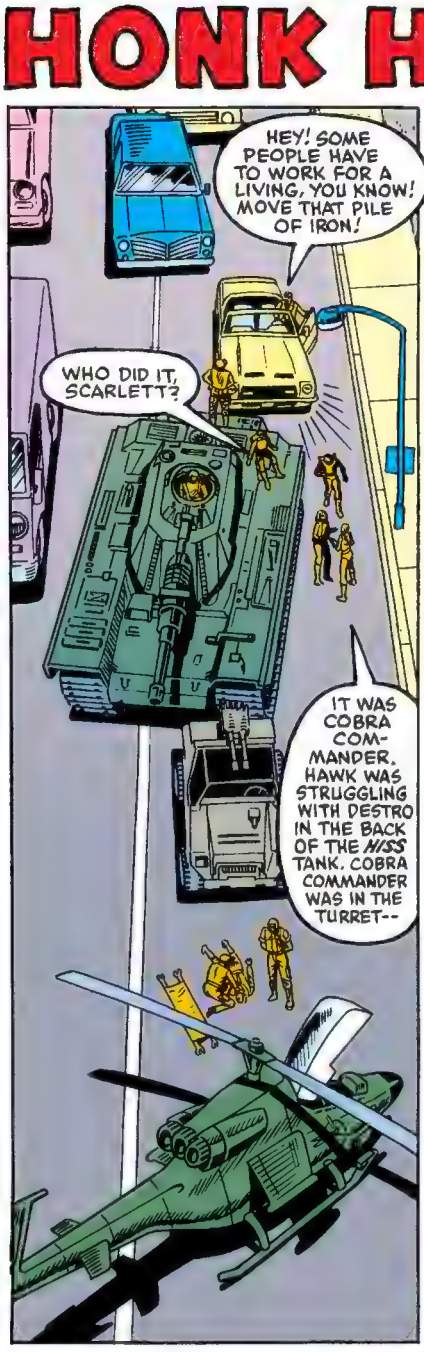
...I DON'T GET IN YOUR WAY WHEN YOU'RE BUSTING HEADS, DON'T GET IN MINE WHEN I'M ROLLING PILLS!

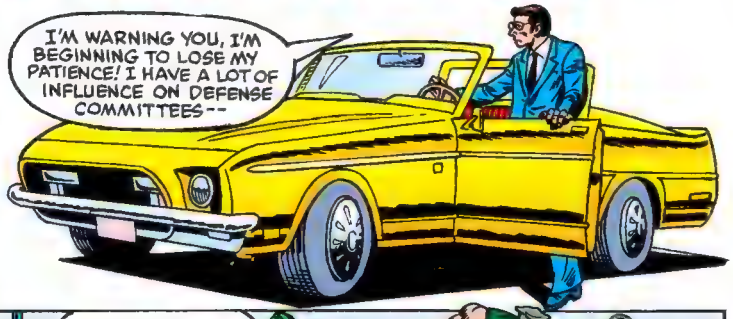
IS HE... WILL HE--
TAKE A WALK.

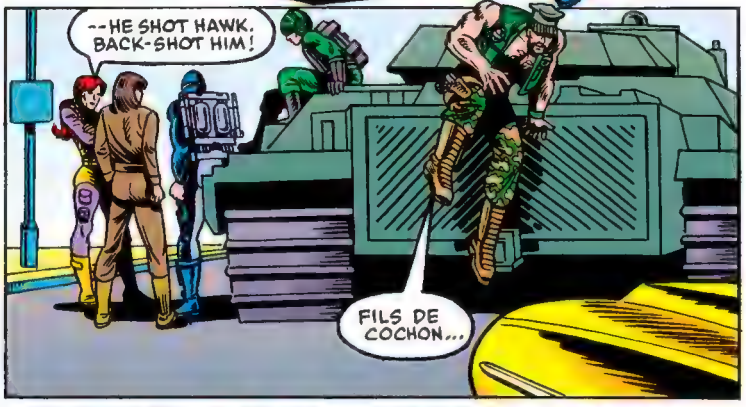

LET THE MAN DO HIS JOB, SCARLETT...
OH, I KNOW. IT'S JUST SO... FRUSTRATING SOMETIMES--
SCARLETT! WE INTERCEPTED YOUR CALL TO WILD BILL FOR A MEDEVAC--

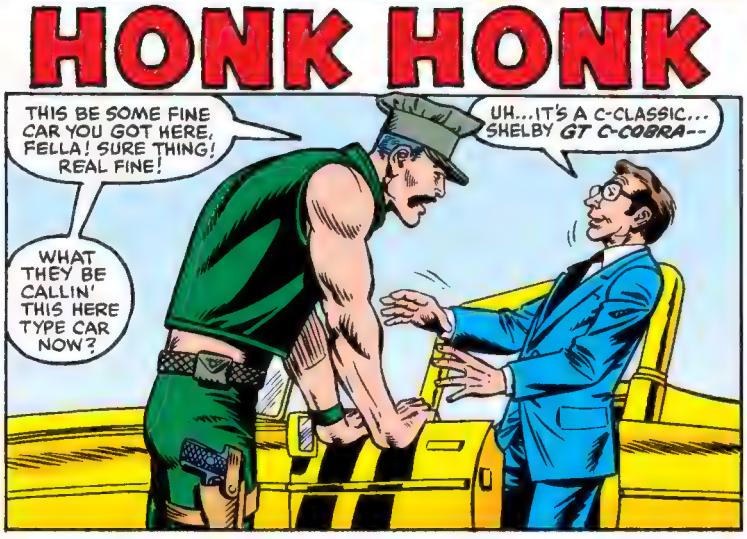

--IS IT HAWK?
HOW BAD IS IT?
DID YOU SEE WHO DID IT?
YES, IT'S HAWK, AND DOC'S WORKING ON HIM NOW. WE'LL GET HIM ON A STRETCHER AND FLY HIM TO THE HOSPITAL--

HONK HONK HONK HONK
OH FOR PETE'S SAKE...
THE TANK'S TYING UP TRAFFIC. WE'VE GOT SOME ANGRY CIVILIANS BACKED UP BEHIND US!
LET 'EM WAIT. HAWK AIN'T MOVING 'TIL DOC SAYS IT'S OK!

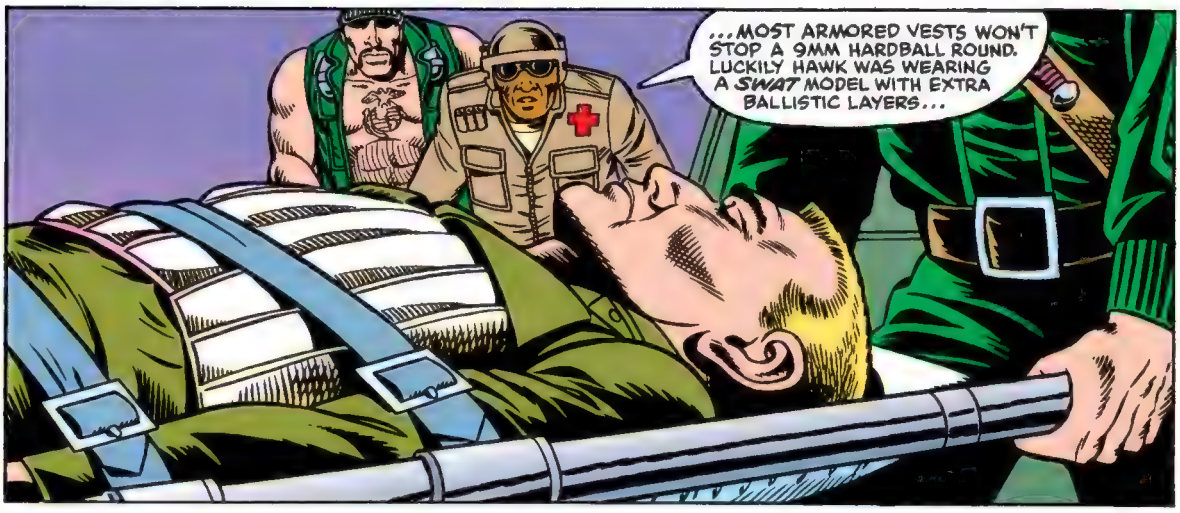

HONK HONK HONK
HEY! SOME PEOPLE HAVE TO WORK FOR A LIVING, YOU KNOW! MOVE THAT PILE OF IRON!
WHO DID IT, SCARLETT?
IT WAS COBRA COMMANDER. HAWK WAS STRUGGLING WITH DESTRO IN THE BACK OF THE *HISS* TANK. COBRA COMMANDER WAS IN THE TURRET--


I'M WARNING YOU, I'M BEGINNING TO LOSE MY PATIENCE! I HAVE A LOT OF INFLUENCE ON DEFENSE COMMITTEES--


--HE SHOT HAWK. BACK-SHOT HIM!
FILS DE COCHON...


HONK HONK
THIS BE SOME FINE CAR YOU GOT HERE, FELLA! SURE THING! REAL FINE!
UH...IT'S A C-CLASSIC... SHELBY *GT C-COBRA*--
WHAT THEY BE CALLIN' THIS HERE TYPE CAR NOW?

COBRA?!!
NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! THAT DOOR IS GOING TO COST--
SPRACK!!
OH MY G-GOODNESS--
CRUNCH!
I HATE COBRAS!
I HEAR THAT NAME-- IT MAKES ME WANT TO SMASH THINGS!
....
KA-CHONGG!!
SNIFF
CRACK!!
C'MON, GUNG-HO... GIVE US A HAND SECURING HAWK TO THE 'COPTER. HE'S ABOUT READY FOR A LEISURELY FLIGHT TO BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL.
HAWK'S ALL RIGHT?
ULP...
HE'S GONNA BE FINE...

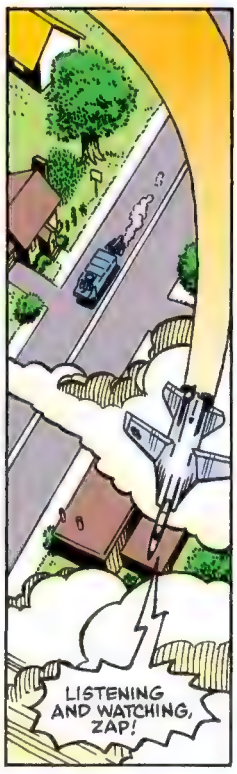

...MOST ARMORED VESTS WON'T STOP A 9MM HARDBALL ROUND. LUCKILY HAWK WAS WEARING A SWAT MODEL WITH EXTRA BALLISTIC LAYERS...

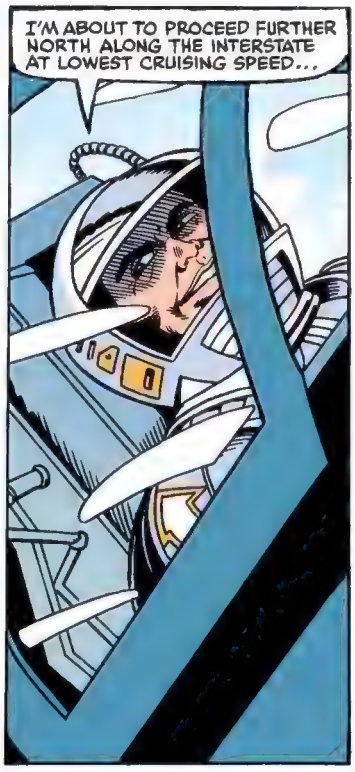
MAKE SURE THOSE STRAPS ARE TIGHT--
YO, ZAP... THIS IS BREAKER. WE'RE LOADING HAWK ON THE DRAGON-FLY NOW. WHAT IS YOUR PRESENT STATUS?

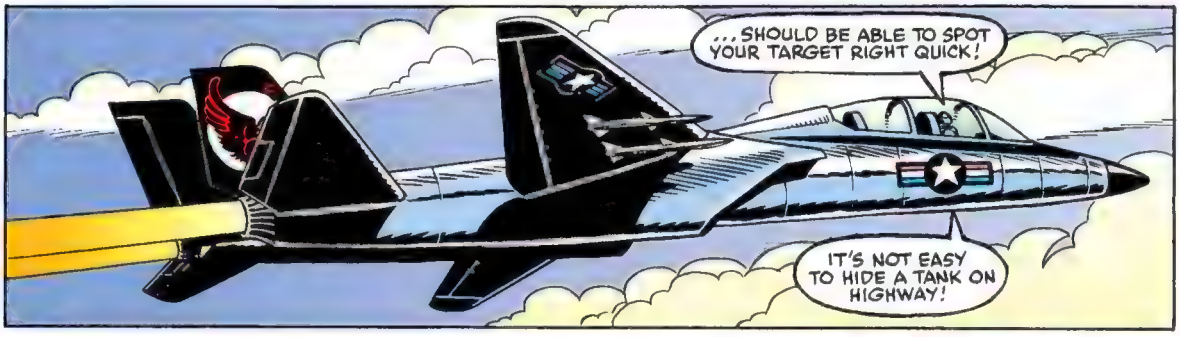
AM DRIVING NORTH ON THE INTER-STATE IN PURSUIT OF COBRA COMMANDER'S HISS TANK.
YOU WANT A BACK-UP? WE GOT SIX JOES AND A TANK SITTIN' HERE WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO OPEN A CAN O' FIRE-FIGHT...

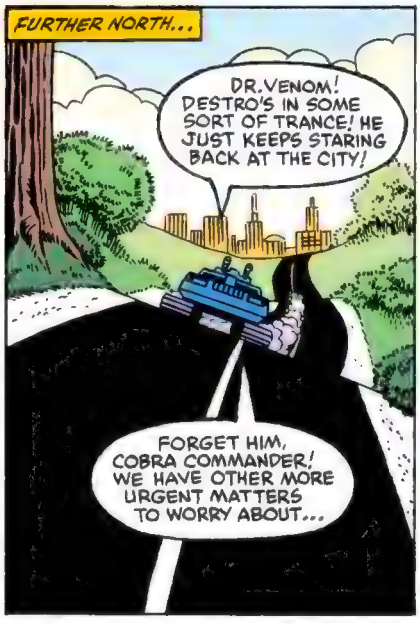
NO THANKS, BREAKER. I'VE GOT GRUNT, SHORT-FUSE, ROCK 'N ROLL AND FLASH WITH ME. THEY'RE GREEDY...
...THEY DON'T WANT TO SHARE THAT COBRA COMMANDER WITH ANYONE WHEN WE CATCH UP TO HIM!

...BESIDES, WE'VE GOT SOME EXTRA FIRE-POWER ALONG FOR THE RIDE AS WELL AS A FRIENDLY "EYE IN THE SKY"!
YOU LISTENING IN ON THE COMMUNICATIONS NET, ACE?


LISTENING AND WATCHING, ZAP!


I'M ABOUT TO PROCEED FURTHER NORTH ALONG THE INTERSTATE AT LOWEST CRUISING SPEED...


...SHOULD BE ABLE TO SPOT YOUR TARGET RIGHT QUICK!
IT'S NOT EASY TO HIDE A TANK ON HIGHWAY!


FURTHER NORTH...
DR. VENOM! DESTRO'S IN SOME SORT OF TRANCE! HE JUST KEEPS STARING BACK AT THE CITY!
FORGET HIM, COBRA COMMANDER! WE HAVE OTHER MORE URGENT MATTERS TO WORRY ABOUT...

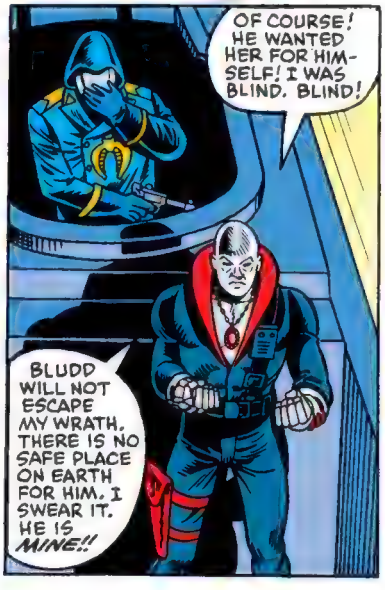
...WE ARE TOO VULNERABLE ON THE OPEN ROAD. WE MUST FORMULATE AN ESCAPE PLAN AND IMPLEMENT--

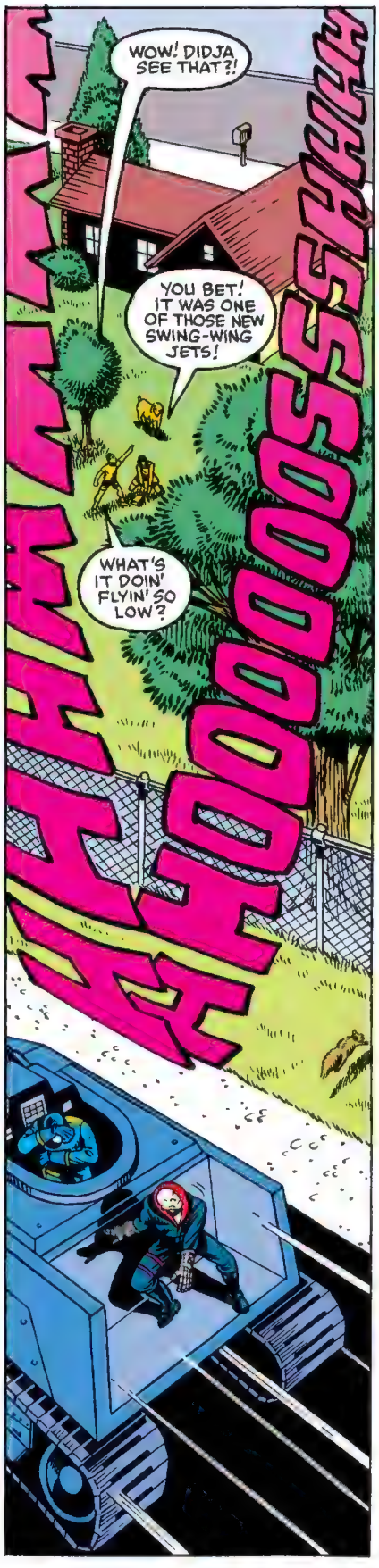
HE HAS WITNESSED THE EXTINCTION OF THE GREAT LOVE OF HIS LIFE, THE BARONESS.
YOU'RE WRONG, VENOM! DESTRO IS THE IMMEDIATE THREAT! THE EVENTS OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT MAY HAVE UNHINGED HIM. WHO KNOWS THE THOUGHTS THAT RUN THROUGH HIS BRAIN?

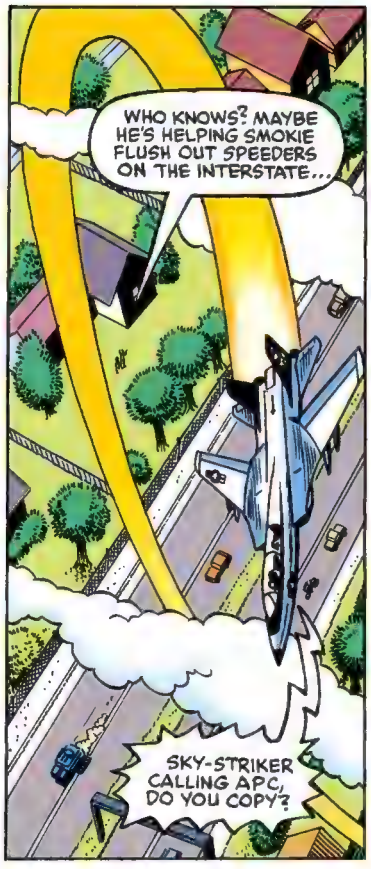
"SHE WAS HIS REASON FOR EXISTENCE. ALL HIS AMBITION AND ALL HIS SKILLS WERE BENT TO ONE PURPOSE: TO WIN HER EVERLASTING LOVE.

"HE THOUGHT HE HAD TO WIN HER LOVE. HE HAD TO PROVE HIMSELF TO HER. IT NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM THAT THE THING HE WANTED WAS ALWAYS THERE. HE MUST HAVE REALIZED THE TRUTH AT THE MOMENT SHE SACRIFICED HERSELF TO SAVE HIM FROM MAJOR BLUDD!

"NOW HIS TRAIN OF LOGIC PLODS INEXORABLY TOWARDS THE NEXT OBVIOUSLY GLARING QUESTION: WHY WOULD MAJOR BLUDD TRY TO KILL DESTRO?"



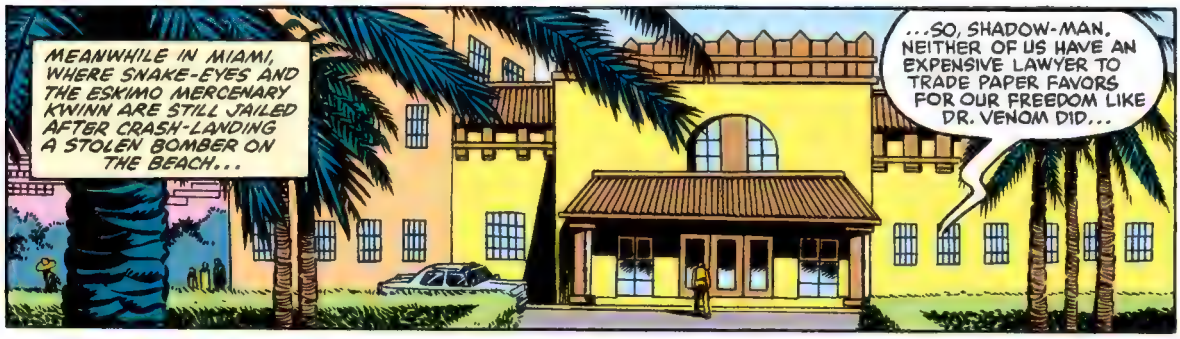

WOW! DIDJA SEE THAT?!
YOU BET! IT WAS ONE OF THOSE NEW SWING-WING JETS!
WHAT'S IT DOIN' FLYIN' SO LOW?
AHOOOOOOSSSHHHH


WHO KNOWS? MAYBE HE'S HELPING SMOKIE FLUSH OUT SPEEDERS ON THE INTERSTATE...
SKY-STRIKER CALLING APC, DO YOU COPY?

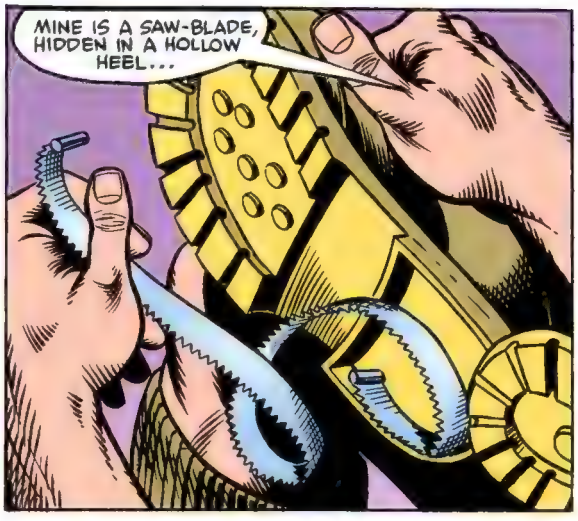
LOUD AND CLEAR, ACE.
GOT VISUAL CONTACT WITH THE BAD-GUYS, ZAP! THEY'RE ON A PARALLEL ROUTE JUST WEST OF YOU. YOU CAN READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE FUNNY PAPERS*!
TOO MUCH CIVILIAN TRAFFIC FOR WEAPONRY. HE'S ALL YOURS!
*TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS

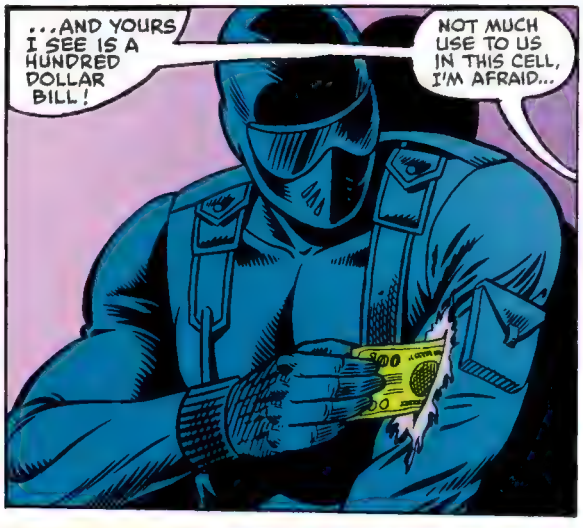
THANKS MUCH, AMIGO! HOWS-ABOUT MAINTAINING A HOLDING PATTERN OVER THE TARGET JUST IN CASE WE NEED SOME OLD-FASHIONED AIR-SUPPORT?
YOU GOT IT!
WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE?

JUST FOUND OUT WHERE THE BAD-GUYS ARE...
...AND WE'RE GOING TO HEAD THEM OFF AT THE PASS!
INTERSTAT
WESTBOUN

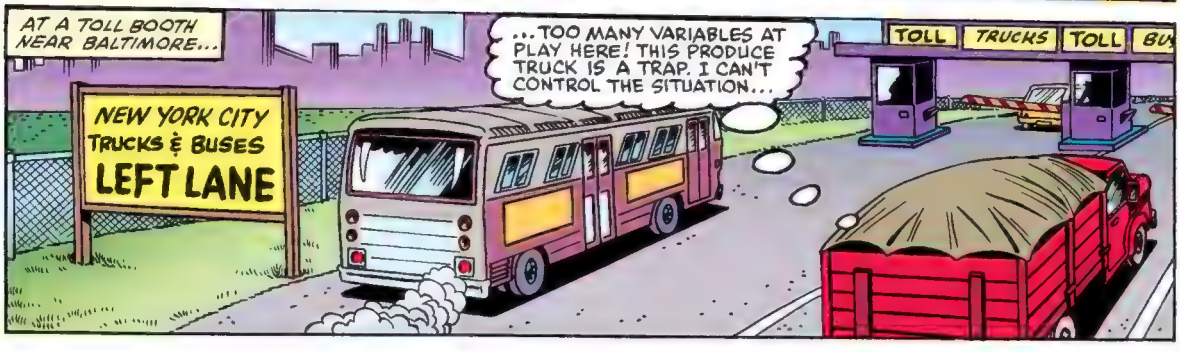

MEANWHILE IN MIAMI, WHERE SNAKE-EYES AND THE ESKIMO MERCENARY KWINN ARE STILL JAILED AFTER CRASH-LANDING A STOLEN BOMBER ON THE BEACH...
...SO, SHADOW-MAN, NEITHER OF US HAVE AN EXPENSIVE LAWYER TO TRADE PAPER FAVORS FOR OUR FREEDOM LIKE DR. VENOM DID...

...BUT I SUSPECT YOU TOO HAVE A HIDDEN RESOURCE THAT THEY KNOW NOTHING ABOUT!

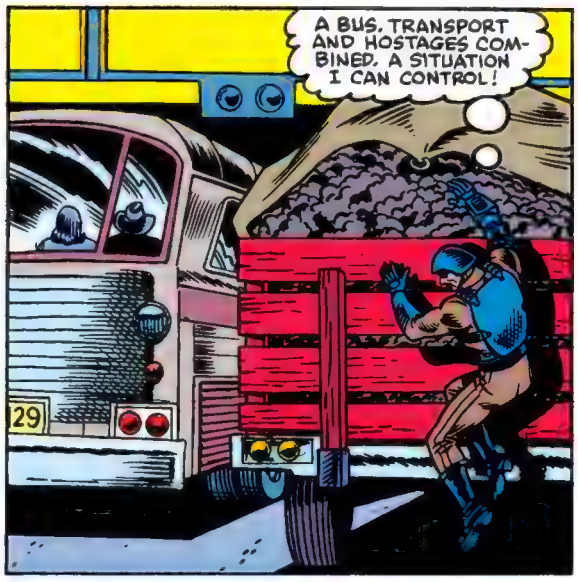

MINE IS A SAW-BLADE, HIDDEN IN A HOLLOW HEEL...


...AND YOURS I SEE IS A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL!
NOT MUCH USE TO US IN THIS CELL, I'M AFRAID...

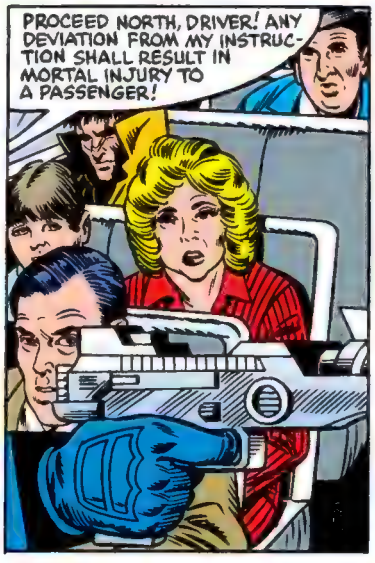
...BUT THEN WE WON'T BE HERE FOR TOO MUCH LONGER!


AT A TOLL BOOTH NEAR BALTIMORE...
...TOO MANY VARIABLES AT PLAY HERE! THIS PRODUCE TRUCK IS A TRAP. I CAN'T CONTROL THE SITUATION...
NEW YORK CITY
TRUCKS & BUSES
LEFT LANE
TOLL
TRUCKS
TOLL

JUST HOLD ON A DOGGONE MINUTE HERE. ONE OF YOUR STICKERS IS EXPIRED. DON'T FRET NONE, JUST A ROUTINE CHECK...


A BUS, TRANSPORT AND HOSTAGES COMBINED. A SITUATION I CAN CONTROL!
29

STAY YOUR HAND, DRIVER! LEST A HERO'S LAURELS ADORN THY BROW IN DEATH'S SLUMBER!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, MAC! YOU GOT THE GUN!


PROCEED NORTH, DRIVER! ANY DEVIATION FROM MY INSTRUCTION SHALL RESULT IN MORTAL INJURY TO A PASSENGER!

MAJOR BLUDD! OF ALL THE BUSES FOR HIM TO HI JACK!
WELL IT'S GONNA TAKE MORE THAN A HALF-BAKED POET TO STOP OL' SCARFACE FROM GETTING HOME TO CONEY ISLAND!

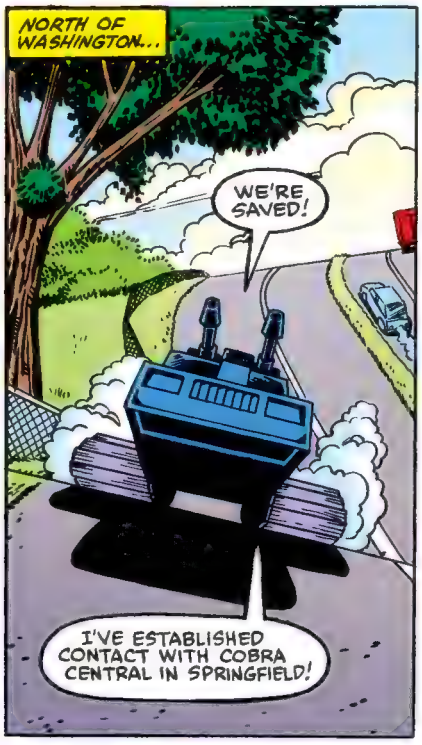
HEY! COME BACK HERE! WHATCHA THINK YOU DOIN'! HEY!
TV4 NEWS
SCREEEEEE

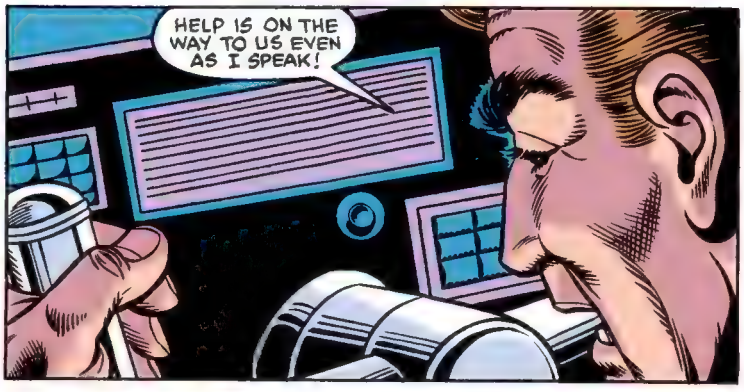
...WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. JUST WANT TO BUY INTO YOUR LITTLE GAME OF CHANCE HERE.

NO OFFENSE, MISTER... BUT I NEVER GAMBLE WITH ANYBODY TWICE AS BIG AS ME.
'SIDES, YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE NO SHOOTER TO ME...

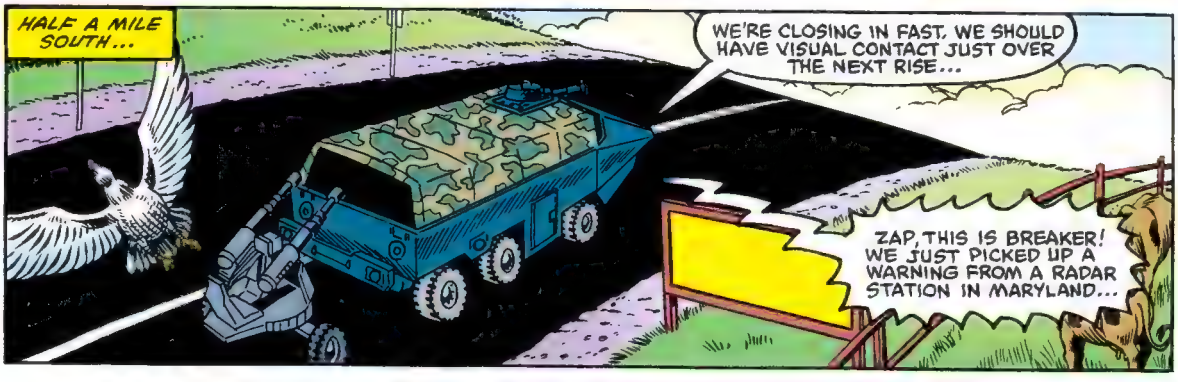
DICE ARE NOT MY FORTE. MY FRIEND HERE SHOOTS. I HOLD THE MONEY.

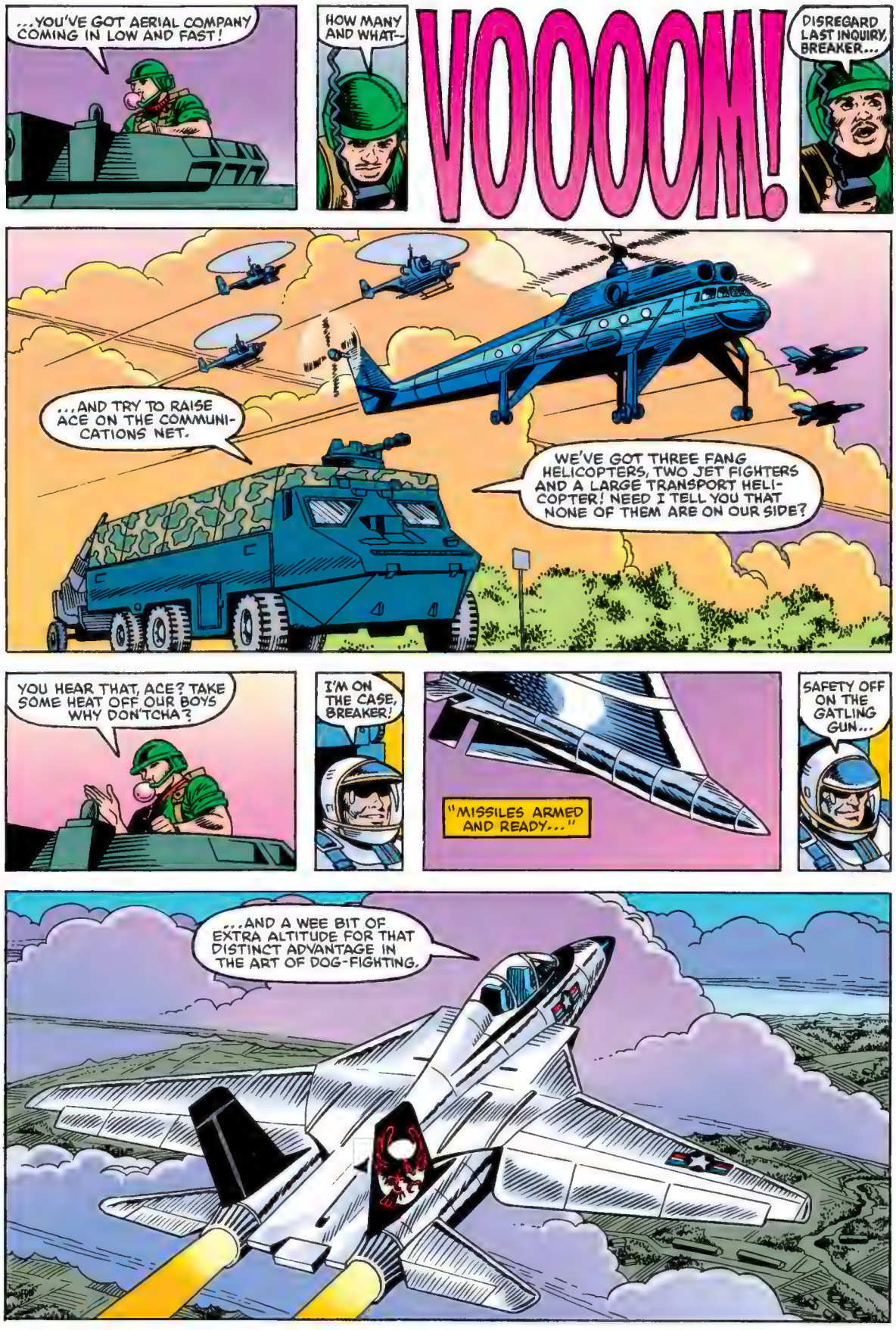
OK, MYSTERY MAN. WE'LL TAKE YOUR MONEY. SHOOT. THE POINT IS SNAKE-EYES--
--WHAT'S SO FUNNY?


NORTH OF WASHINGTON...
WE'RE SAVED!
I'VE ESTABLISHED CONTACT WITH COBRA CENTRAL IN SPRINGFIELD!

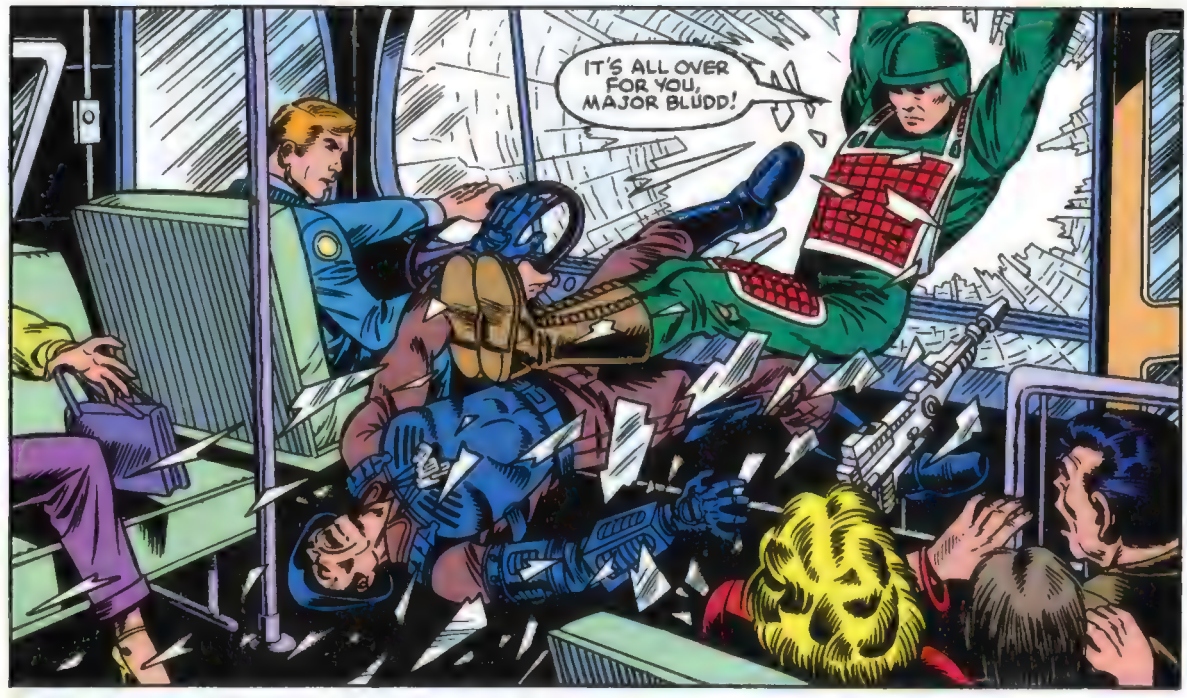

HELP IS ON THE WAY TO US EVEN AS I SPEAK!

THAT JUST MEANS WE HAVE TO STAY EXPOSED ON THE HIGHWAY FOR EVEN LONGER!
WE'LL GET AWAY! NOTHING WILL KEEP ME FROM MY REVENGE!


HALF A MILE SOUTH...
WE'RE CLOSING IN FAST. WE SHOULD HAVE VISUAL CONTACT JUST OVER THE NEXT RISE...
ZAP, THIS IS BREAKER! WE JUST PICKED UP A WARNING FROM A RADAR STATION IN MARYLAND...


...YOU'VE GOT AERIAL COMPANY COMING IN LOW AND FAST!
HOW MANY AND WHAT--
VOOOOM!
DISREGARD LAST INQUIRY, BREAKER...
...AND TRY TO RAISE ACE ON THE COMMUNICATIONS NET.
WE'VE GOT THREE FANG HELICOPTERS, TWO JET FIGHTERS AND A LARGE TRANSPORT HELICOPTER! NEED I TELL YOU THAT NONE OF THEM ARE ON OUR SIDE?
YOU HEAR THAT, ACE? TAKE SOME HEAT OFF OUR BOYS WHY DON'TCHA?
I'M ON THE CASE, BREAKER!
"MISSILES ARMED AND READY..."
SAFETY OFF ON THE GATLING GUN...
...AND A WEE BIT OF EXTRA ALTITUDE FOR THAT DISTINCT ADVANTAGE IN THE ART OF DOG-FIGHTING.

NORTH OF THE TOLL BOOTH IN BALTIMORE...
WE CAN'T DODGE BULLETS FOREVER, STALKER!
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, GRAND SLAM? RUN HIM OFF THE ROAD?
BLAM BLAM BLAM!
FOOLS! LEAVE ME BE AND LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY!
BLAM BLAM BLAM!
PULL UP ON THE LEFT. ON HIS BLIND SIDE...
I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GONNA TRY...
...BUT THAT DON'T MEAN I HAVE TO WATCH!
LSP129
CLEARANCE 15'9"
WHU? THE ROOF!


IT'S ALL OVER FOR YOU, MAJOR BLUDD!

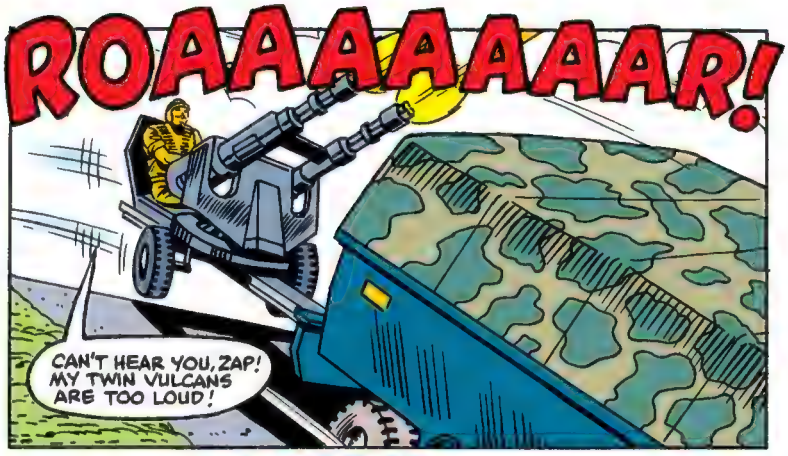
OVER? NOT 'TIL I BREATHE MY LAST--

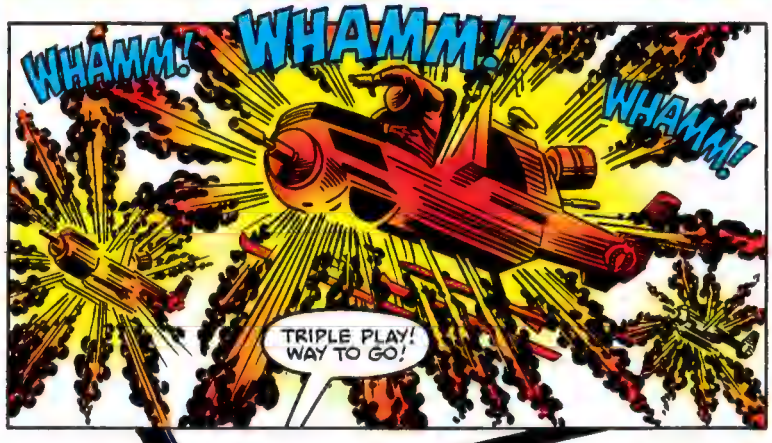
--YOU!!

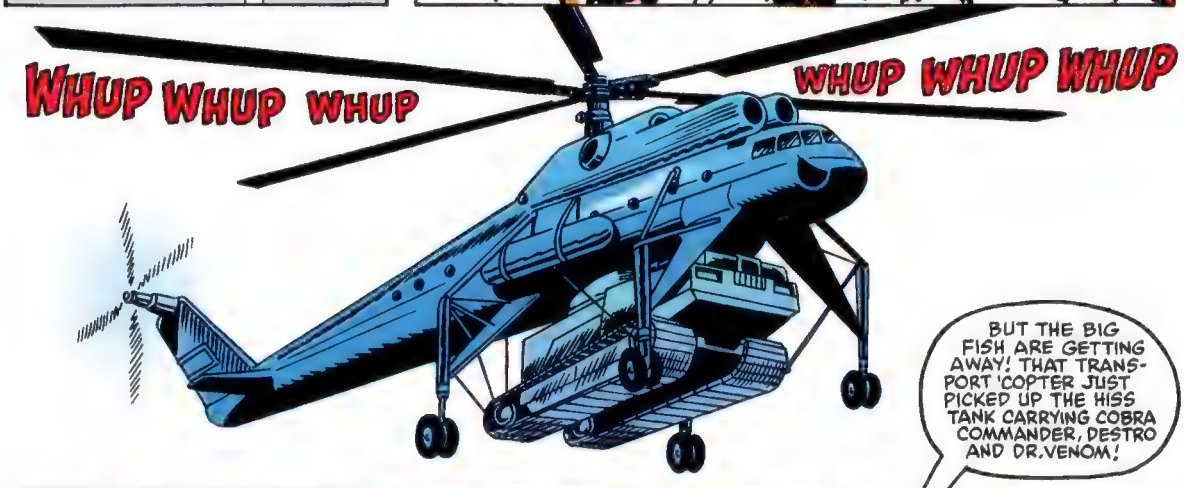
THWACK!

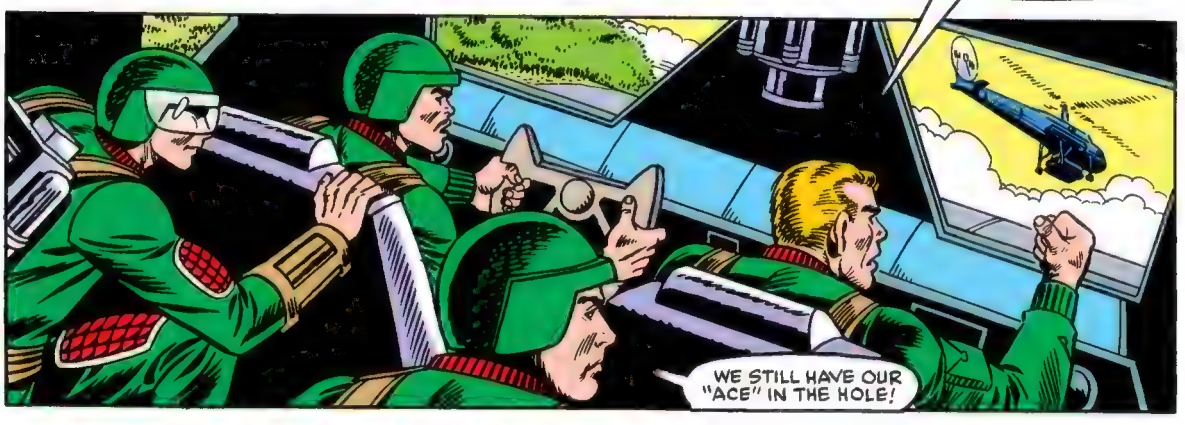
ELSEWHERE...
LOOK! THEY'RE SPLITTING UP! THE JET FIGHTERS ARE HEADING FOR THE CEILING, AND THE 'COPTERS--

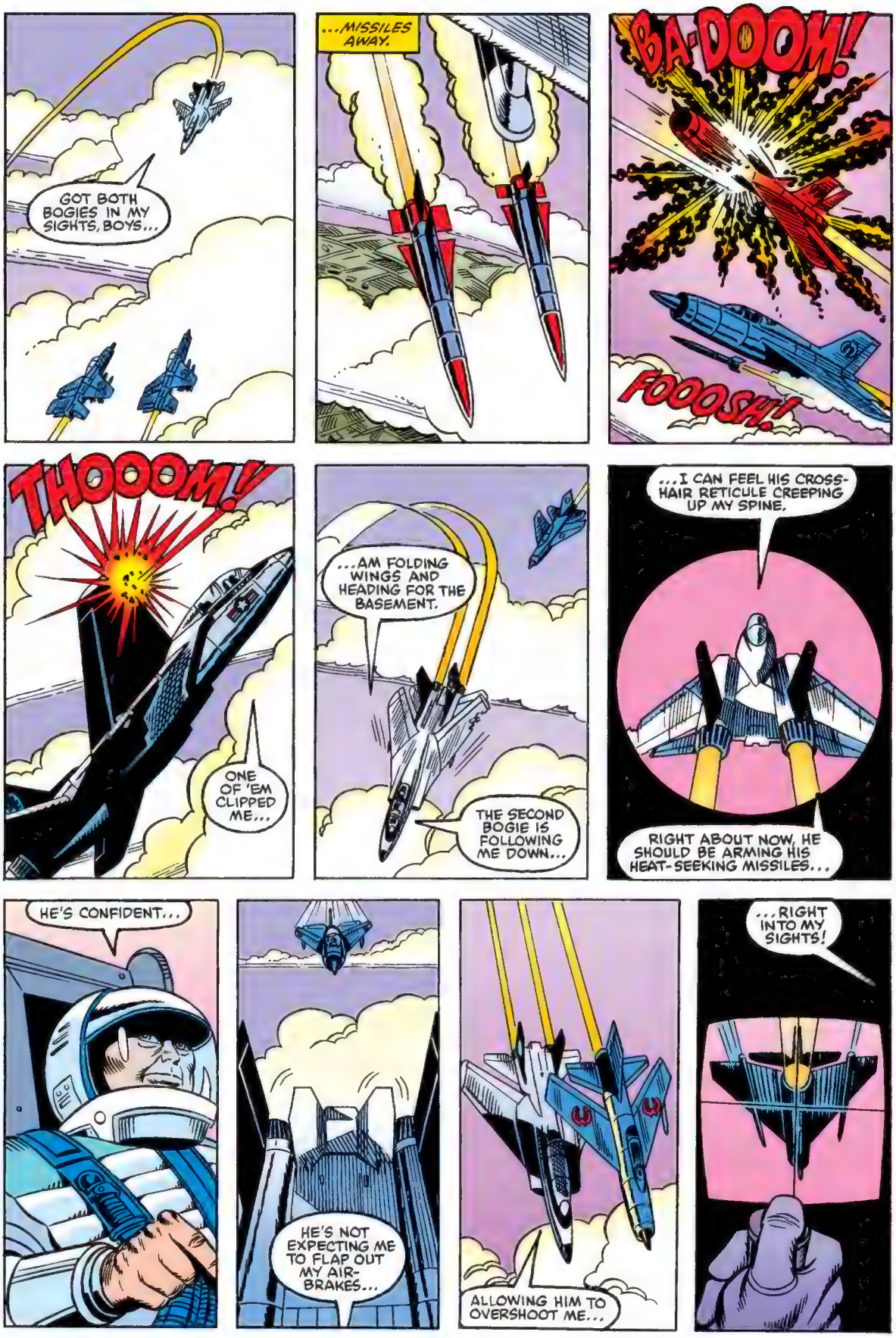
RATATATATATAT!
--ARE HEADING FOR US!
ROCK 'N ROLL! DO YOUR THING!

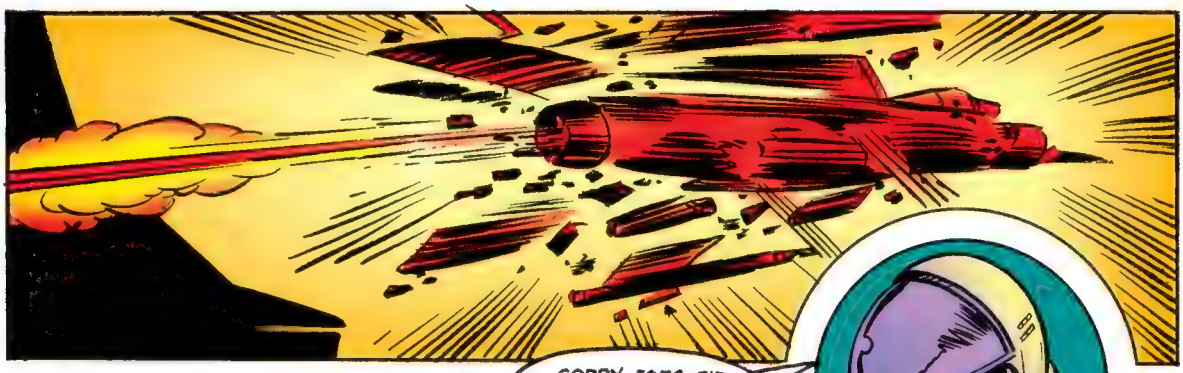

ROAAAAAAAR!
CAN'T HEAR YOU, ZAP! MY TWIN VULCANS ARE TOO LOUD!

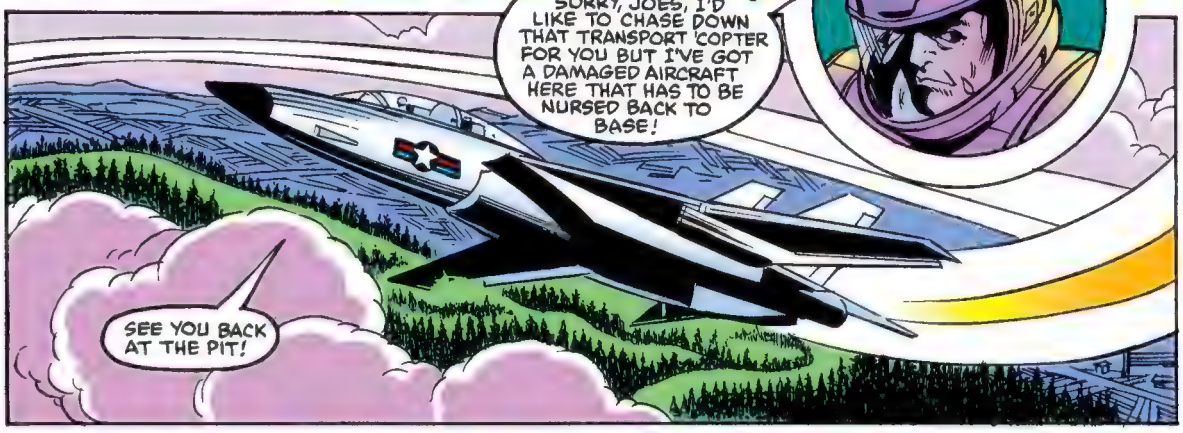

WHAMM!
WHAMM!
WHAMM!
TRIPLE PLAY! WAY TO GO!


WHUP WHUP WHUP
WHUP WHUP WHUP

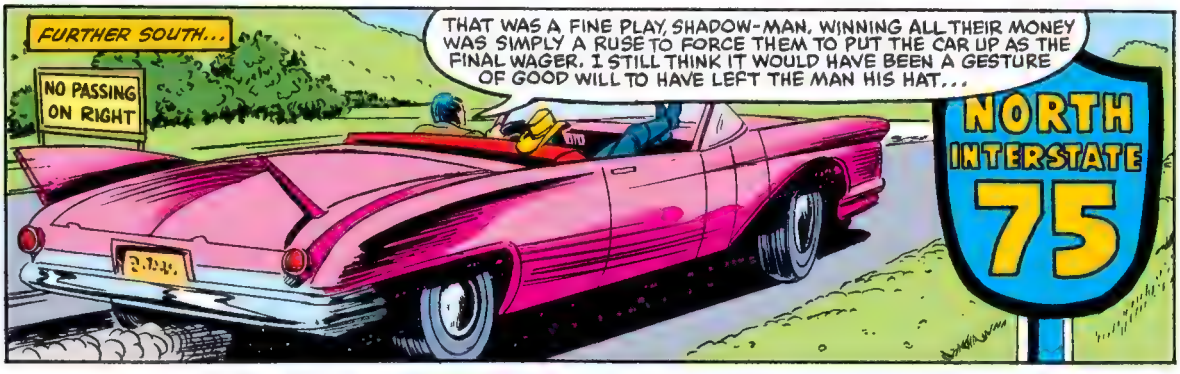

BUT THE BIG FISH ARE GETTING AWAY! THAT TRANSPORT 'COPTER JUST PICKED UP THE HISS TANK CARRYING COBRA COMMANDER, DESTRO AND DR. VENOM!
WE STILL HAVE OUR "ACE" IN THE HOLE!


GOT BOTH BOGIES IN MY SIGHTS, BOYS...
...MISSILES AWAY.
BA-DOOM!
FOOOSH!
THOOOM!
ONE OF 'EM CLIPPED ME...
...AM FOLDING WINGS AND HEADING FOR THE BASEMENT.
THE SECOND BOGIE IS FOLLOWING ME DOWN...
...I CAN FEEL HIS CROSS-HAIR RETICULE CREEPING UP MY SPINE.
RIGHT ABOUT NOW, HE SHOULD BE ARMING HIS HEAT-SEEKING MISSILES...
HE'S CONFIDENT...
HE'S NOT EXPECTING ME TO FLAP OUT MY AIR-BRAKES...
ALLOWING HIM TO OVERSHOOT ME...
...RIGHT INTO MY SIGHTS!




SORRY, JOES, I'D LIKE TO CHASE DOWN THAT TRANSPORT 'COPTER FOR YOU BUT I'VE GOT A DAMAGED AIRCRAFT HERE THAT HAS TO BE NURSED BACK TO BASE!
SEE YOU BACK AT THE PIT!

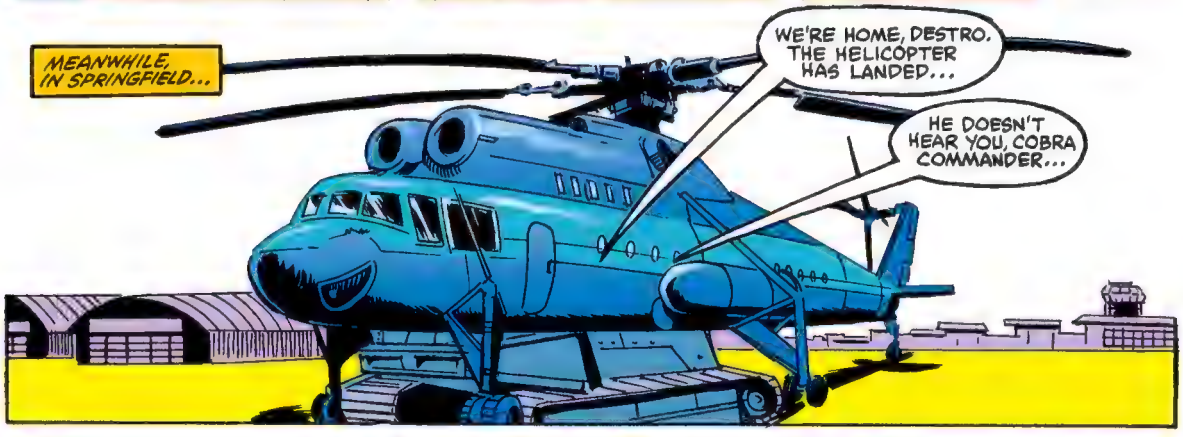
ALL THIS AND COBRA COMMANDER STILL GETS AWAY. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO SAY TO HAWK?
WE TELL HIM "GET WELL" AND WE GO ABOUT TRACKING DOWN THIS COBRA CREEP AND DRAG HIS SORRY CASE BACK TO STATEN ISLAND!


FURTHER SOUTH...
NO PASSING ON RIGHT
THAT WAS A FINE PLAY, SHADOW-MAN. WINNING ALL THEIR MONEY WAS SIMPLY A RUSE TO FORCE THEM TO PUT THE CAR UP AS THE FINAL WAGER. I STILL THINK IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A GESTURE OF GOOD WILL TO HAVE LEFT THE MAN HIS HAT...
NORTH
INTERSTATE
75

HRMPH! WHAT HYPOCRISY! HERE I AM, RIDING THE ROAD TO VENGEANCE AND I SPEAK OF GESTURES OF GOOD WILL ...IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO KNOW THE WEASEL SPIRIT IN YOURSELF, MY FRIEND...

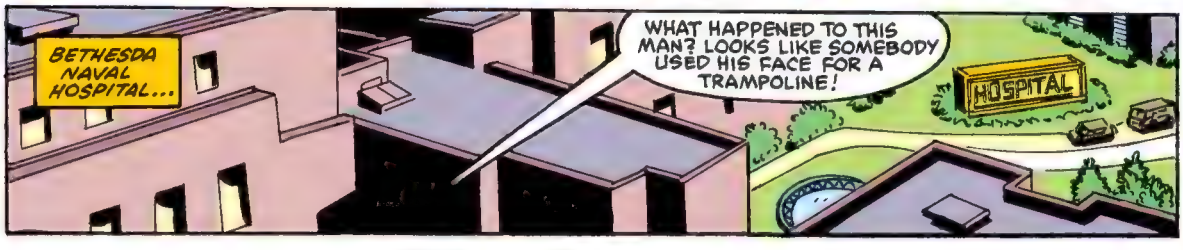
...YOU MUST WRESTLE WITH THE WEASEL AND THROW HIM DOWN. YOU MUST KEEP HIM FROM WHISPERING REVENGE IN THE EAR OF YOUR SOUL FOR ALL YOUR WAKING HOURS!

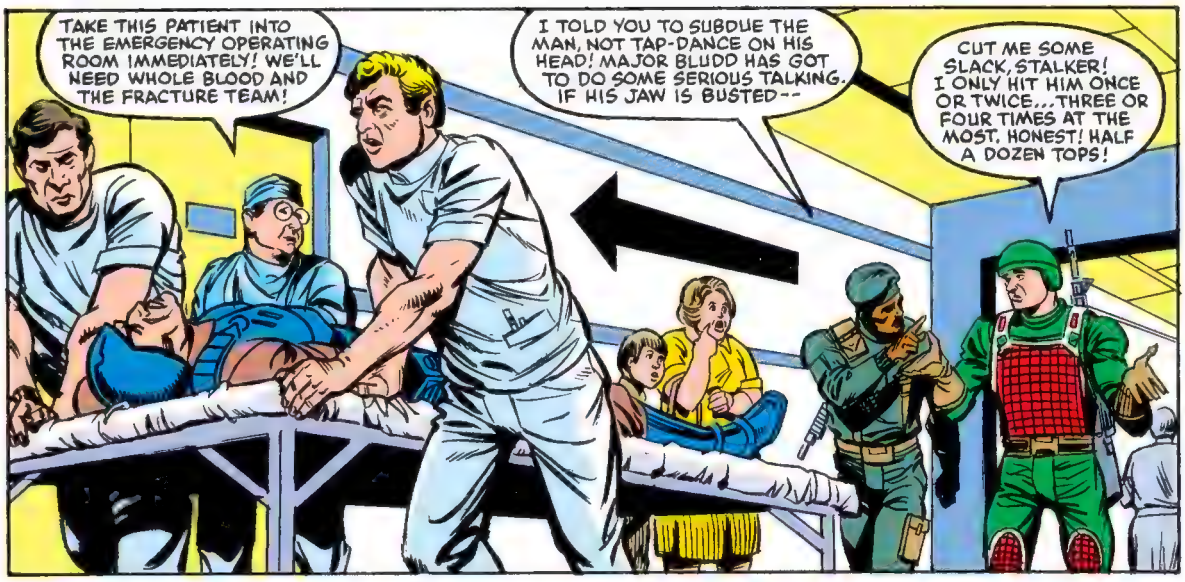
BUT I AM THROUGH WRESTLING WITH THE WEASEL. WE GO TO CONEY ISLAND, SHADOW-MAN. WE TAKE THE FIRST STEP--
--TOWARDS VENGEANCE.


MEANWHILE, IN SPRINGFIELD...
WE'RE HOME, DESTRO. THE HELICOPTER HAS LANDED...
HE DOESN'T HEAR YOU, COBRA COMMANDER...

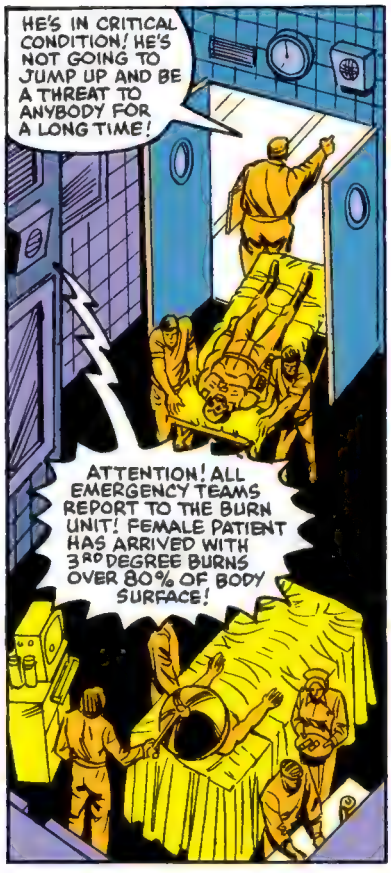
...HE'S LOST IN HIS THOUGHTS AND HIS SORROW AGAIN.
YOU'D BETTER HOPE AND PRAY THAT MAJOR BLUDD IS DEAD...

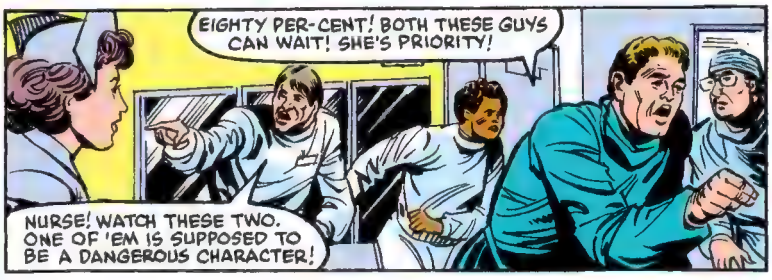
...BECAUSE IF DESTRO GETS BLUDD ALIVE AND THE MAJOR LETS SLIP THAT IT WAS YOU WHO ORDERED THE KILLING...


BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL...
WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS MAN? LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY USED HIS FACE FOR A TRAMPOLINE!
HOSPITAL


TAKE THIS PATIENT INTO THE EMERGENCY OPERATING ROOM IMMEDIATELY! WE'LL NEED WHOLE BLOOD AND THE FRACTURE TEAM!
I TOLD YOU TO SUBDUE THE MAN, NOT TAP-DANCE ON HIS HEAD! MAJOR BLUDD HAS GOT TO DO SOME SERIOUS TALKING. IF HIS JAW IS BUSTED--
CUT ME SOME SLACK, STALKER! I ONLY HIT HIM ONCE OR TWICE... THREE OR FOUR TIMES AT THE MOST. HONEST! HALF A DOZEN TOPS!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
THAT PATIENT IS A DANGEROUS TERRORIST AND--
SURGERY


HE'S IN CRITICAL CONDITION! HE'S NOT GOING TO JUMP UP AND BE A THREAT TO ANYBODY FOR A LONG TIME!
ATTENTION! ALL EMERGENCY TEAMS REPORT TO THE BURN UNIT! FEMALE PATIENT HAS ARRIVED WITH 3RD DEGREE BURNS OVER 80% OF BODY SURFACE!

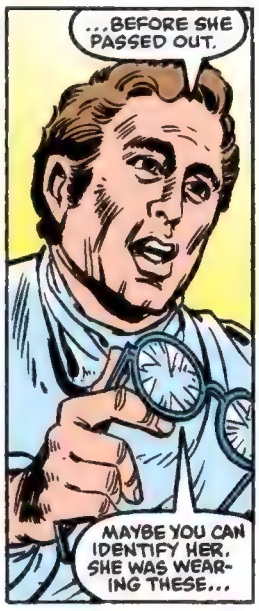

EIGHTY PER-CENT! BOTH THESE GUYS CAN WAIT! SHE'S PRIORITY!
NURSE! WATCH THESE TWO. ONE OF 'EM IS SUPPOSED TO BE A DANGEROUS CHARACTER!

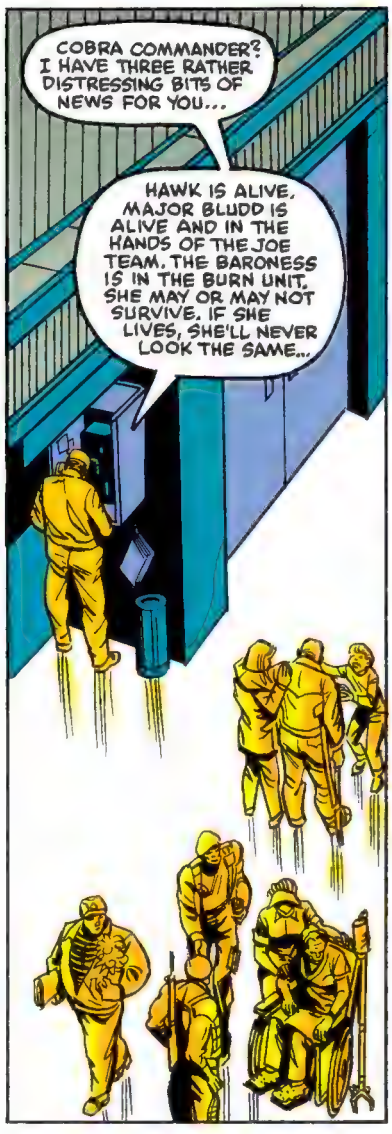
OBVIOUSLY, THEY WERE SPEAKING OF ME! MY WOUNDS WERE MORE PRETENSE THAN FACT! NOW SHOW ME THE PARKING LOT OR I SHALL BE FORCED TO DEMONSTRATE THE DANGEROUS QUALITIES THEY--

I THINK NOT, BLUDD...
THE DANGEROUS CHARACTER THEY WERE REFERRING TO WAS ME!

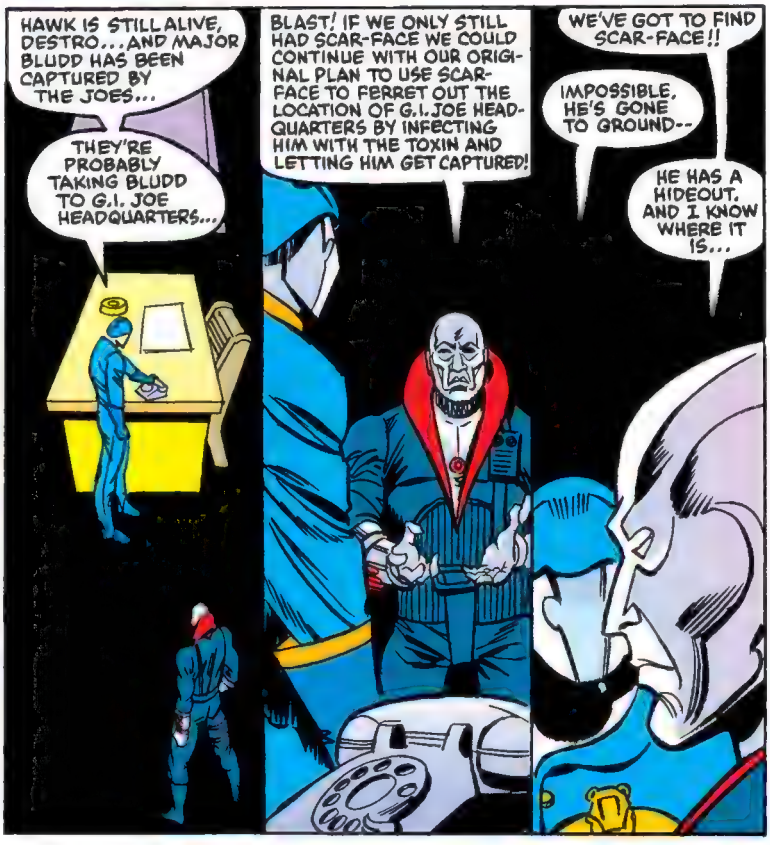
IT ALWAYS SEEMS TO MAKE THE DOCTORS UP-TIGHT WHEN THE PATIENT REFUSES TO REMOVE HIS SHOULDER HOLSTER OR GIVE UP HIS .45!
NURSE, GO FIND ME SOMEBODY WITH A GREEN SUIT AND A GUN...

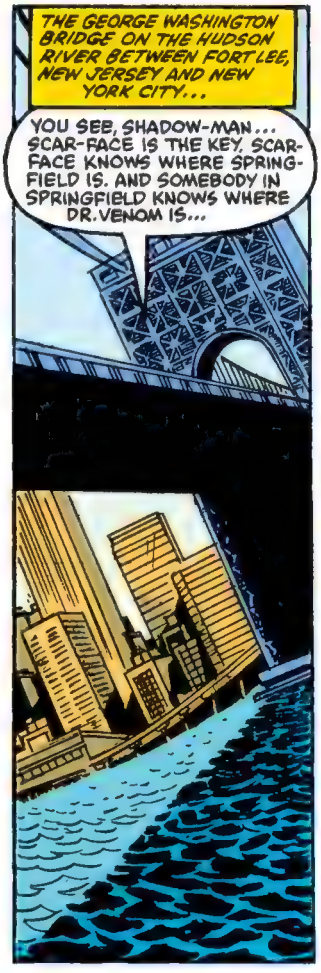
UH... ARE YOU-- HAWK?
THAT FEMALE BURN VICTIM ASKED TO SPEAK TO YOU...

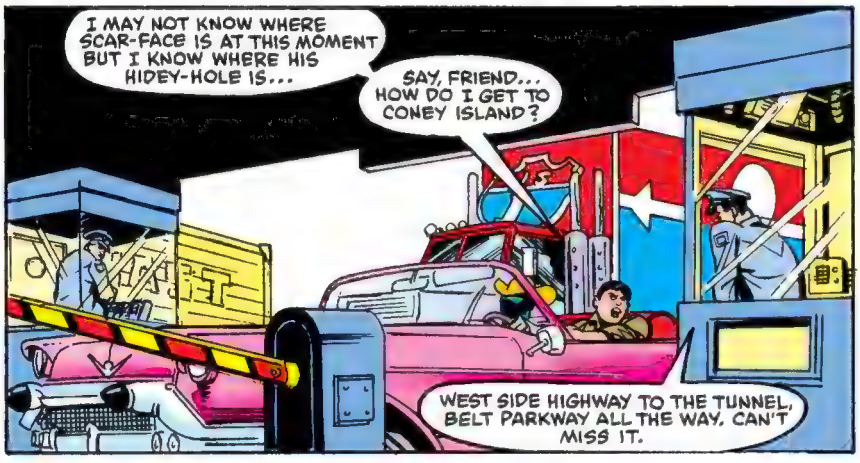

...BEFORE SHE PASSED OUT.
MAYBE YOU CAN IDENTIFY HER. SHE WAS WEARING THESE...


COBRA COMMANDER? I HAVE THREE RATHER DISTRESSING BITS OF NEWS FOR YOU...
HAWK IS ALIVE. MAJOR BLUDD IS ALIVE AND IN THE HANDS OF THE JOE TEAM. THE BARONESS IS IN THE BURN UNIT. SHE MAY OR MAY NOT SURVIVE. IF SHE LIVES, SHE'LL NEVER LOOK THE SAME...

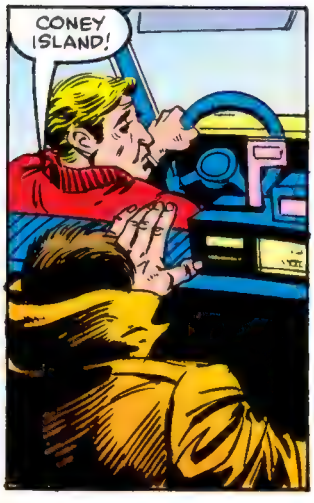
...I HAVE ALREADY PLACED MY COVER IN JEOPARDY BY LYING TO THE JOES ABOUT BLUDD'S CONDITION. I AWAIT YOUR ORDERS AS TO THE DISPOSITION OF OUR TWO "LIABILITIES!" ALL HAIL MIGHTY COBRA.


HAWK IS STILL ALIVE, DESTRO... AND MAJOR BLUDD HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE JOES...
THEY'RE PROBABLY TAKING BLUDD TO G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS...
BLAST! IF WE ONLY STILL HAD SCAR-FACE WE COULD CONTINUE WITH OUR ORIGINAL PLAN TO USE SCAR-FACE TO FERRET OUT THE LOCATION OF G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS BY INFECTING HIM WITH THE TOXIN AND LETTING HIM GET CAPTURED!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND SCAR-FACE!!
IMPOSSIBLE. HE'S GONE TO GROUND--
HE HAS A HIDEOUT. AND I KNOW WHERE IT IS...

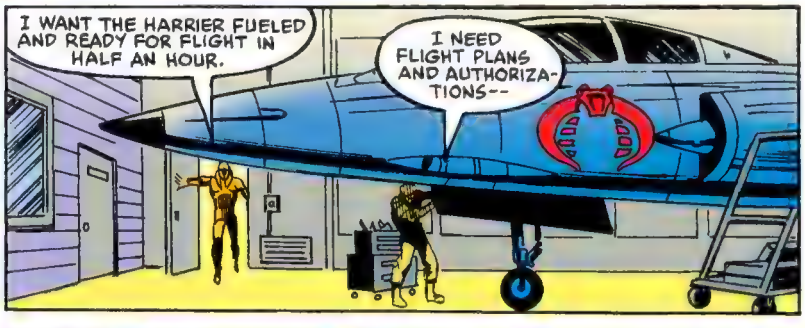

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE ON THE HUDSON RIVER BETWEEN FORT LEE, NEW JERSEY AND NEW YORK CITY...
YOU SEE, SHADOW-MAN... SCAR-FACE IS THE KEY. SCAR-FACE KNOWS WHERE SPRING-FIELD IS. AND SOMEBODY IN SPRINGFIELD KNOWS WHERE DR. VENOM IS...


I MAY NOT KNOW WHERE SCAR-FACE IS AT THIS MOMENT BUT I KNOW WHERE HIS HIDEY-HOLE IS...
SAY, FRIEND... HOW DO I GET TO CONEY ISLAND?
WEST SIDE HIGHWAY TO THE TUNNEL, BELT PARKWAY ALL THE WAY. CAN'T MISS IT.

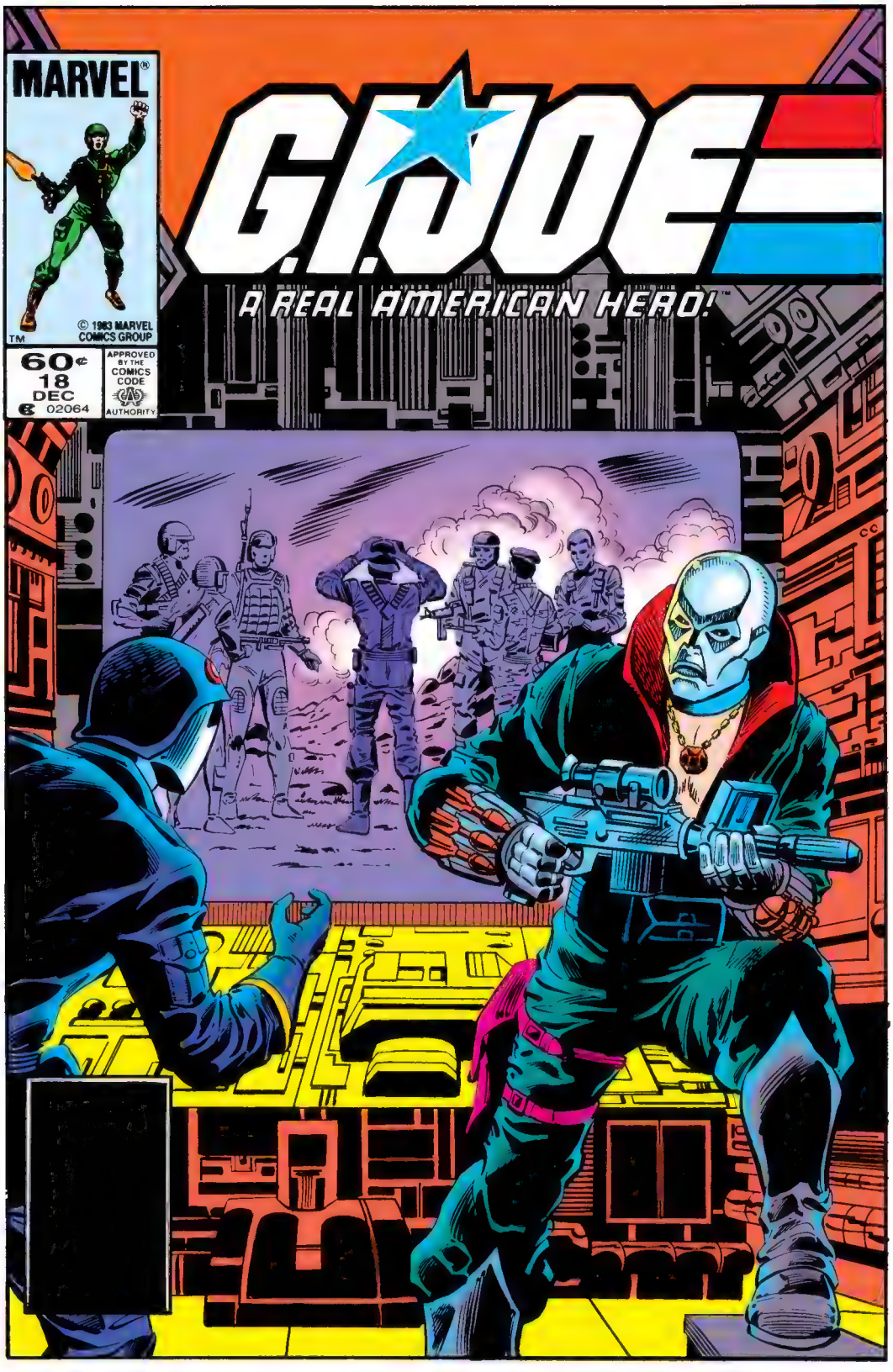
PORT AUTHORITY
TAXI!
WHERE TO?


CONEY ISLAND!

RINGFIELD
RPORT


I WANT THE HARRIER FUELED AND READY FOR FLIGHT IN HALF AN HOUR.
I NEED FLIGHT PLANS AND AUTHORIZA-TIONS--

YOU'LL NEED NEITHER. I'LL FLY THE PLANE THERE, YOU'LL FLY IT BACK.
FROM WHERE?
CONEY ISLAND.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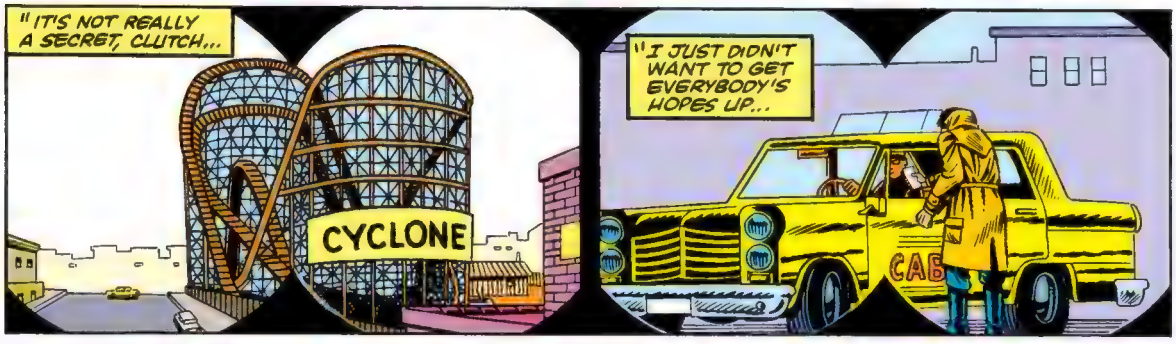
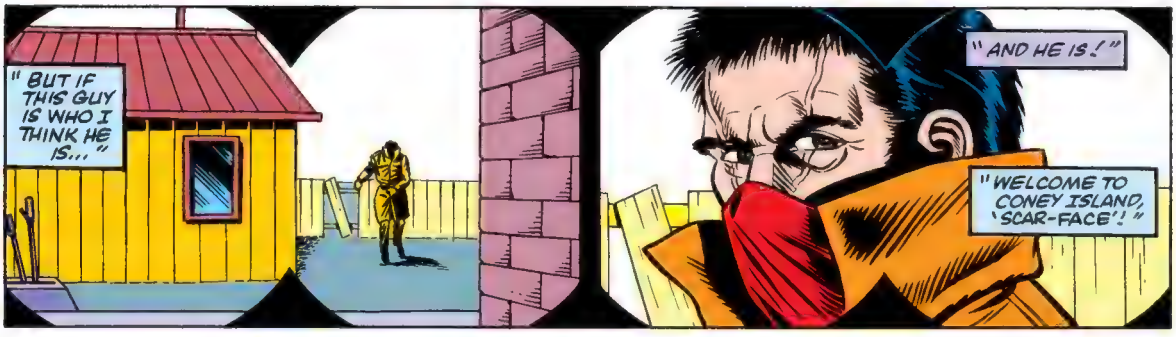
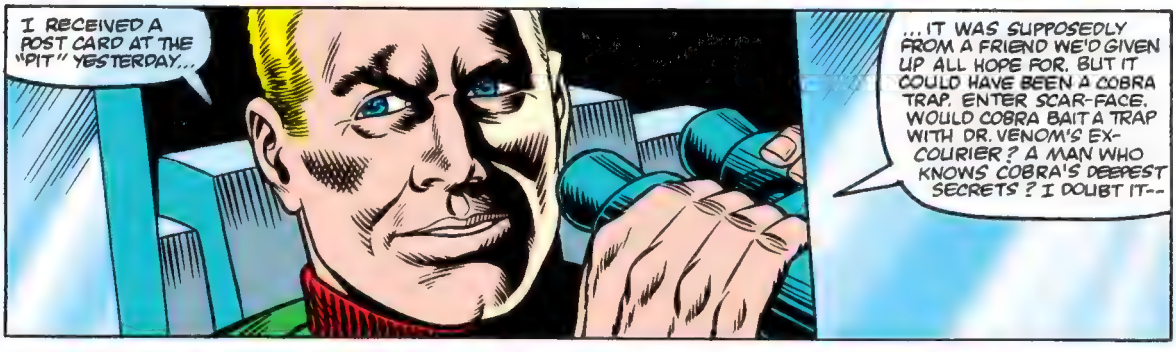
Stan Lee PRESENTS:
G.I. JOE
A REAL AMERICAN HERO™
DESTRO RETURNS!
CONEY ISLAND ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE, BUT IT'S STILL THERE -- FESTERING OFF THE COAST OF BROOKLYN LIKE THE REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT BIRTHDAY PARTY...
THAT PLANE, HAWK! IT'S SPORTING COBRA INSIGNIA!
LARRY HAMA.....SCRIPT
MIKE VOSBURG....BREAKDOWNS
JON D'AGOSTINO.....FINISHES
EDWARD NORTON.....LETTERS
GEORGE ROUSSOS.....COLORS
DENNIS J. O'NEIL.....EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER.....CHIEF

THAT'S NO SURPRISE. COBRA'S GOT A GOOD REASON TO BE SNOOPING AROUND HERE.
HOW ABOUT FILLING THE REST OF US IN ON THE SITUATION, HAWK--
--OR IS IT STILL A A SECRET?

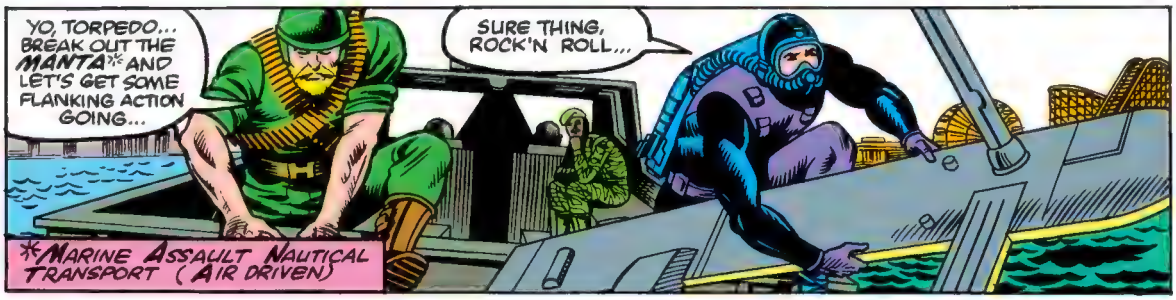

"IT'S NOT REALLY A SECRET, CLUTCH...
CYCLONE
"I JUST DIDN'T WANT TO GET EVERYBODY'S HOPES UP...
CAB

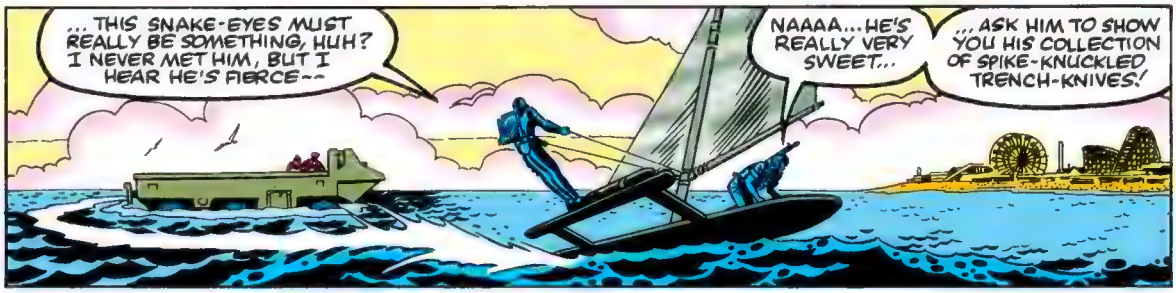

"BUT IF THIS GUY IS WHO I THINK HE IS..."
"AND HE IS!"
"WELCOME TO CONEY ISLAND, 'SCAR-FACE'!"

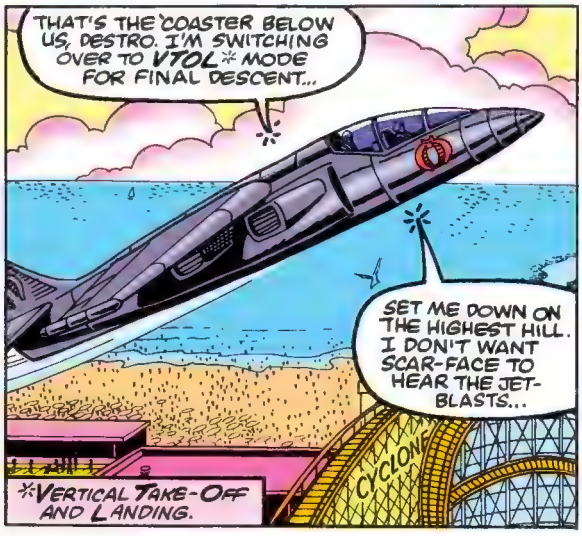

I RECEIVED A POST CARD AT THE "PIT" YESTERDAY...
...IT WAS SUPPOSEDLY FROM A FRIEND WE'D GIVEN UP ALL HOPE FOR. BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN A COBRA TRAP. ENTER SCAR-FACE. WOULD COBRA BAIT A TRAP WITH DR. VENOM'S EX-COURIER? A MAN WHO KNOWS COBRA'S DEEPEST SECRETS? I DOUBT IT--

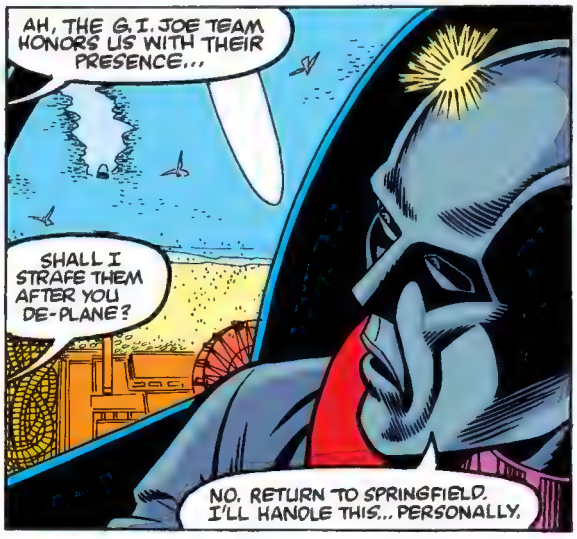
-- SO I GUESS THIS POST CARD REALLY IS FROM SNAKE-EYES!!
SAY WHAT?!
SNAKE-EYES? ALIVE? WHAT?
I DON'T BUY IT! IT COULD STILL BE A TRAP!

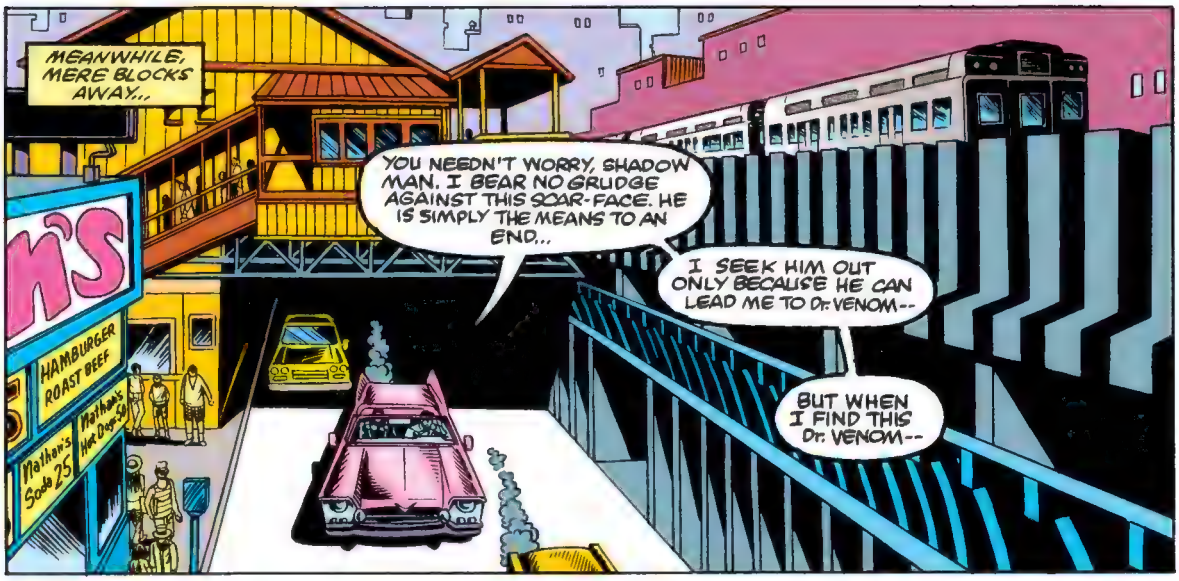
IT'S THE POST-SCRIPT THAT'S THE CLINCHER...
... BUT IT'S PERSONAL... FOR SCARLETT'S EYES ONLY.
Iawk,
Meet me at the coaster at Coney. Bring friends, I'm bringing mine.
Cheers,
S.E.
P.S.
SNAKE-EYES IS ALIVE. H-HE'S THE ONLY ONE THAT WOULD KNOW THIS...
IF THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR SCARLETT, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. LET'S GET ON WITH THE MISSION!


YO, TORPEDO... BREAK OUT THE MANTA* AND LET'S GET SOME FLANKING ACTION GOING...
SURE THING, ROCK'N ROLL...
*MARINE ASSAULT NAUTICAL TRANSPORT (AIR DRIVEN)

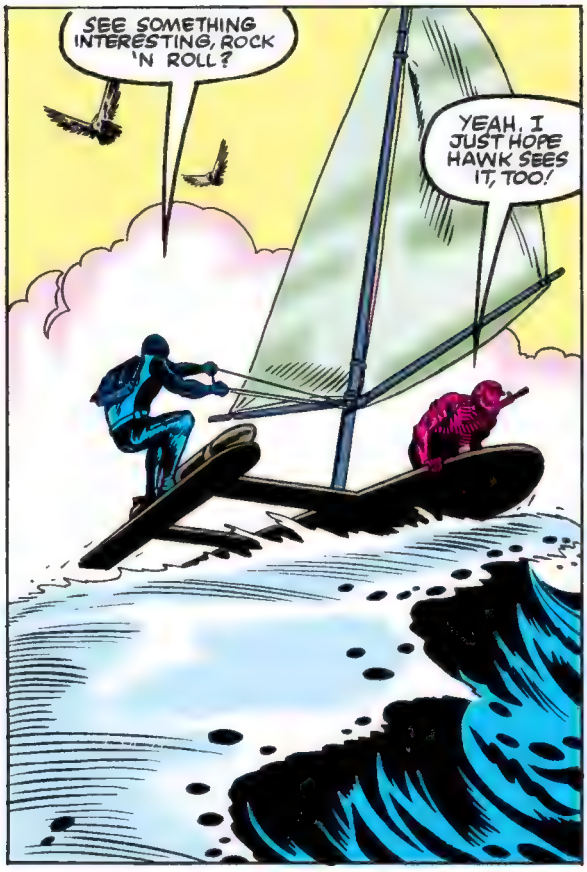

... THIS SNAKE-EYES MUST REALLY BE SOMETHING, HUH? I NEVER MET HIM, BUT I HEAR HE'S FIERCE--
NAAAA... HE'S REALLY VERY SWEET...
... ASK HIM TO SHOW YOU HIS COLLECTION OF SPIKE-KNUCKLED TRENCH-KNIVES!

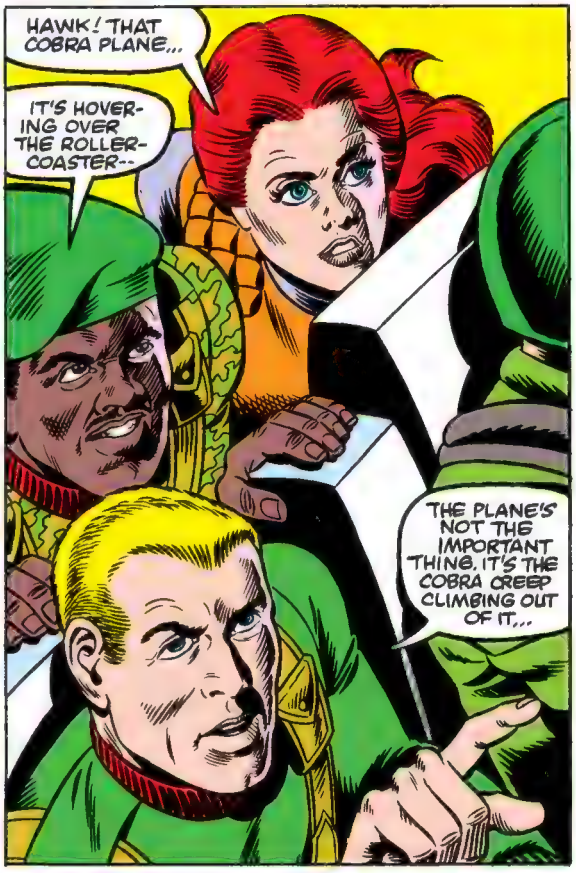

THAT'S THE COASTER BELOW US, DESTRO. I'M SWITCHING OVER TO VTOL* MODE FOR FINAL DESCENT...
SET ME DOWN ON THE HIGHEST HILL. I DON'T WANT SCAR-FACE TO HEAR THE JET-BLASTS...
CYCLONE
*VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AND LANDING.


AH, THE G.I. JOE TEAM HONORS US WITH THEIR PRESENCE...
SHALL I STRAFE THEM AFTER YOU DE-PLANE?
NO. RETURN TO SPRINGFIELD. I'LL HANDLE THIS... PERSONALLY.

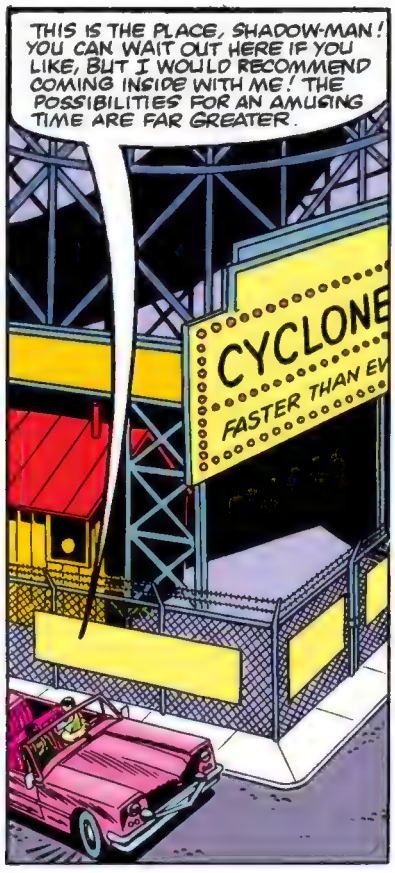

MEANWHILE, MERE BLOCKS AWAY...
YOU NEEDN'T WORRY, SHADOW MAN. I BEAR NO GRUDGE AGAINST THIS SCAR-FACE. HE IS SIMPLY THE MEANS TO AN END...
I SEEK HIM OUT ONLY BECAUSE HE CAN LEAD ME TO Dr. VENOM--
BUT WHEN I FIND THIS Dr. VENOM--
HAMBURGER ROAST BEEF
Nathan's Soda 25
Nathan's Hot Dogs

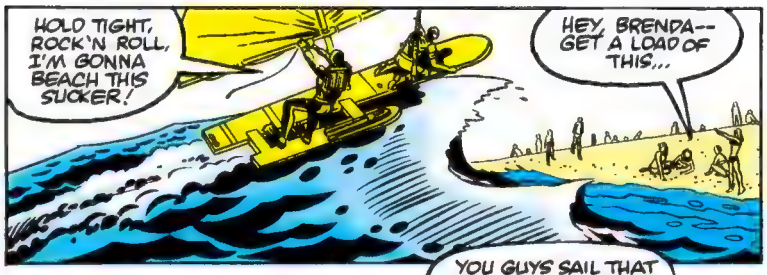
-- THEN YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT.


SEE SOMETHING INTERESTING, ROCK 'N ROLL?
YEAH, I JUST HOPE HAWK SEES IT, TOO!

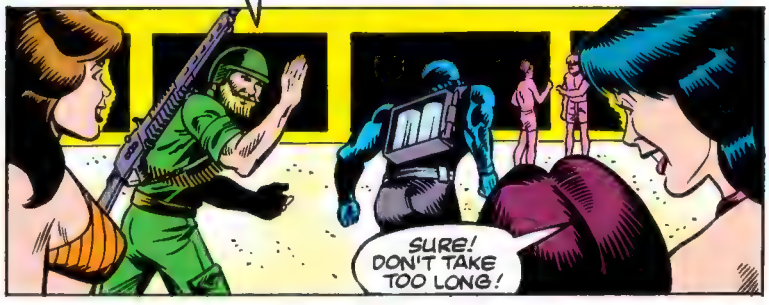

HAWK! THAT COBRA PLANE...
IT'S HOVERING OVER THE ROLLER-COASTER--
THE PLANE'S NOT THE IMPORTANT THING, IT'S THE COBRA CREEP CLIMBING OUT OF IT...

"...I CAN SEE THE SUNLIGHT GLARING OFF THAT STAINLESS STEEL MASK FROM HERE!
"THAT'S DESTRO...
"AND HE'S HEADING FOR 'COASTER UTILITY SHED THAT SCAR-FACE CALLS HOME!
"DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS, DESTRO'S THE LAST PERSON ON EARTH SCAR-FACE WANTS SHOWING UP AT HIS FRONT DOOR RIGHT THIS MOMENT..."
DESTRO...
I DON'T THINK HE'S GONNA BE TOO CRAZY ABOUT SEEING US, EITHER!
YOU THINK HE'S GONNA BE OVERJOYED TO SEE KWINN AND SNAKE-EYES? THIS IS A VERITABLE REUNION OF THE "HAVE-IT-IN-FOR-SCAR-FACE-CLUB"!
LOOKIT! A GARBAGE-SCOW WITH WHEELS!
ICE CREAM
DON'T GET TOO CLOSE, TIMMY... YOU'LL CATCH A DISEASE...


THIS IS THE PLACE, SHADOW-MAN! YOU CAN WAIT OUT HERE IF YOU LIKE, BUT I WOULD RECOMMEND COMING INSIDE WITH ME! THE POSSIBILITIES FOR AN AMUSING TIME ARE FAR GREATER.
CYCLONE
FASTER THAN EV

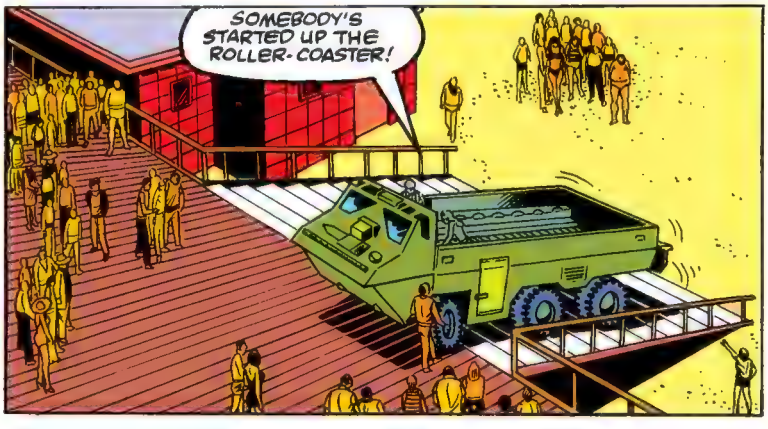

HOLD TIGHT, ROCK'N ROLL, I'M GONNA BEACH THIS SUCKER!
HEY, BRENDA-- GET A LOAD OF THIS...

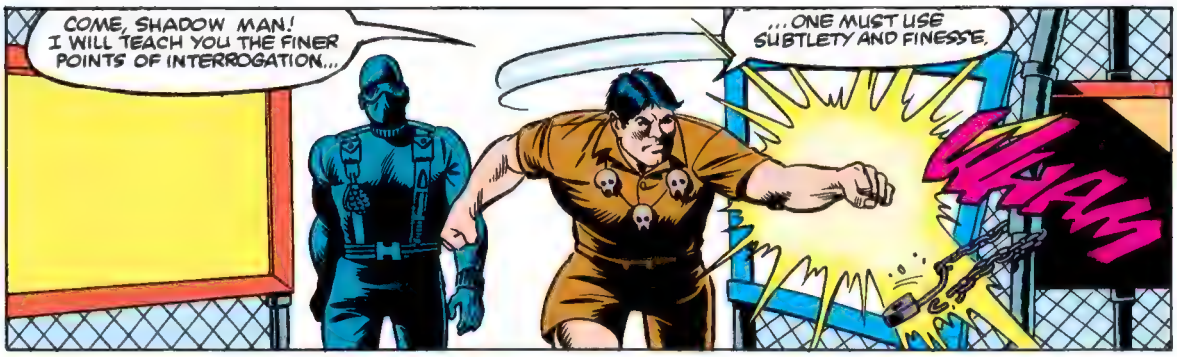
YOU GUYS SAIL THAT THING ALL THE WAY FROM MALIBU?
NAAA. JUST FROM STATEN ISLAND. MIND WATCHING IT FOR US 'TIL WE GET BACK?


SURE! DON'T TAKE TOO LONG!

SO, THE MIGHTY DESTRO THINKS HE'S GONNA FIX MY WAGON, HUH?
WELL, I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR HIM...

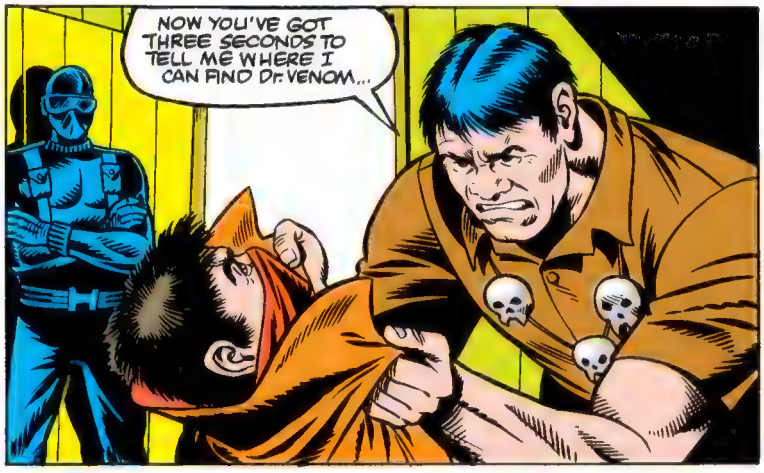
...THAT SHOULD DERAIL HIS PLANS BUT GOOD!
ROARRRR

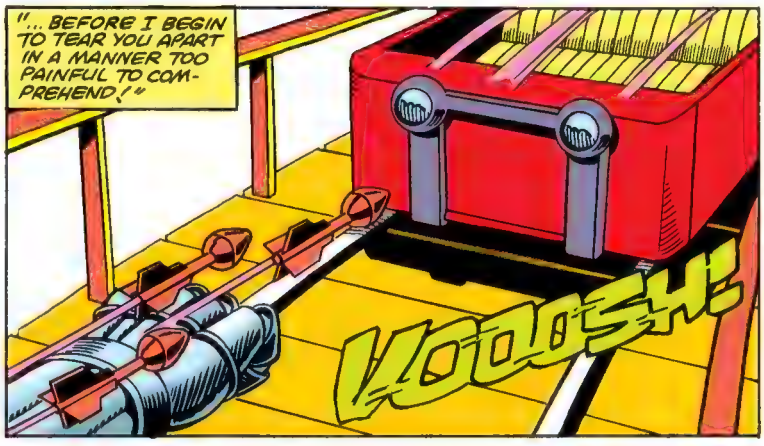

SOMEBODY'S STARTED UP THE ROLLER-COASTER!

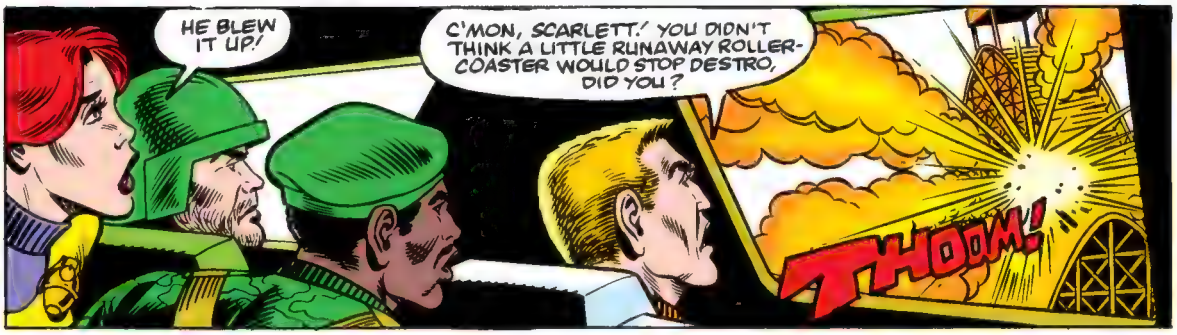

COME, SHADOW MAN! I WILL TEACH YOU THE FINER POINTS OF INTERROGATION...
...ONE MUST USE SUBTLETY AND FINESSE.
WHAM

"ONE MUST GAIN THE TRUST OF THE SUBJECT AND MANIPULATE THEIR EMOTIONAL VAGARIES LULLING THEM INTO A DANGEROUSLY-FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY...

"...ONE MUST BE SOFT AND HARD SIMULTANEOUSLY.
GOOD MORNING, SCAR-FACE! NICE DAY, ISN'T IT?
SO MUCH FOR THE SOFTNESS...

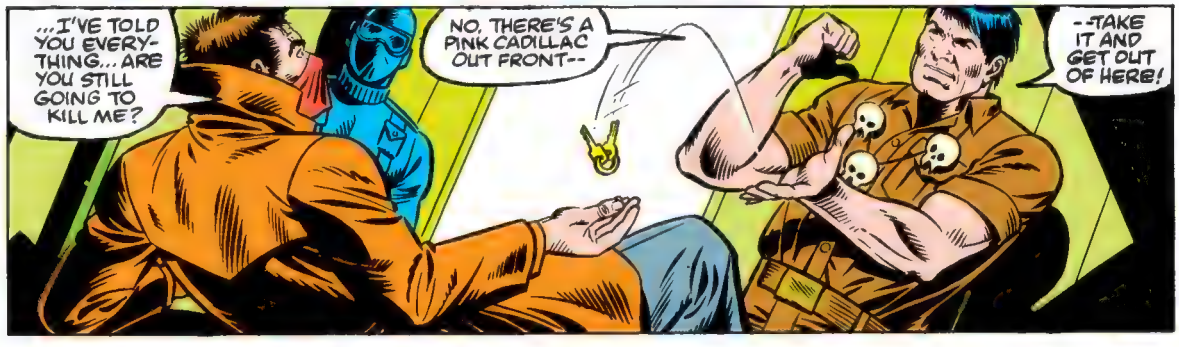

NOW YOU'VE GOT THREE SECONDS TO TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND Dr. VENOM...

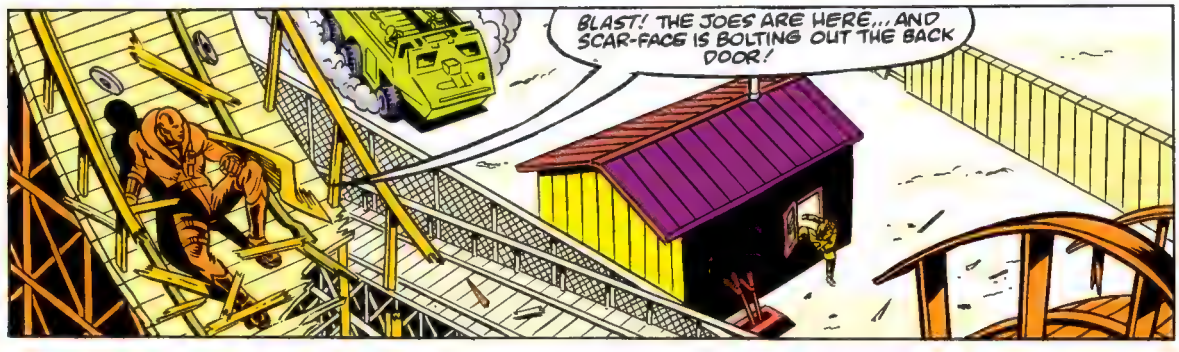

"...BEFORE I BEGIN TO TEAR YOU APART IN A MANNER TOO PAINFUL TO COMPREHEND!"
KOOOSH!


HE BLEW IT UP!
C'MON, SCARLETT! YOU DIDN'T THINK A LITTLE RUNAWAY ROLLER-COASTER WOULD STOP DESTRO, DID YOU?
THOOM!

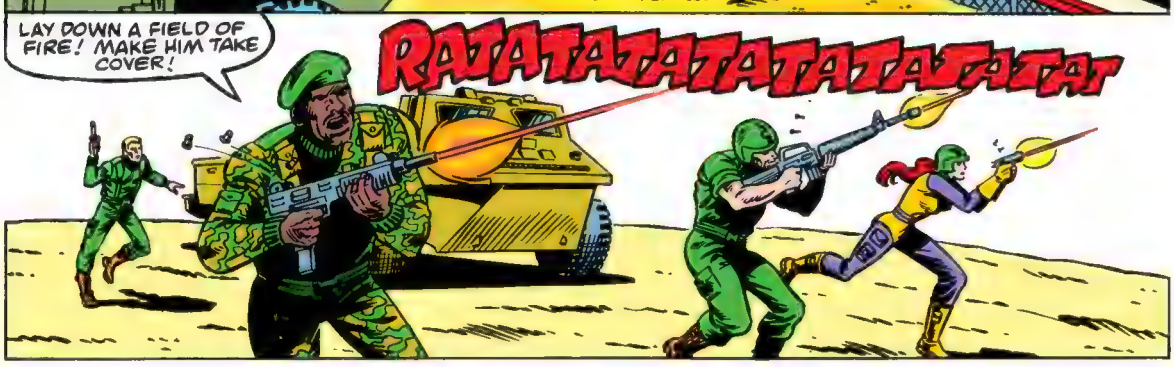
SHEESH! IT'S RAININ' ROLLER-COASTER PARTS!
TOO BAD. BETTER IF IT WERE RAINING DESTRO PARTS!

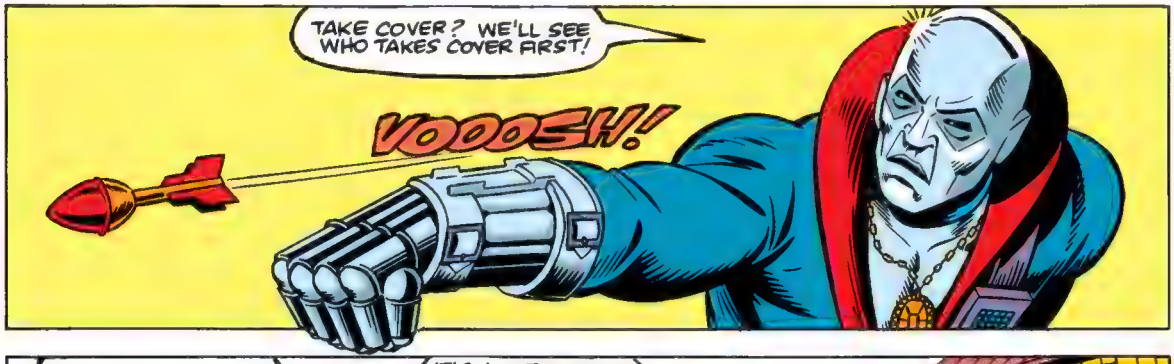
WELL, IF SCAR-FACE WASN'T SPOOKED BEFORE, HE SURE IS BY NOW!
HE'LL MAKE A RUN FOR IT...
IT'LL HAVE TO BE ON FOOT. HE PULLED UP IN A TAXI...


...I'VE TOLD YOU EVERY-THING... ARE YOU STILL GOING TO KILL ME?
NO, THERE'S A PINK CADILLAC OUT FRONT--
--TAKE IT AND GET OUT OF HERE!

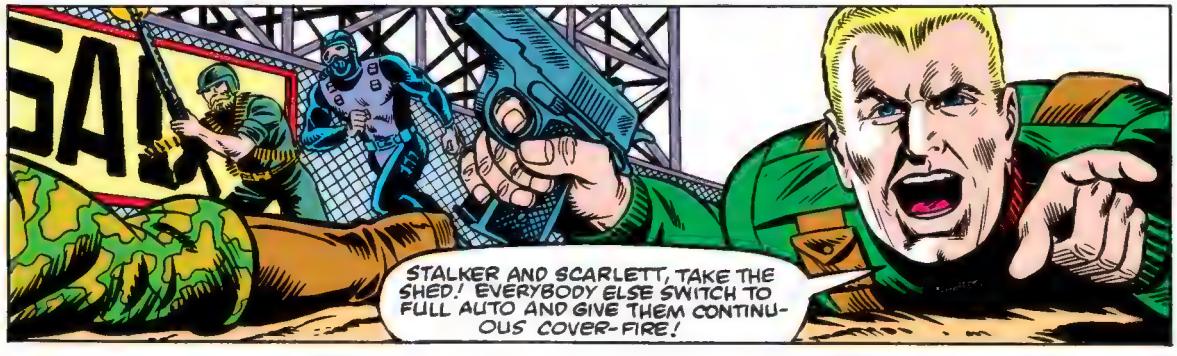

BLAST! THE JOES ARE HERE... AND SCAR-FACE IS BOLTING OUT THE BACK DOOR!

DESTRO'S GOING TO MAKE IT TO THE SHED FIRST!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
FOR SALE

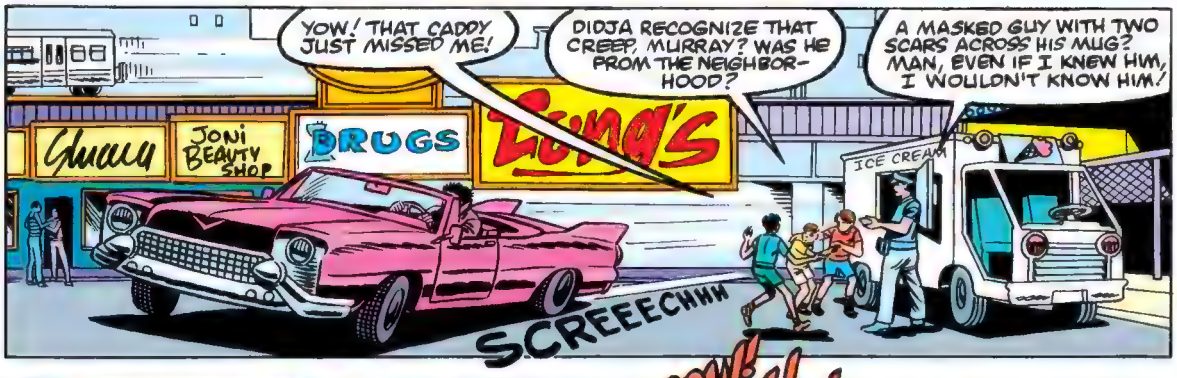

LAY DOWN A FIELD OF FIRE! MAKE HIM TAKE COVER!
RATATATATATATATATAT

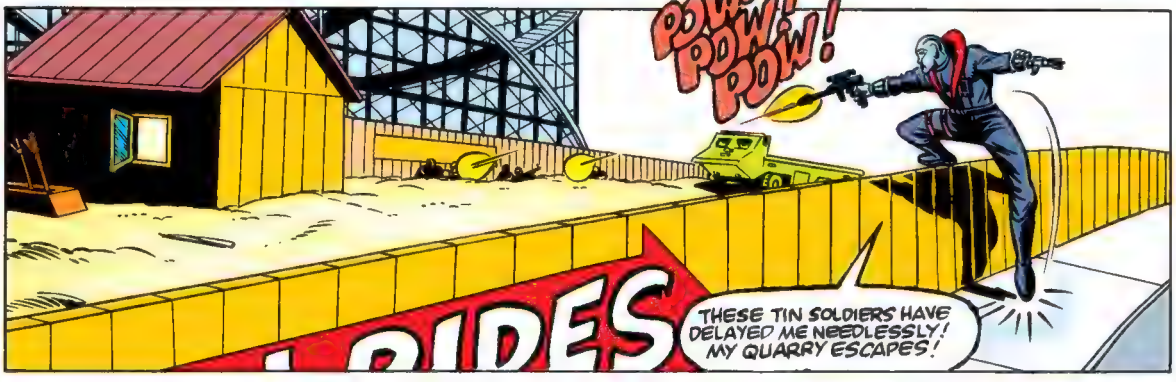

TAKE COVER? WE'LL SEE WHO TAKES COVER FIRST!
VOOOSH!

HE'S FORCING US TO EAT DIRT, HAWK!
IT'S A LOT TASTIER THAN SHRAPNEL, STALKER!
SPREAD OUT! DON'T BUNCH UP! KEEP LOW AND RETURN AIMED FIRE!


STALKER AND SCARLETT, TAKE THE SHED! EVERYBODY ELSE SWITCH TO FULL AUTO AND GIVE THEM CONTINUOUS COVER-FIRE!

INSIDE THE SHED...
WELL, SHADOW MAN...IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO DECIDE. YOUR FRIENDS ARE JUST OUTSIDE. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR THEM HERE.
OR YOU CAN COME WITH ME TO FIND Dr. VENOM.!

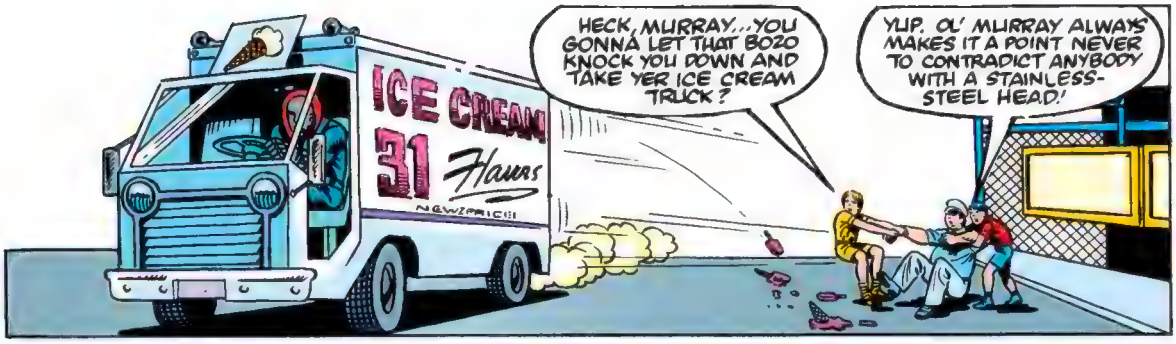

YOW! THAT CADDY JUST MISSED ME!
DIDJA RECOGNIZE THAT CREEP, MURRAY? WAS HE FROM THE NEIGHBOR-HOOD?
A MASKED GUY WITH TWO SCARS ACROSS HIS MUG? MAN, EVEN IF I KNEW HIM, I WOULDN'T KNOW HIM!
JONI BEAUTY SHOP
DRUGS
ICE CREAM
SCREEECHHH

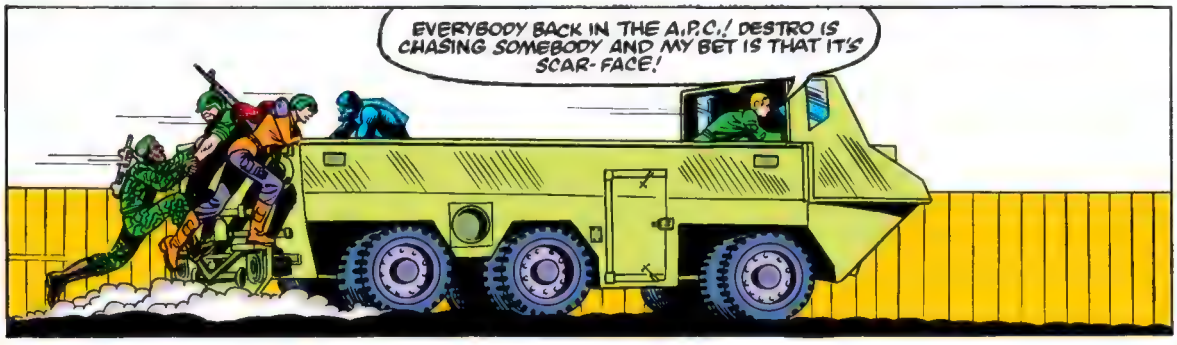

POW! POW! POW!
THESE TIN SOLDIERS HAVE DELAYED ME NEEDLESSLY! MY QUARRY ESCAPES!

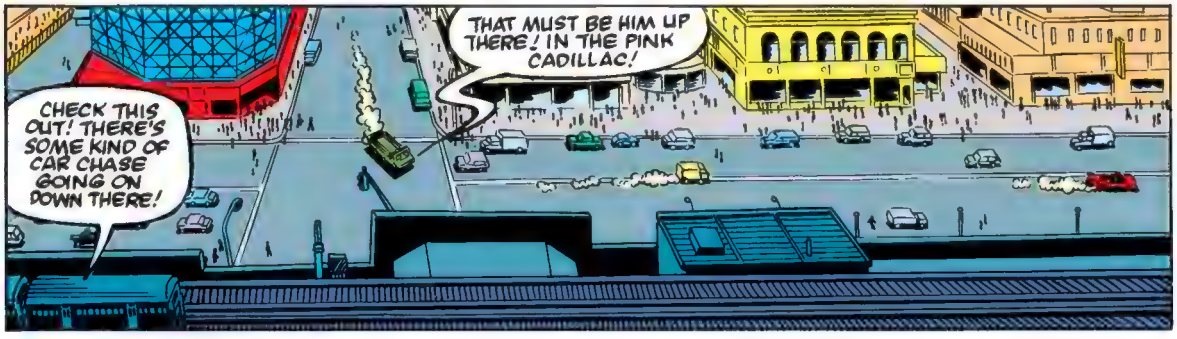
FORGET ABOUT DESTRO FOR THE MOMENT! TAKE THE SHED!

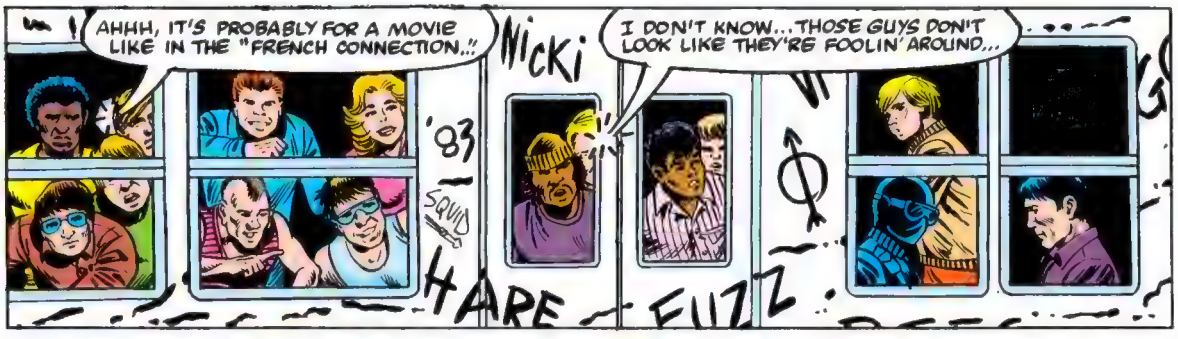
SOMEBODY ALREADY SMASHED THE DOOR!
ALL THE EASIER FOR US! LET'S TAKE IT.

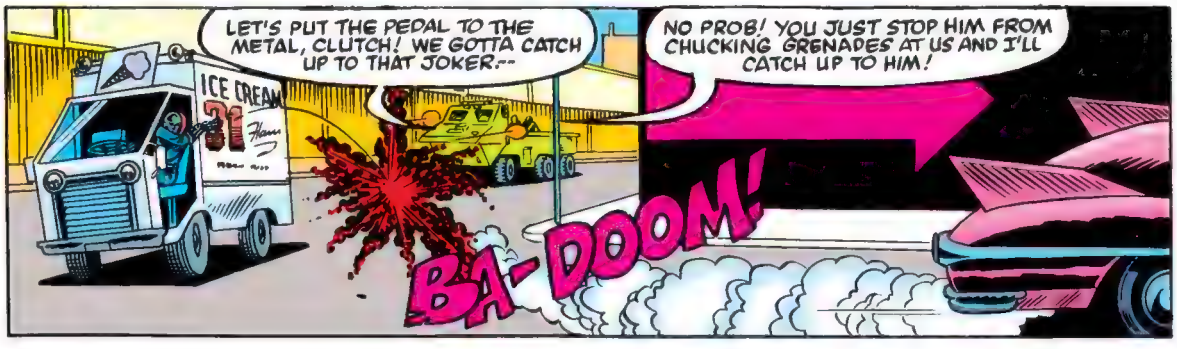
--NOW!
...EMPTY.

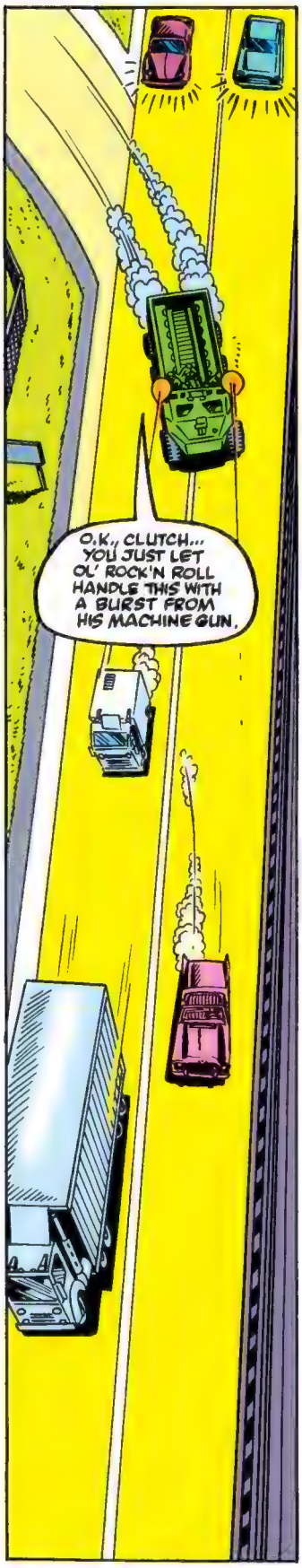

ICE CREAM
31 Flavors
HECK, MURRAY...YOU GONNA LET THAT BOZO KNOCK YOU DOWN AND TAKE YER ICE CREAM TRUCK?
YUP. OL' MURRAY ALWAYS MAKES IT A POINT NEVER TO CONTRADICT ANYBODY WITH A STAINLESS-STEEL HEAD!


EVERYBODY BACK IN THE A.P.C.! DESTRO IS CHASING SOMEBODY AND MY BET IS THAT IT'S SCAR-FACE!

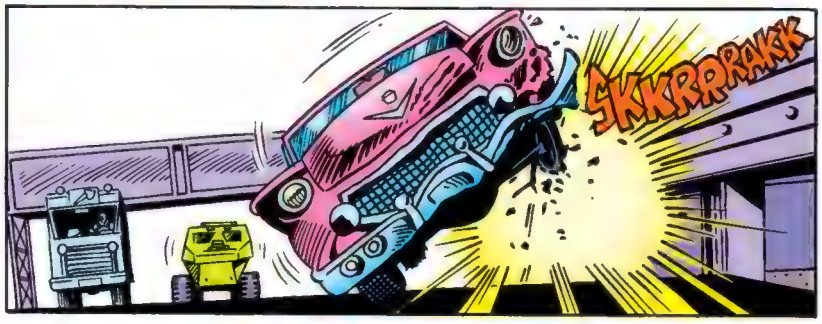

CHECK THIS OUT! THERE'S SOME KIND OF CAR CHASE GOING ON DOWN THERE!
THAT MUST BE HIM UP THERE! IN THE PINK CADILLAC!


AHHH, IT'S PROBABLY FOR A MOVIE LIKE IN THE "FRENCH CONNECTION..."
NICKI
'83
SQUID
I DON'T KNOW...THOSE GUYS DON'T LOOK LIKE THEY'RE FOOLIN' AROUND...
HARE
FUZZ


LET'S PUT THE PEDAL TO THE METAL, CLUTCH! WE GOTTA CATCH UP TO THAT JOKER--
NO PROB! YOU JUST STOP HIM FROM CHUCKING GRENADES AT US AND I'LL CATCH UP TO HIM!
ICE CREAM
31 Flavors
BA-DOOM!

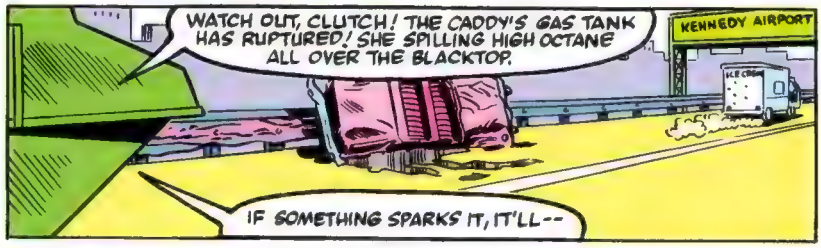

O.K., CLUTCH... YOU JUST LET OL' ROCK'N ROLL HANDLE THIS WITH A BURST FROM HIS MACHINE GUN.

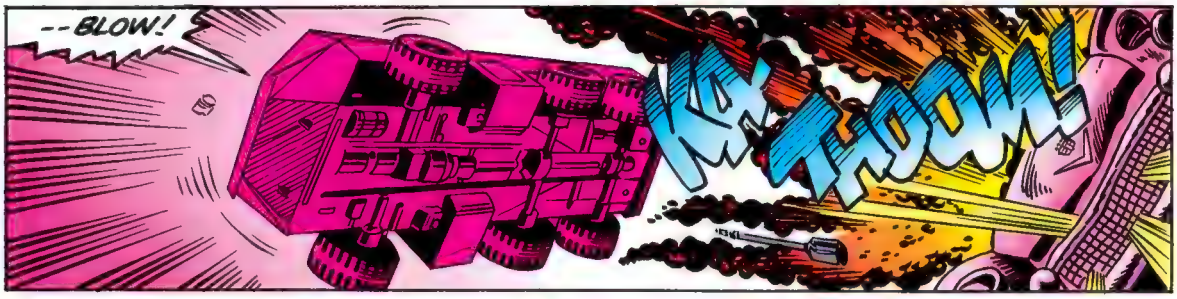
NO GO, HAWK! ALL THAT INSULATION MAKES THAT ICE-CREAM TRUCK LIKE AN ARMORED CAR!
ICE C
THUP!
THUP!
THUP!
GO FOR THE TIRES ON THE CADDY!
RIGHT!
PTOOM!
RATATATATATATATATATATATATAT

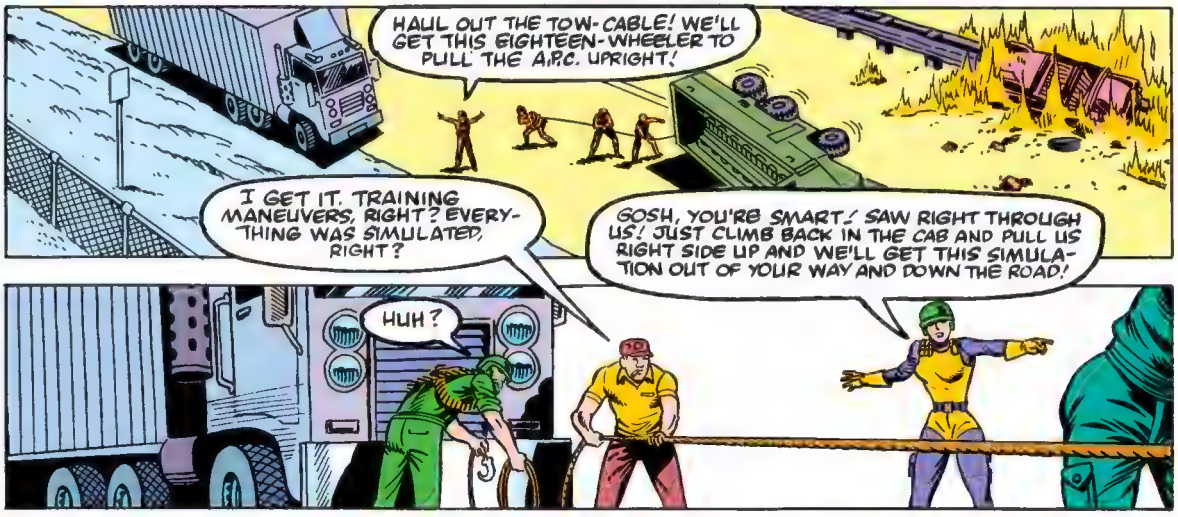

SKKRRRAKK

GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE--

OH? TO WHERE? ARE YOU RUNNING FROM ME, SCAR-FACE? THAT'S FOOLISH!..
...I'M YOUR ONLY HOPE!

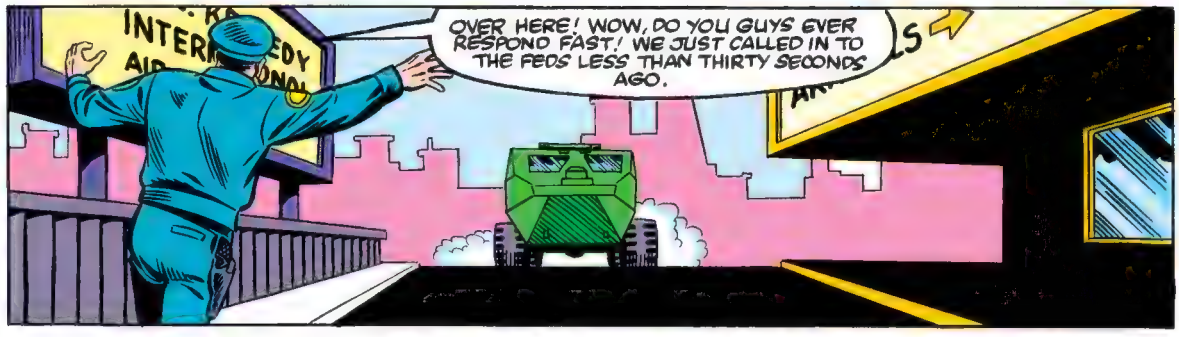

WATCH OUT, CLUTCH! THE CADDY'S GAS TANK HAS RUPTURED! SHE SPILLING HIGH OCTANE ALL OVER THE BLACKTOP.
KENNEDY AIRPORT
ICE CREAM
IF SOMETHING SPARKS IT, IT'LL--


--BLOW!
KA-THOOM!


HAUL OUT THE TOW-CABLE! WE'LL GET THIS EIGHTEEN-WHEELER TO PULL THE A.P.C. UPRIGHT!
I GET IT. TRAINING MANEUVERS, RIGHT? EVERYTHING WAS SIMULATED, RIGHT?
GOSH, YOU'RE SMART! SAW RIGHT THROUGH US! JUST CLIMB BACK IN THE CAB AND PULL US RIGHT SIDE UP AND WE'LL GET THIS SIMULATION OUT OF YOUR WAY AND DOWN THE ROAD!
HUH?

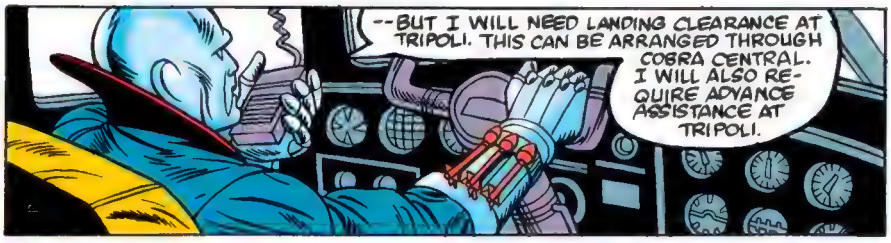
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE YOU'RE IN? OR IS YOUR CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM TOO PRIMITIVE TO REGISTER THIS INPUT?
THE JOES KNOW YOUR CIVILIAN ADDRESS! THEY'LL SOON KNOW OTHER NASTY FACTS ABOUT YOU!

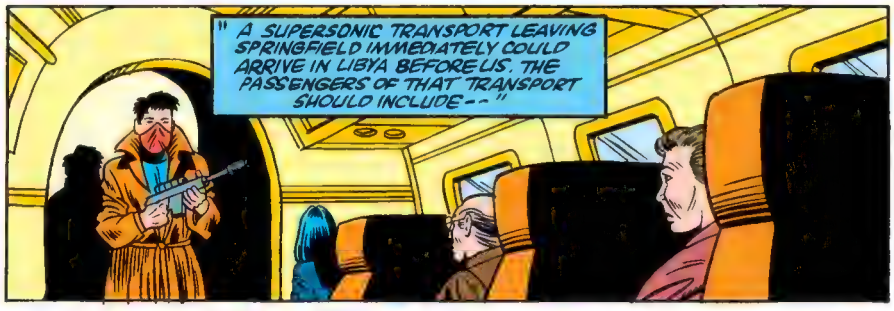
THEY MIGHT EVEN FIND OUT WHAT YOU WERE CARRYING FOR Dr. VENOM IN THAT BRIEF CASE!
YOU'VE GOT NO CHOICE. YOU'VE GOT TO TRAVEL...
...FOR REASONS OF HEALTH...


OVER HERE! WOW, DO YOU GUYS EVER RESPOND FAST! WE JUST CALLED IN TO THE FEDS LESS THAN THIRTY SECONDS AGO.

WHAT ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT?
TWO TERRORISTS! THEY JUST HI-JACKED A JET...

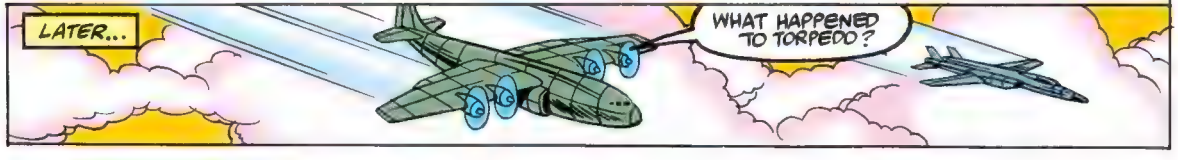
"--TO LIBYA!"
...THAT'S RIGHT, LIBYA. I AM IN CONTROL OF THIS AIRCRAFT!


--BUT I WILL NEED LANDING CLEARANCE AT TRIPOLI. THIS CAN BE ARRANGED THROUGH COBRA CENTRAL. I WILL ALSO REQUIRE ADVANCE ASSISTANCE AT TRIPOLI.


" A SUPERSONIC TRANSPORT LEAVING SPRINGFIELD IMMEDIATELY COULD ARRIVE IN LIBYA BEFORE US. THE PASSENGERS OF THAT TRANSPORT SHOULD INCLUDE--"

THAT MOMENT, AT McGUIRE A.F.B....
LOAD IT UP. GET THE DRAGONFLY, VAMP AND MOTORCYCLE INTO THE TRANSPORT. ACE WILL FLY COVER IN THE SKY-STRIKER.
WHO'S GOING ON THIS ONE, HAWK?
EVERYONE WHO'S HERE...

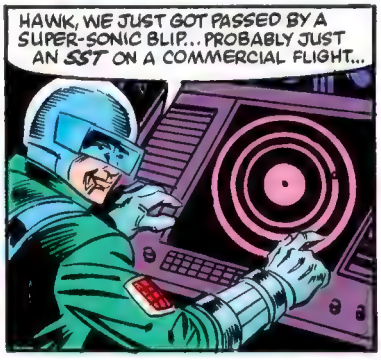
CLUTCH...
SCARLETT.
STALKER.
AIRBORNE.
WILD-BILL.
ACE.
GRUNT.
FLASH.
ROCK 'N ROLL

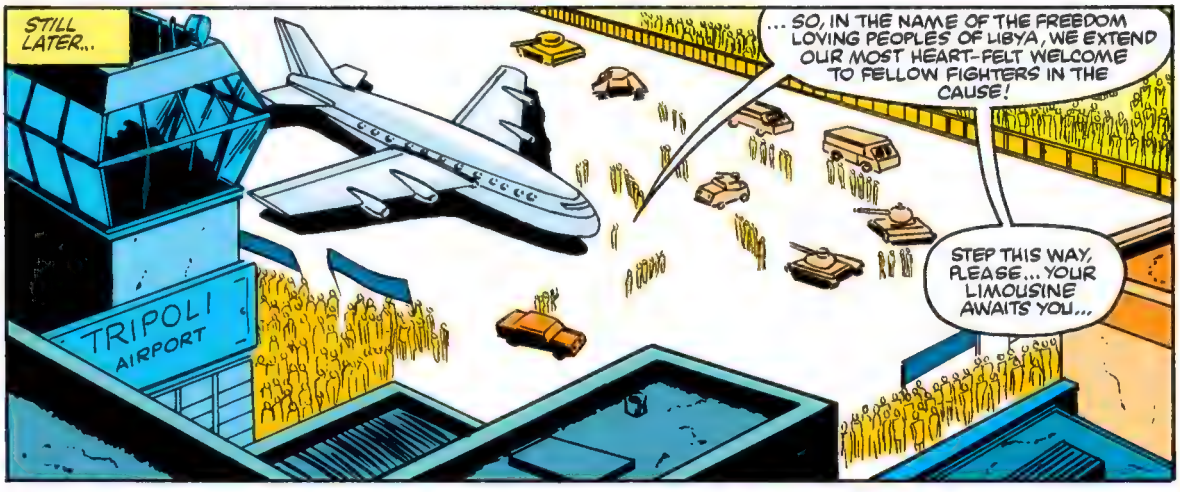

LATER...
WHAT HAPPENED TO TORPEDO?

HE HAD TO GO BACK TO THE BEACH TO PICK UP THE MANTA FROM THE... UH, PEOPLE WE LEFT IT WITH.
HE WOULDN'T DO US MUCH GOOD IN THE DESERT, ANYWAY...
I WOULDN'T SAY THAT. HE'S PROBABLY GETTING DOWN TO SOME HEAVY MANEUVERS IN THE SAND RIGHT NOW!
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?

YOU'RE OUR COVER, ACE. ANYTHING EVEN LOOKS AT US FUNNY, KNOCK IT OUT OF THE SKY!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME TWICE, HAWK...

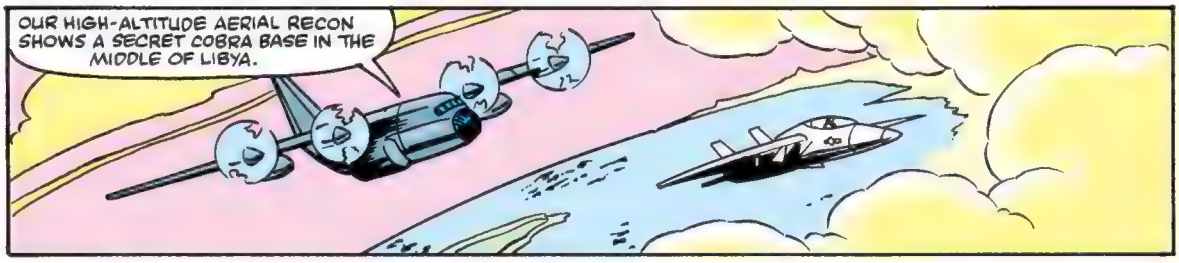

HAWK, WE JUST GOT PASSED BY A SUPER-SONIC BLIP... PROBABLY JUST AN SST ON A COMMERCIAL FLIGHT...


STILL LATER...
... SO, IN THE NAME OF THE FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLES OF LIBYA, WE EXTEND OUR MOST HEART-FELT WELCOME TO FELLOW FIGHTERS IN THE CAUSE!
STEP THIS WAY, PLEASE... YOUR LIMOUSINE AWAITS YOU...
TRIPOLI AIRPORT

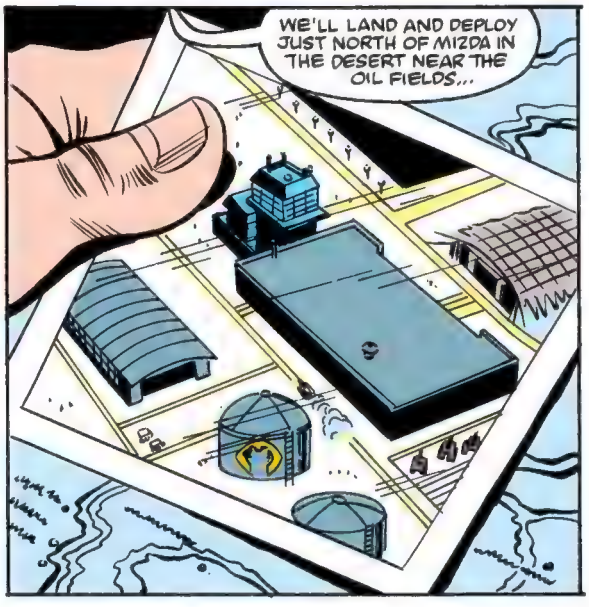
...AND I'M SURE YOUR FRIEND IN THE BACK SEAT NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION!
FRIEND? WHO--

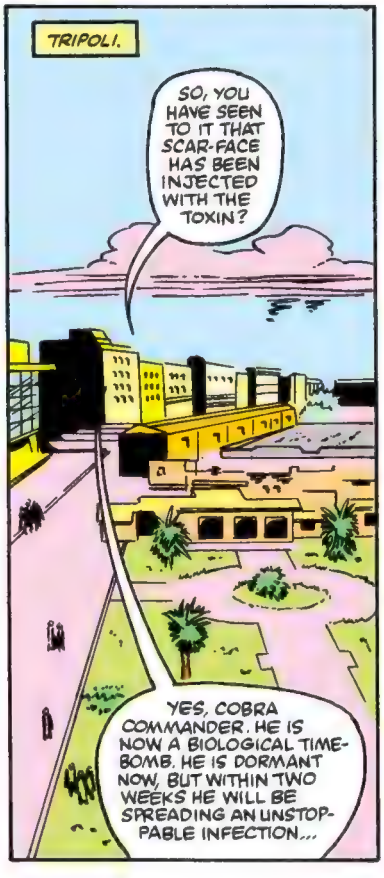
DR. VENOM!

WELCOME TO LIBYA, SCAR-FACE. IT'S TIME FOR YOUR...
...INNOCULATION!
15


OUR HIGH-ALTITUDE AERIAL RECON SHOWS A SECRET COBRA BASE IN THE MIDDLE OF LIBYA.

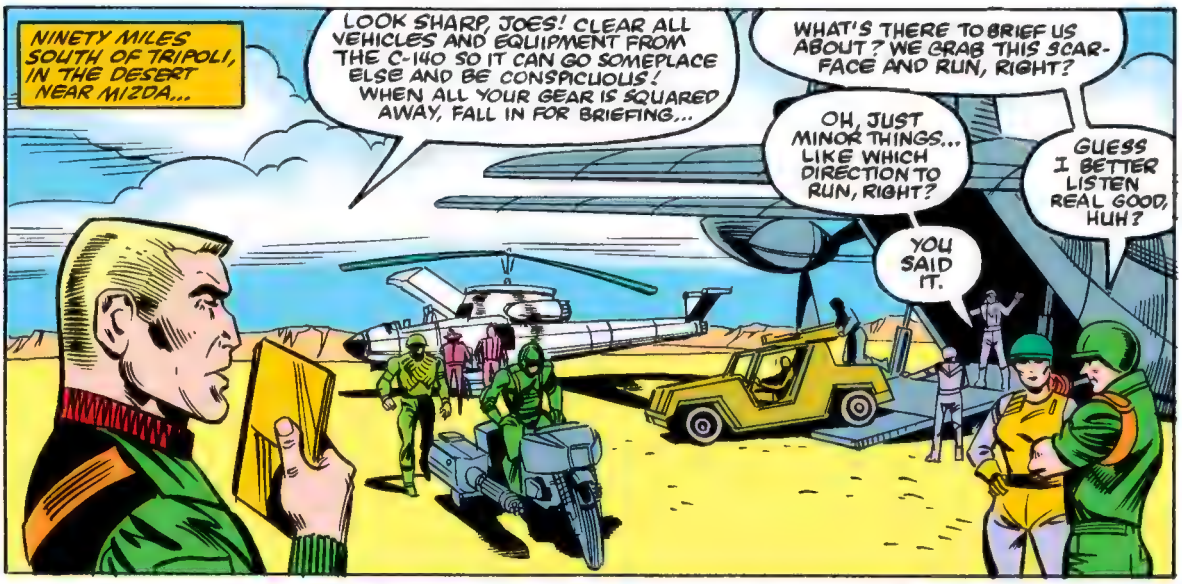
...IT'S AT A PLACE CALLED MIZDA, 100 MILES SOUTH OF TRIPOLI. IT'S A SAFE BET THAT MIZDA WILL BE SCAR-FACE'S DESTINATION AFTER TOUCHING DOWN IN TRIPOLI.

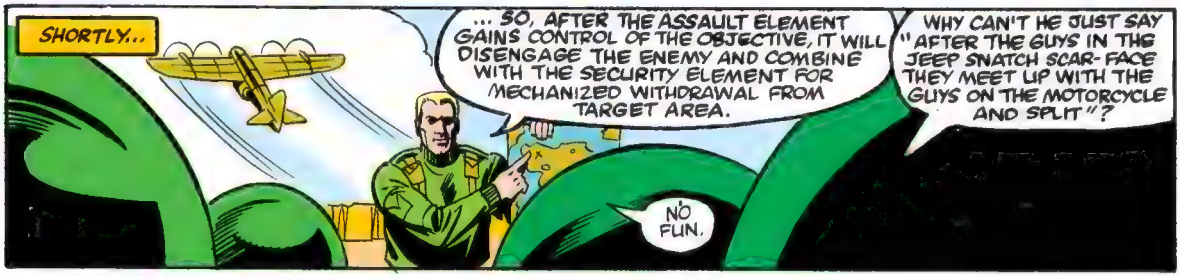

WE'LL LAND AND DEPLOY JUST NORTH OF MIZDA IN THE DESERT NEAR THE OIL FIELDS...

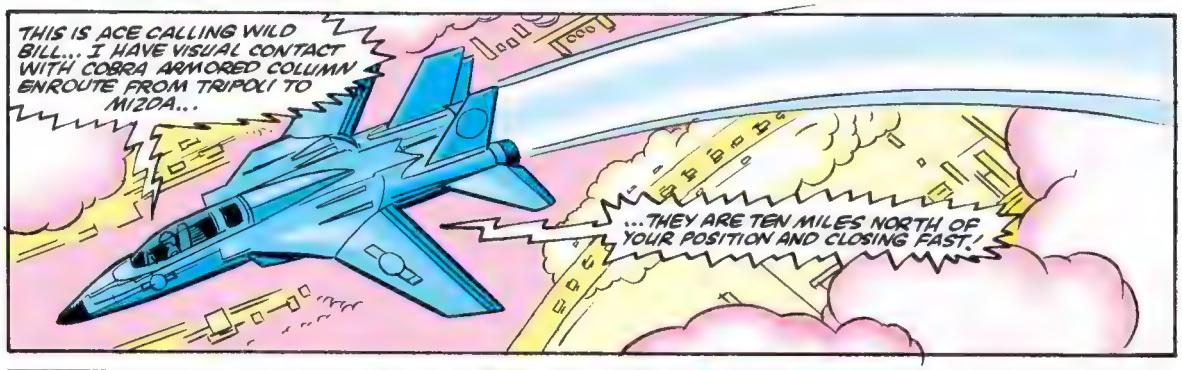

TRIPOLI.
SO, YOU HAVE SEEN TO IT THAT SCAR-FACE HAS BEEN INJECTED WITH THE TOXIN?
YES, COBRA COMMANDER. HE IS NOW A BIOLOGICAL TIME-BOMB. HE IS DORMANT NOW, BUT WITHIN TWO WEEKS HE WILL BE SPREADING AN UNSTOPPABLE INFECTION...

...THAT WILL ERADICATE EVERY LIVING SOUL IN G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS!
YES, PROVIDING YOU CAN GET HIM INTO G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS!
WE'LL HAVE TO...

IF HE'S NOT IN THEIR HANDS WITHIN TWO WEEKS, WE'LL HAVE TO KILL HIM OURSELVES.
16

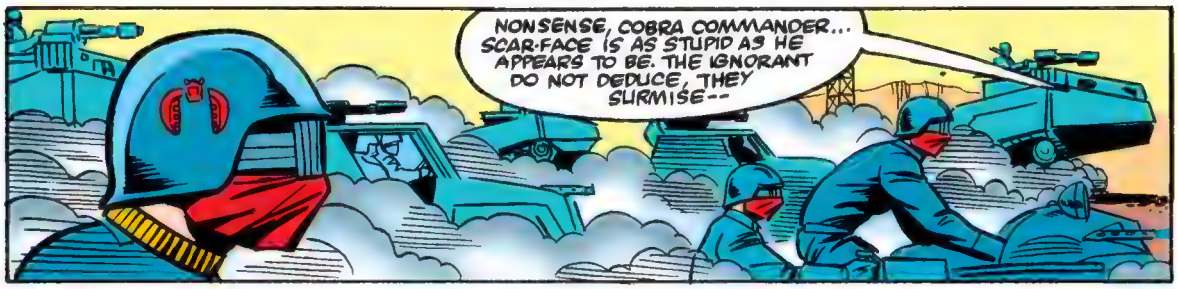

NINETY MILES SOUTH OF TRIPOLI, IN THE DESERT NEAR MIZDA...
LOOK SHARP, JOES! CLEAR ALL VEHICLES AND EQUIPMENT FROM THE C-140 SO IT CAN GO SOMEPLACE ELSE AND BE CONSPICUOUS! WHEN ALL YOUR GEAR IS SQUARED AWAY, FALL IN FOR BRIEFING...
WHAT'S THERE TO BRIEF US ABOUT? WE GRAB THIS SCAR-FACE AND RUN, RIGHT?
OH, JUST MINOR THINGS... LIKE WHICH DIRECTION TO RUN, RIGHT?
GUESS I BETTER LISTEN REAL GOOD, HUH?
YOU SAID IT.


SHORTLY...
... SO, AFTER THE ASSAULT ELEMENT GAINS CONTROL OF THE OBJECTIVE, IT WILL DISENGAGE THE ENEMY AND COMBINE WITH THE SECURITY ELEMENT FOR MECHANIZED WITHDRAWAL FROM TARGET AREA.
WHY CAN'T HE JUST SAY "AFTER THE GUYS IN THE JEEP SNATCH SCAR-FACE THEY MEET UP WITH THE GUYS ON THE MOTORCYCLE AND SPLIT"?
NO FUN.

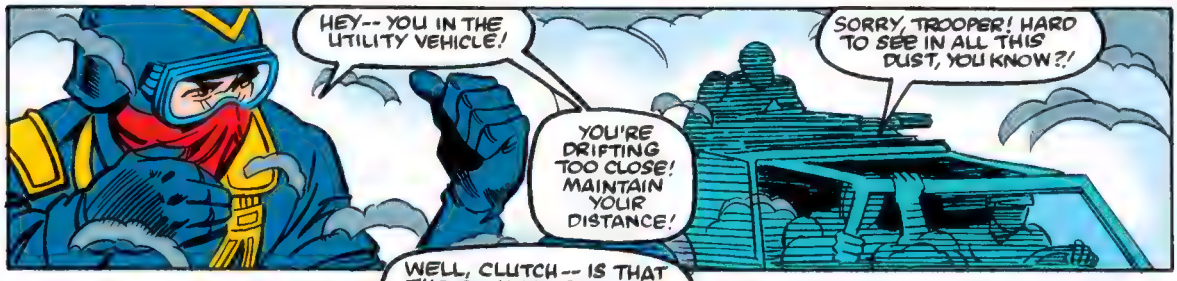

THIS IS ACE CALLING WILD BILL... I HAVE VISUAL CONTACT WITH COBRA ARMORED COLUMN ENROUTE FROM TRIPOLI TO MIZDA...
...THEY ARE TEN MILES NORTH OF YOUR POSITION AND CLOSING FAST!

YOU HEAR THAT, HAWK? THE CHICKENS ARE COMIN' HOME TO ROOST!
WE'LL CUT 'EM OFF AT THE OIL FIELDS. YOU ALL KNOW THE PLAN... LET'S GO!
THEY'RE COMIN' HOME TO A BARBECUE, WILD BILL!

LATER...
I THINK SCAR-FACE SUSPECTS SOMETHING...


NONSENSE, COBRA COMMANDER... SCAR-FACE IS AS STUPID AS HE APPEARS TO BE. THE IGNORANT DO NOT DEDUCE, THEY SURMISE--

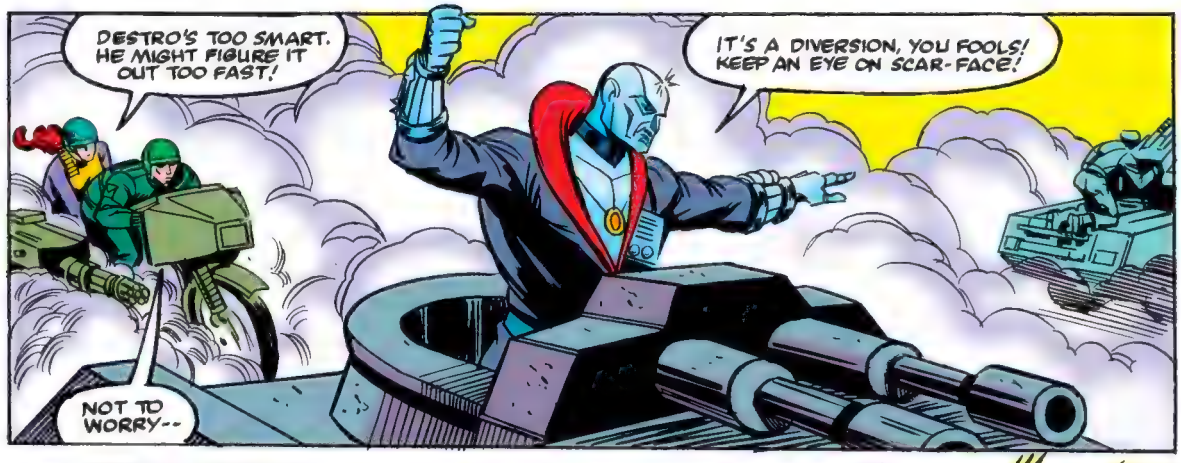
THEY ALSO HAVE NATURAL INSTINCTS AND A PENCHANT FOR SURVIVAL. WHAT IF HE MAKES A RUN FOR IT?
WHERE CAN HE GO? HE'S IN THE TURRET OF THE TANK DIRECTLY BEHIND US. HE IS SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY HISS TANKS AND UTILITY VEHICLES: ANY ATTEMPT TO LEAVE THE COLUMN WILL BE FIRMLY DEALT WITH...


HEY-- YOU IN THE UTILITY VEHICLE!
YOU'RE DRIFTING TOO CLOSE! MAINTAIN YOUR DISTANCE!
SORRY, TROOPER! HARD TO SEE IN ALL THIS DUST, YOU KNOW?!

WELL, CLUTCH -- IS THAT THE GUY WHO SHOT YOU IN SAN FRANCISCO?
A-FLIPPIN'-AFFIRMATIVE. I'D RECOGNIZE THAT VOICE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WEST POINT CHOIR.

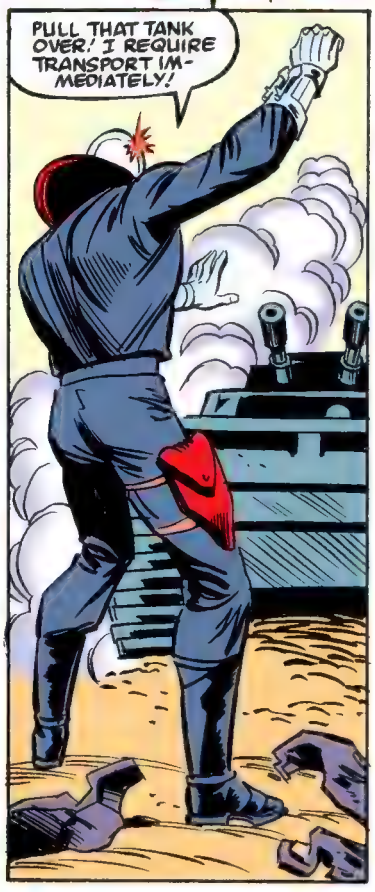
I'LL HAVE HIM SING A SONG FOR YOU, BUT FIRST I HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT KEY HIS HEAD IS IN...

BONK!
C-FLAT!
HAWK JUST BEANED SCAR-FACE AND HAULED HIM ONTO THE VAMP...
TIME TO BEGIN OUR STRAFING RUN. REMEMBER, DON'T HIT ANYTHING! WE WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL WHO'S WHO ONCE THE SCRAMBLE STARTS!
MAN, MISSING ON PURPOSE IS HARDER THAN HITTING SOMETHING WITH AN ELECTRIC GATTLING GUN...
...BUT I'M WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING ONCE!
BRRRRRRRRRRRAMMMMMM
AIR ATTACK! SCATTER!

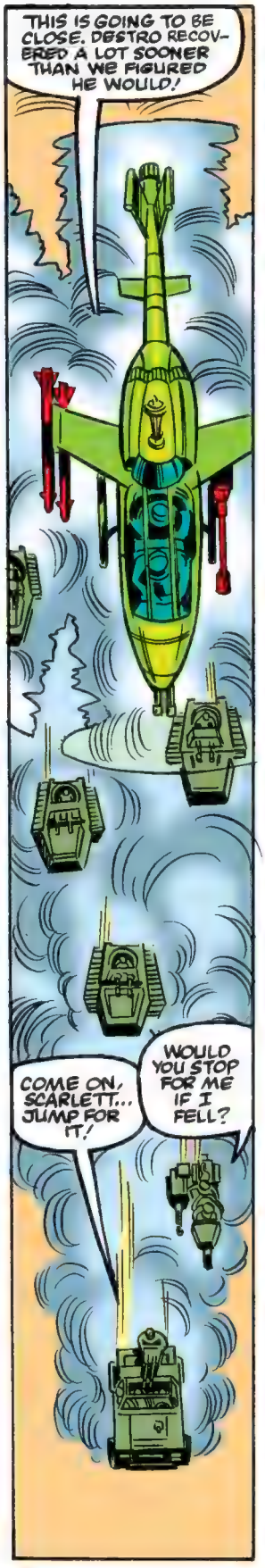

DESTRO'S TOO SMART. HE MIGHT FIGURE IT OUT TOO FAST!
IT'S A DIVERSION, YOU FOOLS! KEEP AN EYE ON SCAR-FACE!
NOT TO WORRY--

NOT MUCH HE CAN DO ABOUT IT ON FOOT!
BRRRMMM!
WHAM!

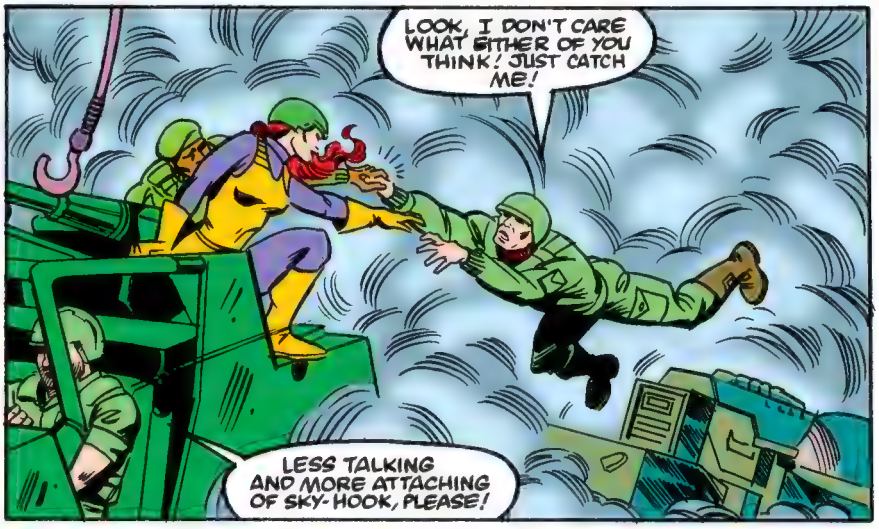
THE G.I. JOE TEAM! WE'VE BEEN INFILTRATED!
THEY'VE GOT SCAR-FACE AND THEY'RE HEADING NORTH TOWARDS THE SEA!

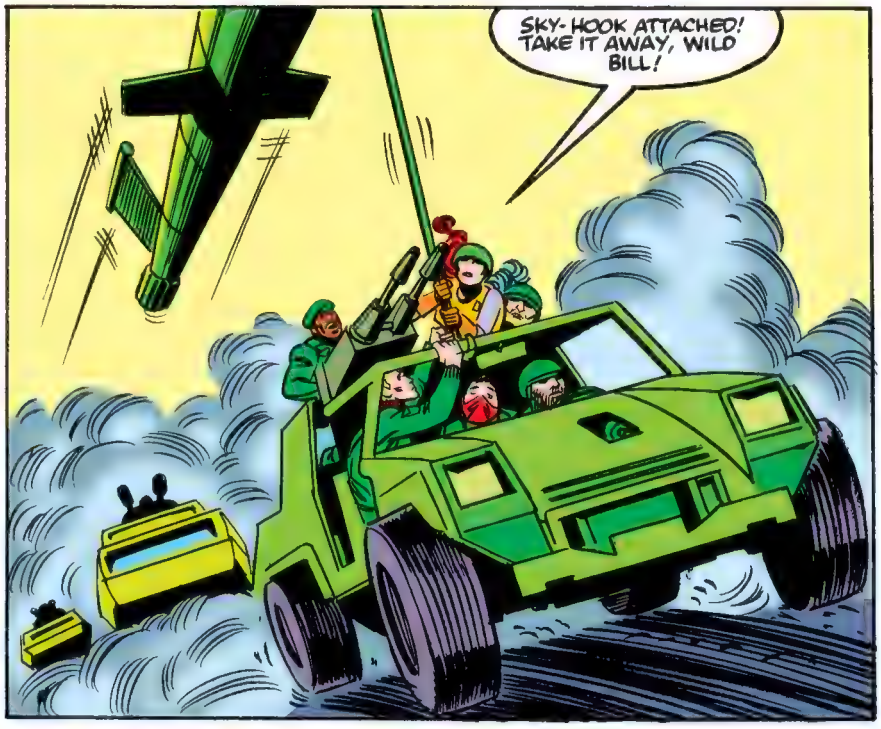

PULL THAT TANK OVER! I REQUIRE TRANSPORT IMMEDIATELY!

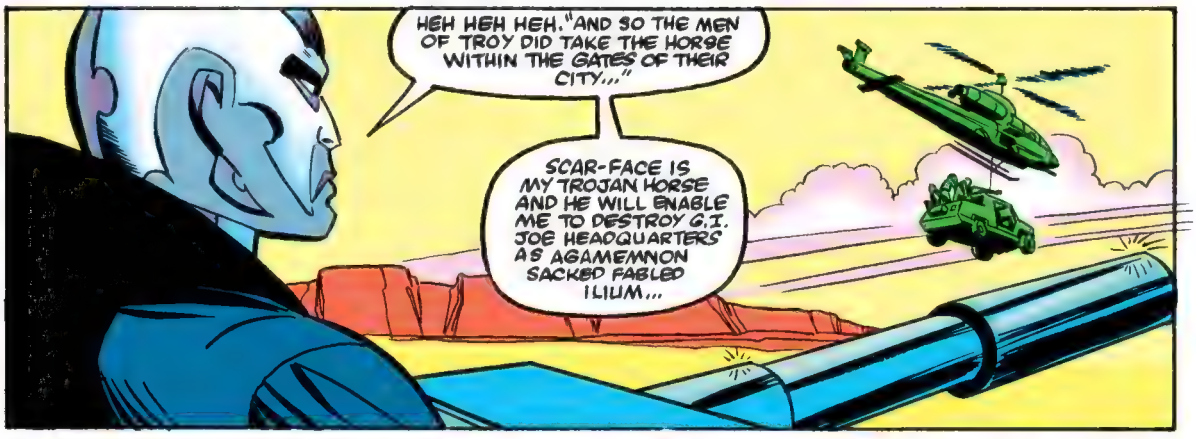
HOLD ON, COBRA COMMANDER! THIS IS A JOB FOR THE FIELD COMMANDER, NO SENSE IN WASTING STRATEGIC TALENT ON A TACTICAL PROBLEM...
TRUE, Dr. VENOM, QUITE TRUE!

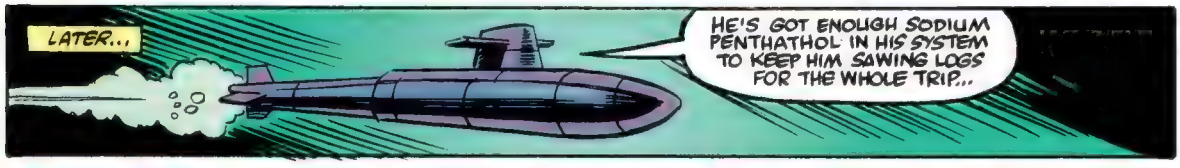

THIS IS GOING TO BE CLOSE. DESTRO RECOVERED A LOT SOONER THAN WE FIGURED HE WOULD!
COME ON, SCARLETT... JUMP FOR IT!
WOULD YOU STOP FOR ME IF I FELL?

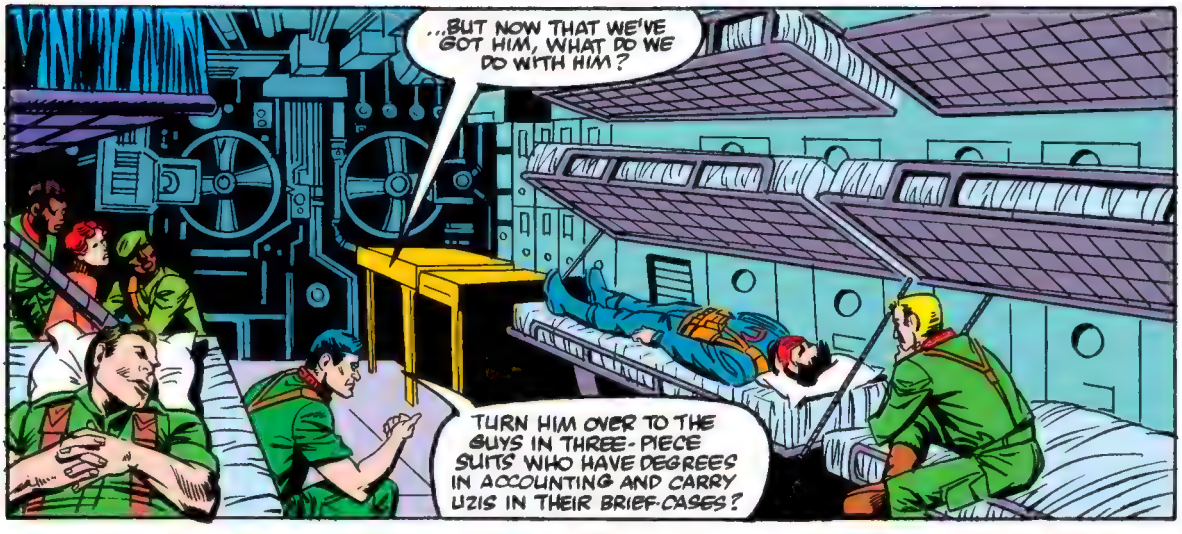
NO.
THANKS, STALKER! YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO MAKE A GIRL FEEL SECURE.
HEY! I DIDN'T SAY I WOULDN'T FEEL BAD...
STALKER... STOP WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD!


LOOK, I DON'T CARE WHAT EITHER OF YOU THINK! JUST CATCH ME!
LESS TALKING AND MORE ATTACHING OF SKY-HOOK, PLEASE!

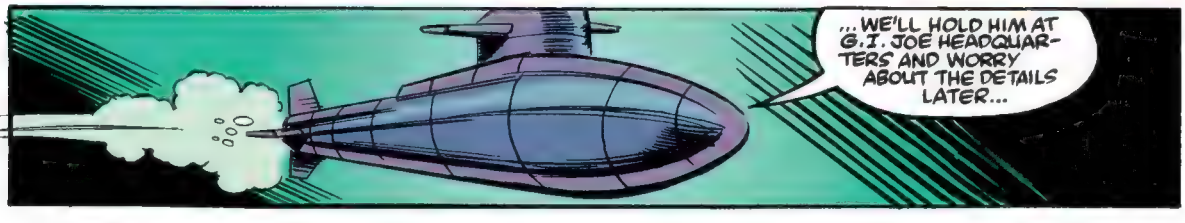

SKY-HOOK ATTACHED! TAKE IT AWAY, WILD BILL!


HEH HEH HEH. "AND SO THE MEN OF TROY DID TAKE THE HORSE WITHIN THE GATES OF THEIR CITY..."
SCAR-FACE IS MY TROJAN HORSE AND HE WILL ENABLE ME TO DESTROY G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS AS AGAMEMNON SACKED FABLED ILIUM...


LATER...
HE'S GOT ENOUGH SODIUM PENTHATHOL IN HIS SYSTEM TO KEEP HIM SAWING LOGS FOR THE WHOLE TRIP...


...BUT NOW THAT WE'VE GOT HIM, WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM?
TURN HIM OVER TO THE GUYS IN THREE-PIECE SUITS WHO HAVE DEGREES IN ACCOUNTING AND CARRY UZIS IN THEIR BRIEF-CASES?

NO. WE FOUND HIM AND WE KEEP HIM.


...WE'LL HOLD HIM AT G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS AND WORRY ABOUT THE DETAILS LATER...

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Stan Lee PRESENTS:
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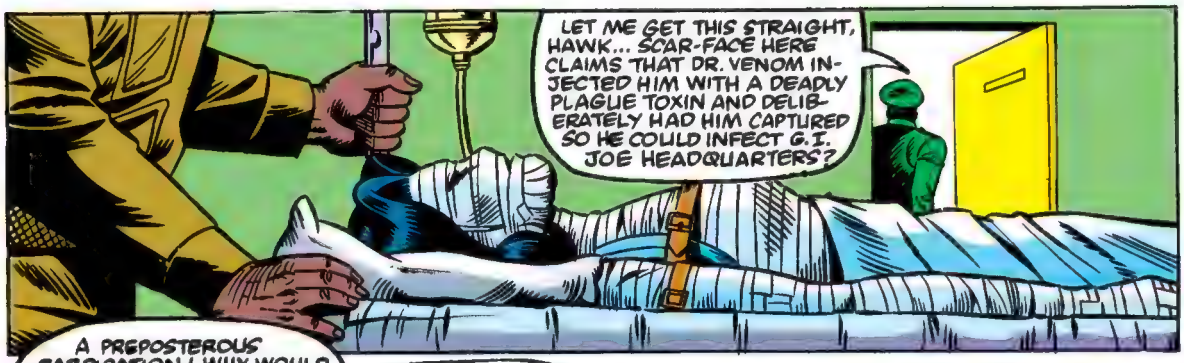
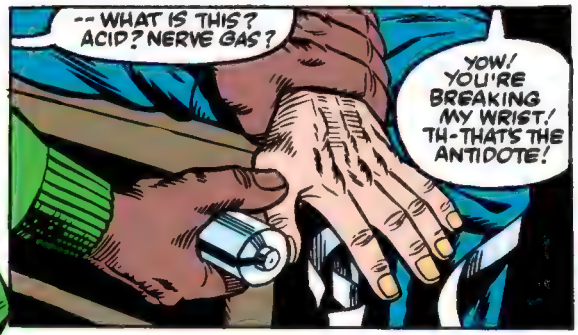
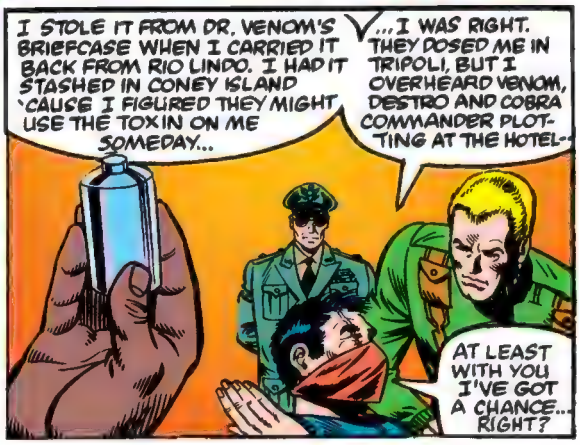
A REAL AMERICAN HERO™
I DON'T GET IT. WHY ARE WE ASSEMBLING A PRE-FAB FORTRESS ON THE HEAVY EQUIPMENT LEVEL OF THE "PIT" THIRTY FEET BELOW GROUND LEVEL?
OURS IS NOT TO REASON WHY, OURS IS BUT TO FOLLOW THE S.O.P.* AND SALUTE ANYTHING YOU CAN'T EAT OR KILL...
HEY! ORDERS ARE ORDERS! THEY DON'T HAVE TO MAKE SENSE AND THEY SELDOM DO...
WE EXPECTING AN ATTACK FROM THE MOLE-MEN?
SNOW JOB! DOC! THAT BE LOOKIN' LIKE THE BARONESS YOU BE WHEELIN' IN! I THOUGHT SHE BE IN INTENSIVE CARE AT THE BETHESDA BURN UNIT...
THAT SHE WAS, GUNG-HO... BUT NOW SHE BE STAYIN' HERE AT THE G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS!
DOC, DON'T IT EVER BOTHER YOU HOW GUNG-HO TURNS THAT CRAWDADDY-GUMBO ACCENT ON AND OFF LIKE A FAUCET?
JOE TRIUMPHS!
LARRY HAMA SCRIPTER
MIKE VOSBURG PENCIL BREAKDOWNS
JON D'AGOSTINO FINISHES
RICK PARKER LETTERER
GEORGE ROUSSOS COLORIST
LINDA GRANT EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
*STANDARD OPERATIONAL PROCEDURE --LINDA.
I GIVE UP.
WATCHOO-TAWKIN' BOUT, MAN? SHO DO SOUN DE SAME TO ME. PERHAPS IT IS A TEMPORARY OCCLUSION OF YOUR AUDITORY CANAL, AGGRAVATING A COMPREHENSION DYSFUNCTION...


LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, HAWK... SCAR-FACE HERE CLAIMS THAT DR. VENOM INJECTED HIM WITH A DEADLY PLAGUE TOXIN AND DELIBERATELY HAD HIM CAPTURED SO HE COULD INFECT G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS?

A PREPOSTEROUS FABRICATION! WHY WOULD A MAN VOLUNTEER FOR A SUICIDE MISSION AND THEN CONFESS?
THAT'S THE GIST OF IT, GENERAL FLAGG...
I NEVER VOLUNTEERED FOR NOTHING! HERE, LEMME--
DON'T GO FOR THE BOOT--

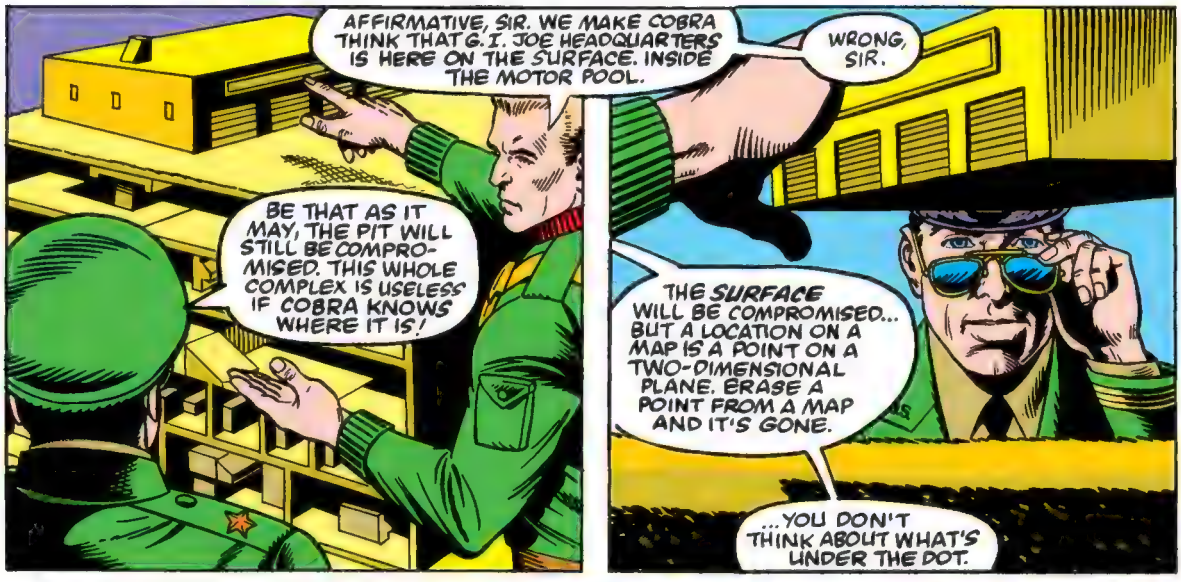

-- WHAT IS THIS? ACID? NERVE GAS?
YOW! YOU'RE BREAKING MY WRIST! TH-THAT'S THE ANTIDOTE!

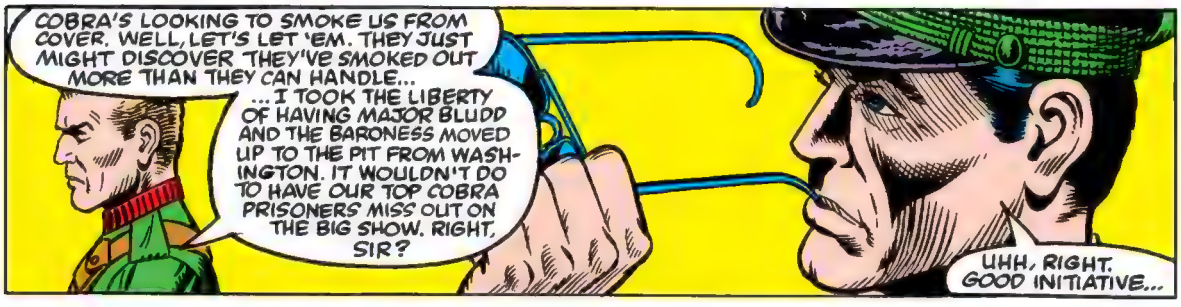

I STOLE IT FROM DR. VENOM'S BRIEFCASE WHEN I CARRIED IT BACK FROM RIO LINDO. I HAD IT STASHED IN CONEY ISLAND 'CAUSE I FIGURED THEY MIGHT USE THE TOXIN ON ME SOMEDAY...
...I WAS RIGHT. THEY DOSED ME IN TRIPOLI, BUT I OVERHEARD VENOM, DESTRO AND COBRA COMMANDER PLOTTING AT THE HOTEL--
AT LEAST WITH YOU I'VE GOT A CHANCE... RIGHT?

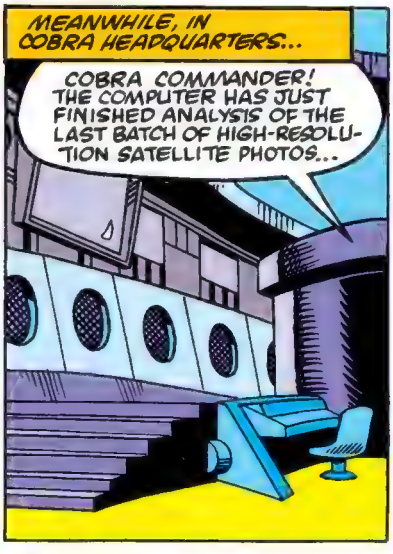
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, HAWK. LET'S TAKE A MEETING...
STALKER, YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THIS CREEP. IF HE FLINCHES, SWAT HIM. HARD.
I'LL MAKE HIM BOUNCE, IF YOU SAY SO, HAWK...

I BELIEVE HIM, BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND COBRA'S REASONING...
...THEY MUST KNOW THAT ONCE THE PLAGUE MANIFESTED ITSELF WE WOULD TAKE THE NECESSARY QUARANTINE PROCEDURES--

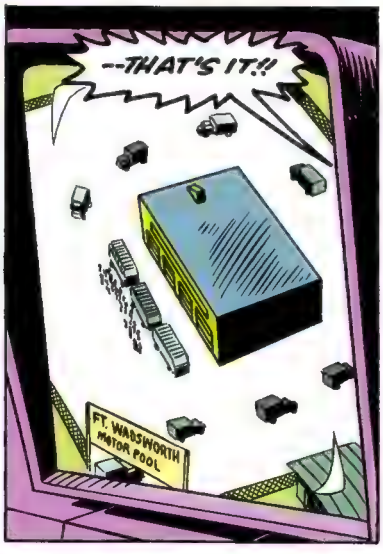
THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT, SIR. THE PLAGUE TOXIN ISN'T MEANT TO WIPE US OUT. THEY'RE COUNTING ON THE QUARANTINE AND SECURITY PROCEDURES TO BE HIGHLY VISIBLE. AND THEY WOULD HAVE TO BE...
... ONCE THEY KNEW WHERE G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS WAS LOCATED THEY COULD ATTACK US WITH CONVENTIONAL WEAPONRY!
I KNOW YOU, HAWK. YOU'VE ALREADY GOT A PLAN.


AFFIRMATIVE, SIR. WE MAKE COBRA THINK THAT G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS IS HERE ON THE SURFACE. INSIDE THE MOTOR POOL.
WRONG, SIR.
BE THAT AS IT MAY, THE PIT WILL STILL BE COMPROMISED. THIS WHOLE COMPLEX IS USELESS IF COBRA KNOWS WHERE IT IS!
THE SURFACE WILL BE COMPROMISED... BUT A LOCATION ON A MAP IS A POINT ON A TWO-DIMENSIONAL PLANE. ERASE A POINT FROM A MAP AND IT'S GONE.
...YOU DON'T THINK ABOUT WHAT'S UNDER THE DOT.


COBRA'S LOOKING TO SMOKE US FROM COVER. WELL, LET'S LET 'EM. THEY JUST MIGHT DISCOVER THEY'VE SMOKED OUT MORE THAN THEY CAN HANDLE...
...I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF HAVING MAJOR BLUDD AND THE BARONESS MOVED UP TO THE PIT FROM WASHINGTON. IT WOULDN'T DO TO HAVE OUR TOP COBRA PRISONERS MISS OUT ON THE BIG SHOW. RIGHT, SIR?
UHH, RIGHT. GOOD INITIATIVE...


MEANWHILE, IN COBRA HEADQUARTERS...
COBRA COMMANDER! THE COMPUTER HAS JUST FINISHED ANALYSIS OF THE LAST BATCH OF HIGH-RESOLUTION SATELLITE PHOTOS...

WE'VE GOT ONE VERY INTERESTING ONE SHOWING WHAT APPEARS TO BE QUARANTINE PROCEDURES. I'LL PATCH IT THROUGH THE ENHANCEMENT MODULE AND RUN IT UP ON THE BIG SCREEN...


--THAT'S IT!!
FT. WADSWORTH MOTOR POOL

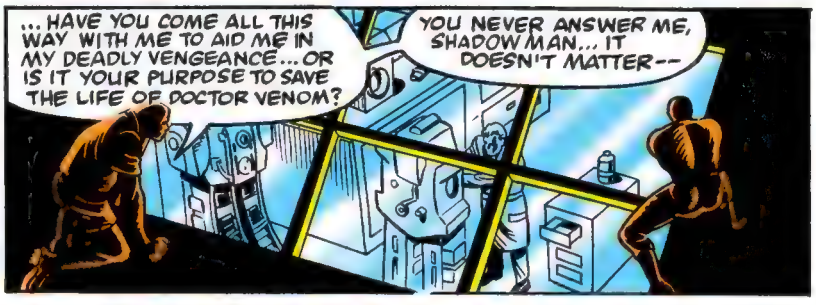
DESTRO, WE'VE DONE IT! WE'VE LOCATED G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS!

WE MUST HAVE A FULL-SCALE ASSAULT IMMEDIATELY! ORDER ALL UNITS TO MOBILIZE AT FULL ALERT STATUS! WE CANNOT ALLOW THE JOES TO PICK THE BRAINS OF THEIR COBRA PRISONERS. THAT MAJOR BLUDD KNOWS TOO MUCH AND THE BARONESS--

THE BARONESS? YOU SAID SHE WAS DEAD! HOW--
OF COURSE SHE'S DEAD! I WAS GOING TO SAY THAT IT WAS LUCKY THE BARONESS WASN'T CAPTURED ALIVE... SHE DID KNOW MUCH-TOO-MUCH FOR HER OWN GOOD. DON'T YOU THINK?

IT SOUNDED LIKE YOU WERE SAYING--
--YOU HAD BETTER ALERT DR. VENOM ABOUT THE ASSAULT. DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO REACH HIM?
HE SHOULD BE AT HIS PRIVATE LAB ON THE ABANDONED WHARF IN BROOKLYN...

"...NEAR THE OLD BROOKLYN NAVY YARD."
THIS IS IT, SHADOW MAN. WE'VE TRACKED THIS MAN FOR THREE THOUSAND MILES. HE OWES EACH OF US HIS LIFE, BUT HE HAS BETRAYED US AND PLOTTED OUR DEATHS AT EVERY STEP...


...HAVE YOU COME ALL THIS WAY WITH ME TO AID ME IN MY DEADLY VENGEANCE... OR IS IT YOUR PURPOSE TO SAVE THE LIFE OF DOCTOR VENOM?
YOU NEVER ANSWER ME, SHADOW MAN... IT DOESN'T MATTER--

--NOTHING MATTERS ANYMORE!
CRASH

KWINN! AND SNAKE-EYES!
NO! LET'S TALK! LET'S NOT--

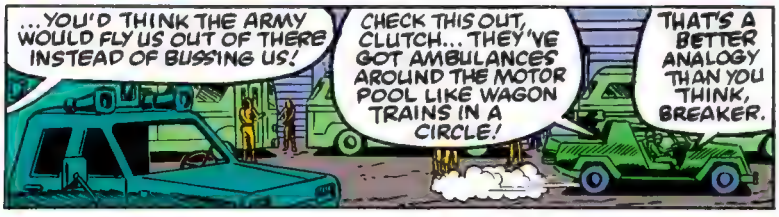
WHUP WHUP WHUP
NO MORE TALKING, VENOM! JUST PAIN AND--

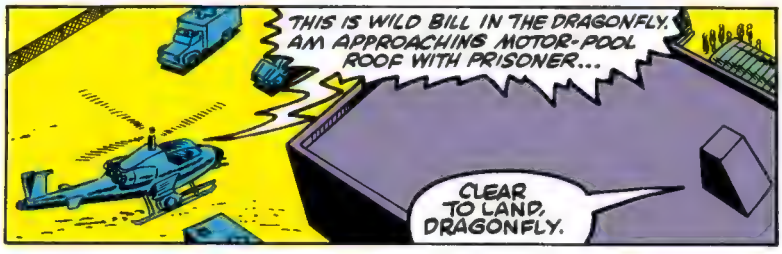
-- AND WHAT, YOU OVER-GROWN ESKIMO LOUT? DO YOU HEAR THOSE HELICOPTERS? THEY'RE COBRA HELICOPTERS...
WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

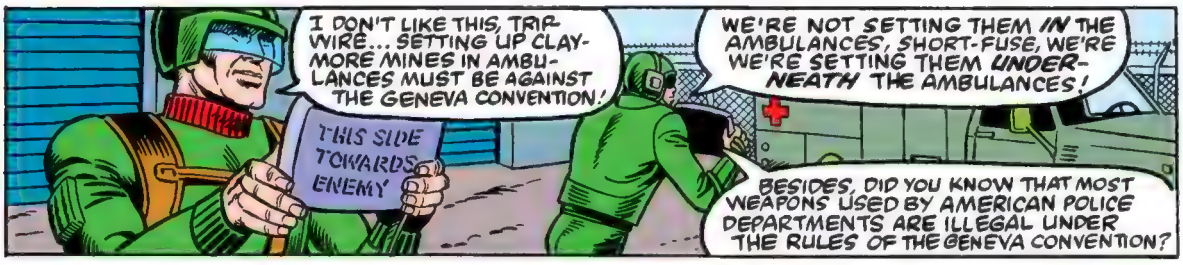
... AND THEY'RE FILLED WITH MORE COBRA TROOPERS THAN EVEN YOU COULD KILL, KWINN!

ACROSS THE NARROWS FROM BROOKLYN LIES STATEN ISLAND.
AND, AS EVERY-ONE KNOWS, STATEN ISLAND IS THE HOME OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY CHAPLAIN'S ASSISTANT SCHOOL AT FORT WADS-WORTH. IT'S WHAT'S UNDER-NEATH FORT WADSWORTH THAT CONCERNS THE REST OF THIS STORY, BUT THAT'S A SECRET, RIGHT?
FORT WADSWORTH

GOLLY GUYS, I SURE WISH WE WERE GOING ON THIS RETREAT WITH THE REST OF YOU CHAPLAIN'S ASSISTANTS, BUT WE GOTTA KEEP THE MOTOR POOL RUNNING.
GEE, SCARLETT, THIS RETREAT IS AT THE PRESIDIO IN SAN FRANCISCO...

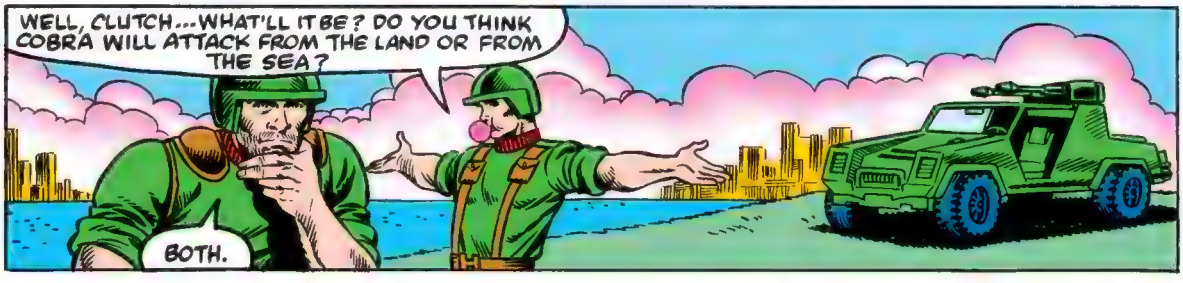

...YOU'D THINK THE ARMY WOULD FLY US OUT OF THERE INSTEAD OF BUSSING US!
CHECK THIS OUT, CLUTCH... THEY'VE GOT AMBULANCES AROUND THE MOTOR POOL LIKE WAGON TRAINS IN A CIRCLE!
THAT'S A BETTER ANALOGY THAN YOU THINK, BREAKER.

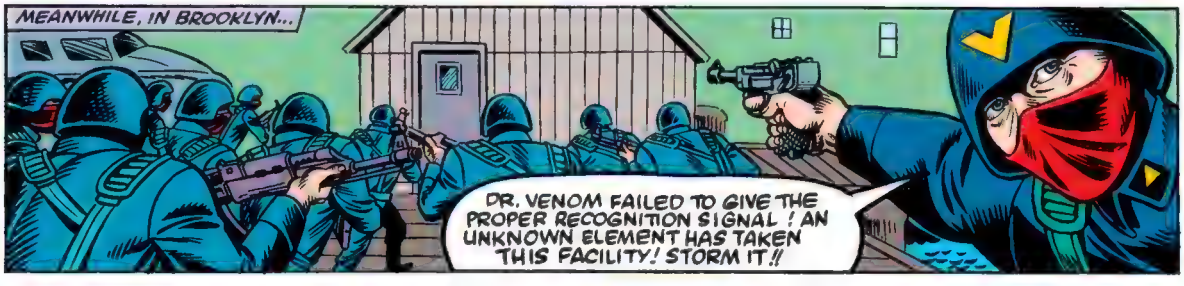

THIS IS WILD BILL IN THE DRAGONFLY. AM APPROACHING MOTOR-POOL ROOF WITH PRISONER...
CLEAR TO LAND, DRAGONFLY.


I DON'T LIKE THIS, TRIP-WIRE... SETTING UP CLAY-MORE MINES IN AMBU-LANCES MUST BE AGAINST THE GENEVA CONVENTION!
THIS SIDE TOWARDS ENEMY
WE'RE NOT SETTING THEM IN THE AMBULANCES, SHORT-FUSE, WE'RE WE'RE SETTING THEM UNDER-NEATH THE AMBULANCES!
BESIDES, DID YOU KNOW THAT MOST WEAPONS USED BY AMERICAN POLICE DEPARTMENTS ARE ILLEGAL UNDER THE RULES OF THE GENEVA CONVENTION?

THIS HERE IS A SURLY AND UNREPENTANT CUSS! I HOPE WE HAVE ADEQUATE FACILITIES FOR HIS DETENTION.
SURE DO, WILD BILL...

...WE'LL JUST HANDCUFF HIM TO THE RADIATOR!
THAT OUGHTTA COOL THE VARMINT'S HEELS-- UNTIL THEY START SENDING THE HEAT UP!


WELL, CLUTCH...WHAT'LL IT BE? DO YOU THINK COBRA WILL ATTACK FROM THE LAND OR FROM THE SEA?
BOTH.


MEANWHILE, IN BROOKLYN...
DR. VENOM FAILED TO GIVE THE PROPER RECOGNITION SIGNAL! AN UNKNOWN ELEMENT HAS TAKEN THIS FACILITY! STORM IT!!

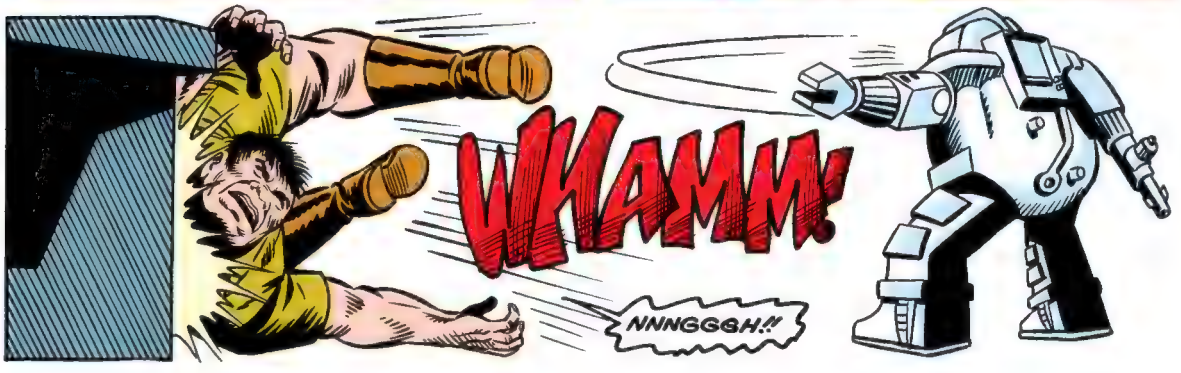
ALL THAT ARM-TWISTING AND ALL YOU WERE ABLE TO COME UP WITH WAS ONE LITTLE LUGER? I'M SUR-PRISED, DR. VENOM...
THIS IS A LABORATORY, NOT AN ARSENAL!
WELL, SHADOW MAN...YOU'LL HAVE TO IMPROVISE!

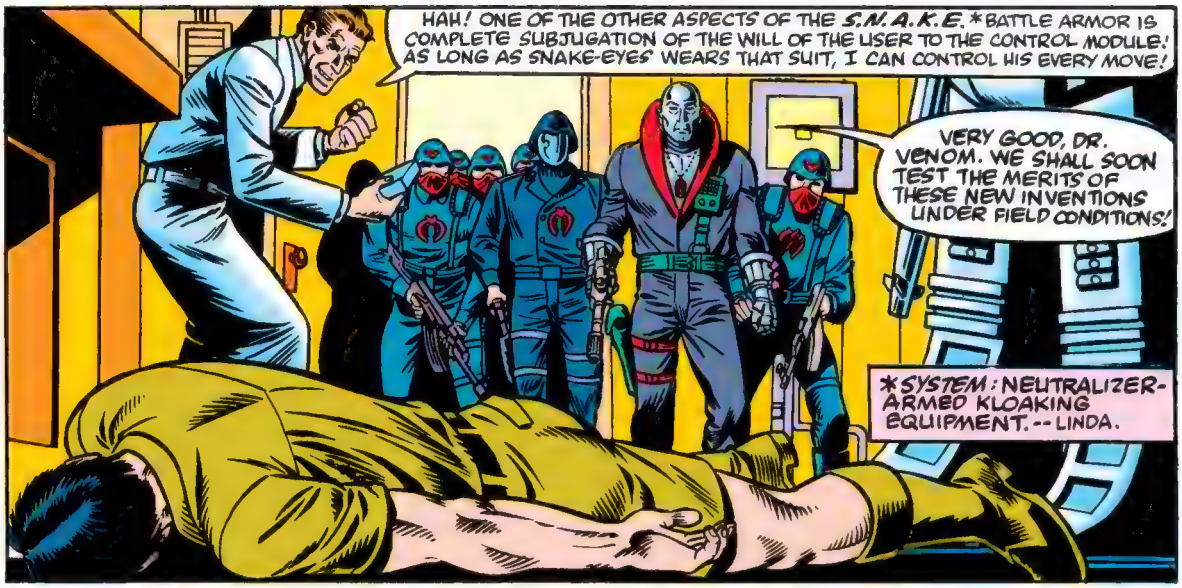
AH. SOME SORT OF COBRA BATTLE ARMOR. GOOD MOVE, SHADOW MAN.
IT'S BOUND TO HAVE OFFENSIVE CAPABILITIES, AS WELL...
IT CERTAINLY HAS! INTERNAL SENSORS AND POWERFUL MOOD-CHANGERS TO STRENGTHEN AND ENHANCE THE POWERS OF THE USER!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, SHADOW MAN? BRING YOUR ENHANCED POWERS TO THE WINDOW AND START SHOOTING!
POW!

THE SUIT'S TOO HEAVY TO MOVE WITHOUT ASSISTANCE FROM ITS MOVEMENT ENHANCEMENT SERVOS. THE POWER SOURCE MUST BE ACTIVATED EXTERNALLY, FROM HERE...
THEN TURN IT ON, VENOM! YOUR FRIENDS ARE GETTING BRAVER -- OR MORE STUPID...
AS YOU COMMAND, KWINN.

BZZZ
ZZZZZZZ

NOW, SHADOW MAN... WE WILL--
CRUNCH!

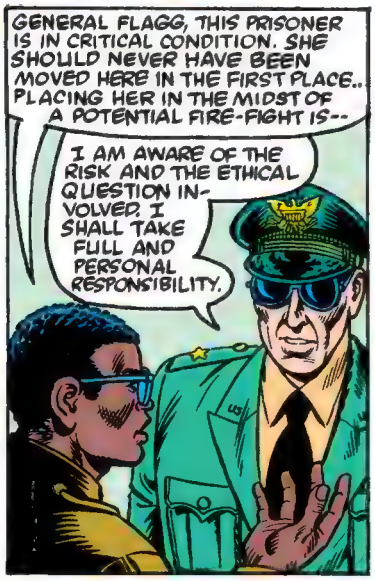

WHAMM!
NNNGGGH!!

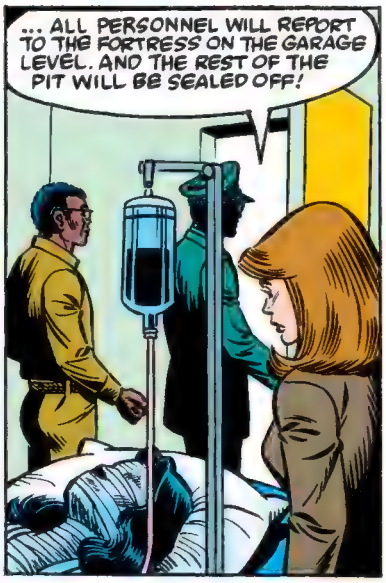

HAH! ONE OF THE OTHER ASPECTS OF THE S.N.A.K.E.* BATTLE ARMOR IS COMPLETE SUBJUGATION OF THE WILL OF THE USER TO THE CONTROL MODULE! AS LONG AS SNAKE-EYES WEARS THAT SUIT, I CAN CONTROL HIS EVERY MOVE!
VERY GOOD, DR. VENOM. WE SHALL SOON TEST THE MERITS OF THESE NEW INVENTIONS UNDER FIELD CONDITIONS!
*SYSTEM: NEUTRALIZER-ARMED KLOAKING EQUIPMENT. -- LINDA.

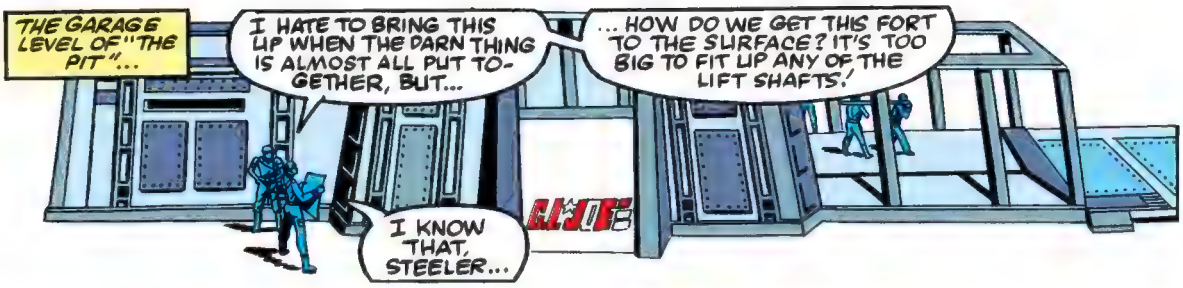
EXCELLENT! PLACE THE ESKIMO IN THE OTHER SUIT!

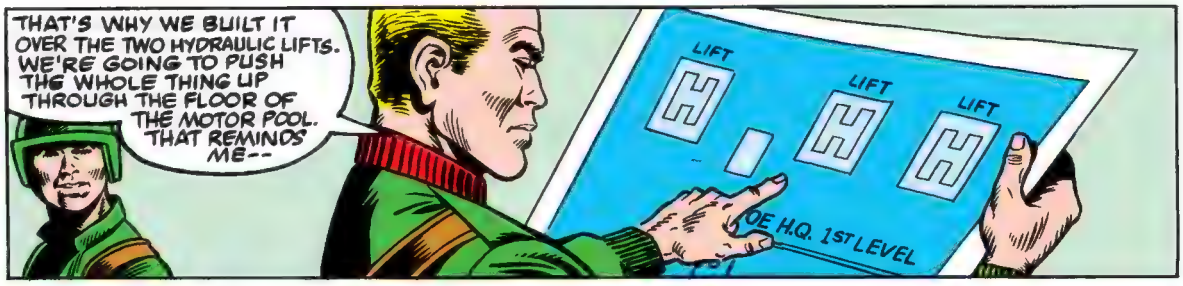
DID YOU SAY "FIELD CONDITIONS"? DOES THAT MEAN--
YES. WE'VE LOCATED G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS. WE ARE USING YOUR WHARF AS OUR STAGING AREA FOR THE FINAL ASSAULT.

IN THE LOWEST LEVEL OF "THE PIT"...
DOC, I WANT YOU AND COVER GIRL TO MOVE THE BARONESS UP INTO THE PRE-FAB FORTRESS ASAP*!
*AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

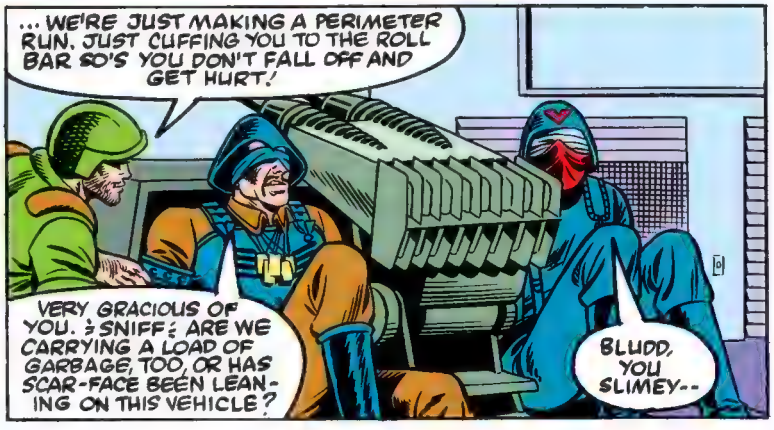

GENERAL FLAGG, THIS PRISONER IS IN CRITICAL CONDITION. SHE SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN MOVED HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.. PLACING HER IN THE MIDST OF A POTENTIAL FIRE-FIGHT IS--
I AM AWARE OF THE RISK AND THE ETHICAL QUESTION INVOLVED. I SHALL TAKE FULL AND PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

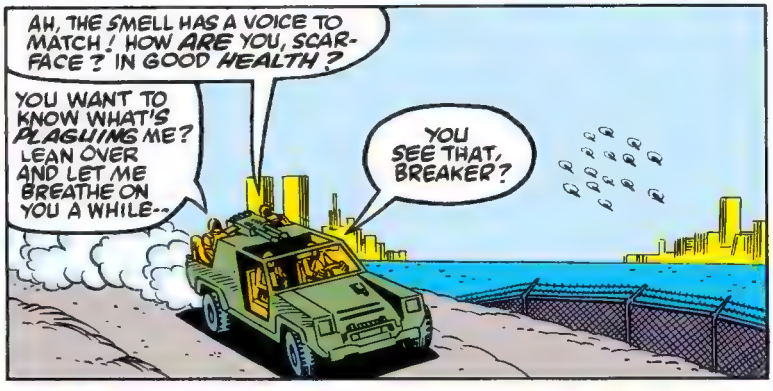

... ALL PERSONNEL WILL REPORT TO THE FORTRESS ON THE GARAGE LEVEL. AND THE REST OF THE PIT WILL BE SEALED OFF!


THE GARAGE LEVEL OF "THE PIT"...
I HATE TO BRING THIS UP WHEN THE DARN THING IS ALMOST ALL PUT TOGETHER, BUT...
... HOW DO WE GET THIS FORT TO THE SURFACE? IT'S TOO BIG TO FIT UP ANY OF THE LIFT SHAFTS!
G.I.JOE
I KNOW THAT, STEELER...

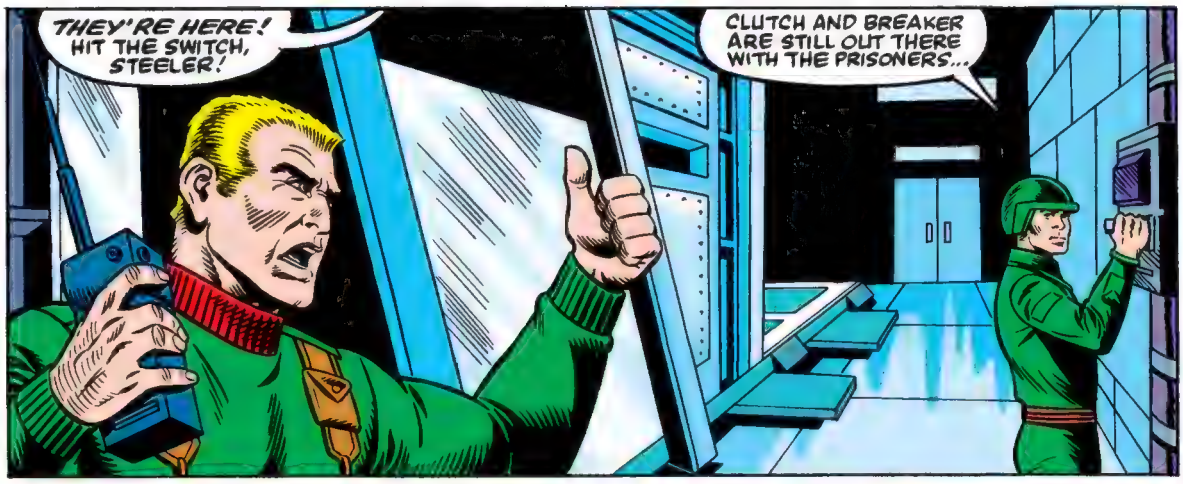

THAT'S WHY WE BUILT IT OVER THE TWO HYDRAULIC LIFTS. WE'RE GOING TO PUSH THE WHOLE THING UP THROUGH THE FLOOR OF THE MOTOR POOL. THAT REMINDS ME--
LIFT
LIFT
LIFT
OE H.Q. 1ST LEVEL

"-- BETTER CLEAR THE PRISONERS OUT OF THE MOTOR POOL UNTIL THE FORT'S IN PLACE!"
C'MON, BLUDDY-BABY! WE'RE GONNA TAKE A LITTLE RIDE!
DO I GET A ROUND-TRIP TICKET?
DON'T SWEAT IT, MAJOR...

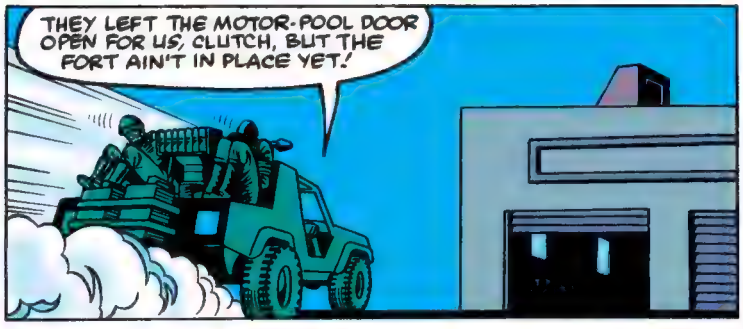

... WE'RE JUST MAKING A PERIMETER RUN. JUST CUFFING YOU TO THE ROLL BAR SO'S YOU DON'T FALL OFF AND GET HURT!
VERY GRACIOUS OF YOU. ;SNIFF; ARE WE CARRYING A LOAD OF GARBAGE, TOO, OR HAS SCAR-FACE BEEN LEANING ON THIS VEHICLE?
BLUDD, YOU SLIMEY--


AH, THE SMELL HAS A VOICE TO MATCH! HOW ARE YOU, SCAR-FACE? IN GOOD HEALTH?
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S PLAGUING ME? LEAN OVER AND LET ME BREATHE ON YOU A WHILE--
YOU SEE THAT, BREAKER?

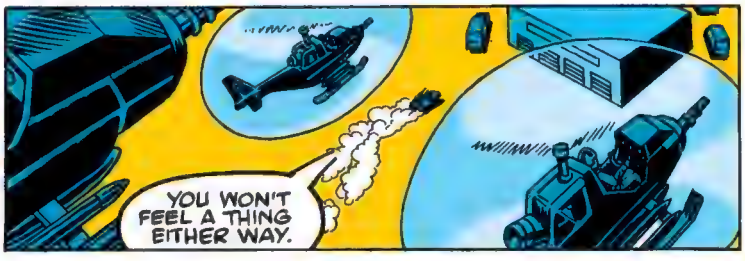
SURE DO, CLUTCH!
THEY'RE COMING IN, HAWK! CHOPPERS OVER THE WATER!

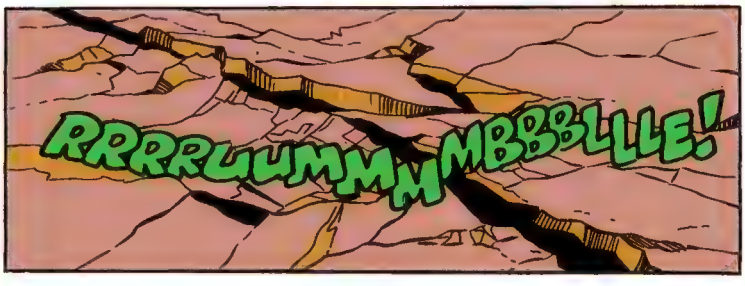

THEY'RE HERE! HIT THE SWITCH, STEELER!
CLUTCH AND BREAKER ARE STILL OUT THERE WITH THE PRISONERS...

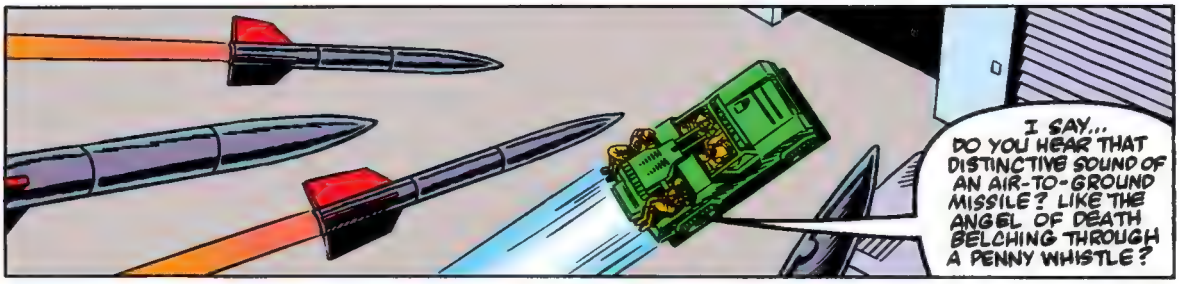
LEAVE THE GARAGE DOOR OPEN. THEY'LL HAVE TO FIGURE THE REST OUT FOR THEMSELVES!
1
2
3
4
5

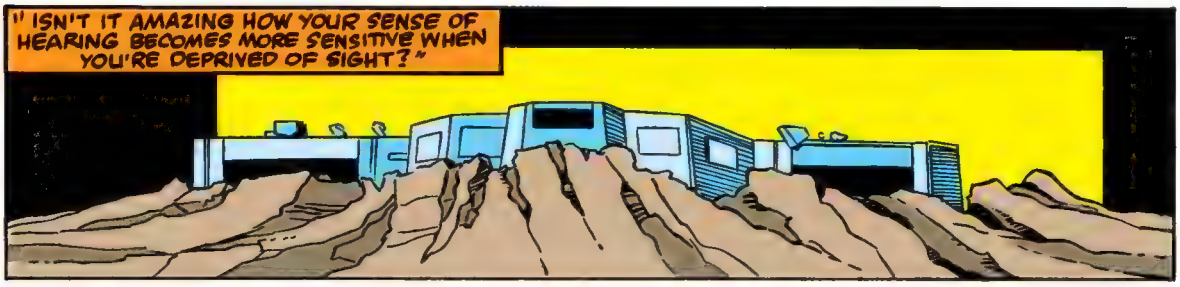

THEY LEFT THE MOTOR-POOL DOOR OPEN FOR US, CLUTCH, BUT THE FORT AIN'T IN PLACE YET!

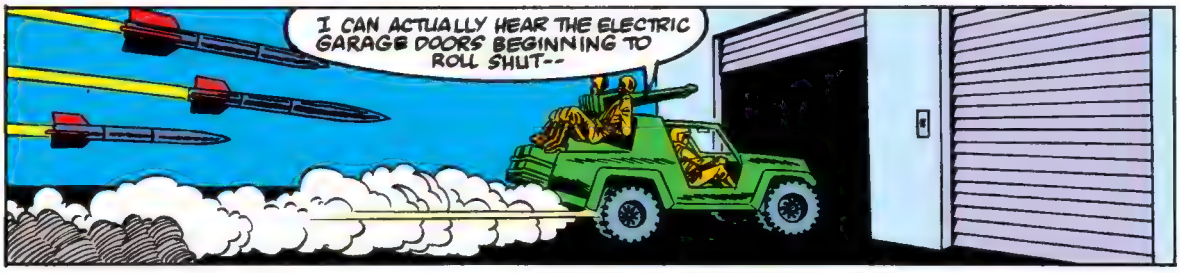
IT WILL BE BY THE TIME WE GET THERE!
YOU MEAN IT BETTER BE!
WHY WORRY ABOUT IT, BREAKER?


YOU WON'T FEEL A THING EITHER WAY.


RRRRUUMMMMBBBBLLLE!

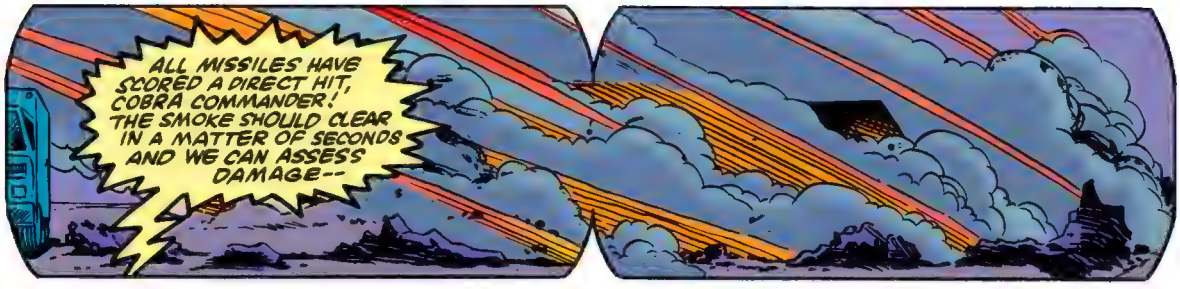

I SAY... DO YOU HEAR THAT DISTINCTIVE SOUND OF AN AIR-TO-GROUND MISSILE? LIKE THE ANGEL OF DEATH BELCHING THROUGH A PENNY WHISTLE?

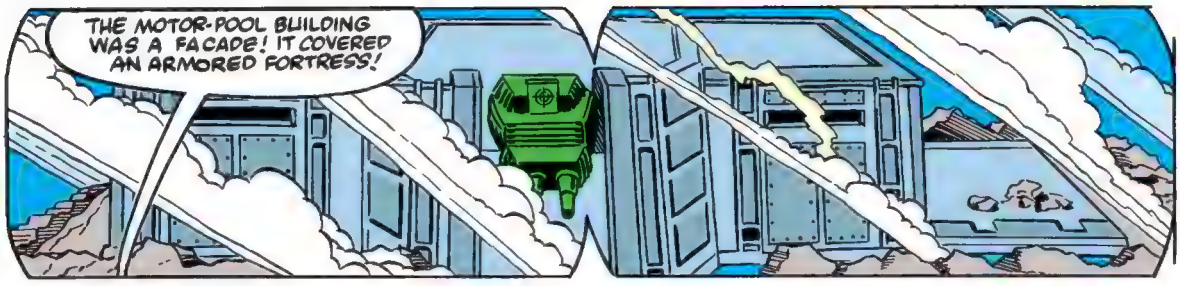

"ISN'T IT AMAZING HOW YOUR SENSE OF HEARING BECOMES MORE SENSITIVE WHEN YOU'RE DEPRIVED OF SIGHT?"


I CAN ACTUALLY HEAR THE ELECTRIC GARAGE DOORS BEGINNING TO ROLL SHUT--

CLANG!

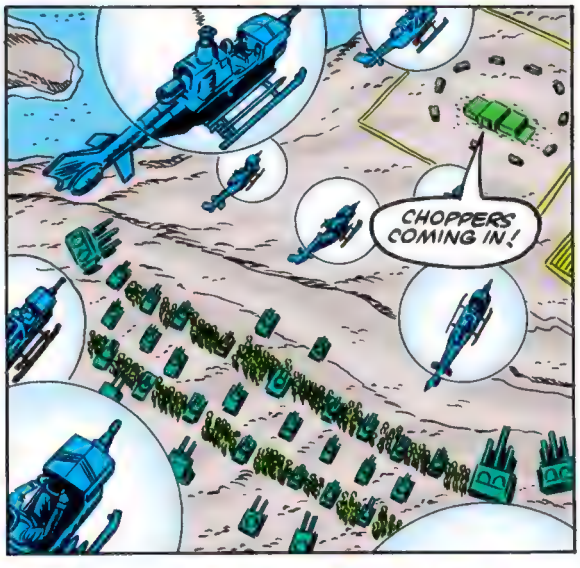
KA THOOM!

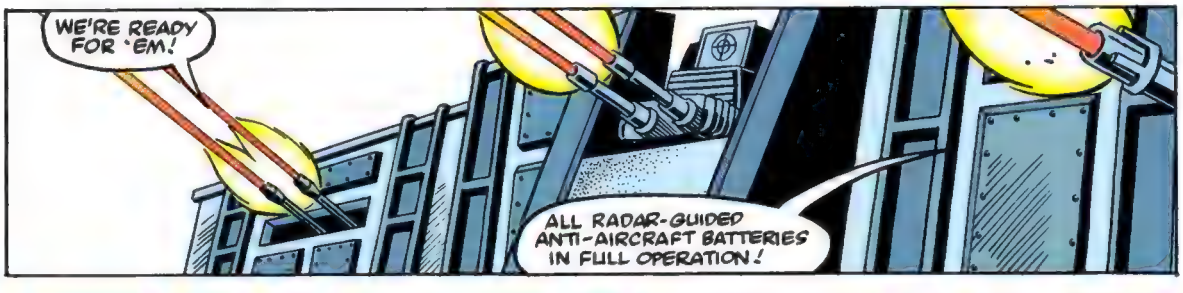

ALL MISSILES HAVE SCORED A DIRECT HIT, COBRA COMMANDER! THE SMOKE SHOULD CLEAR IN A MATTER OF SECONDS AND WE CAN ASSESS DAMAGE--

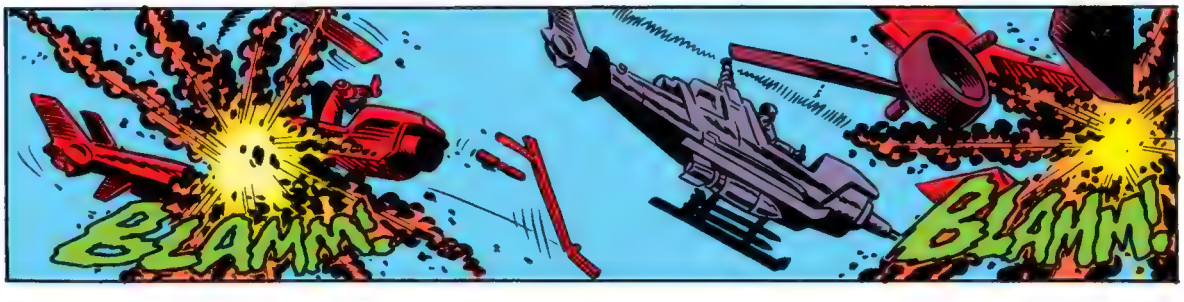

THE MOTOR-POOL BUILDING WAS A FACADE! IT COVERED AN ARMORED FORTRESS!

OF COURSE! NO ONE EVER ASSUMED G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS WOULDN'T BE HEAVILY DEFENDED!

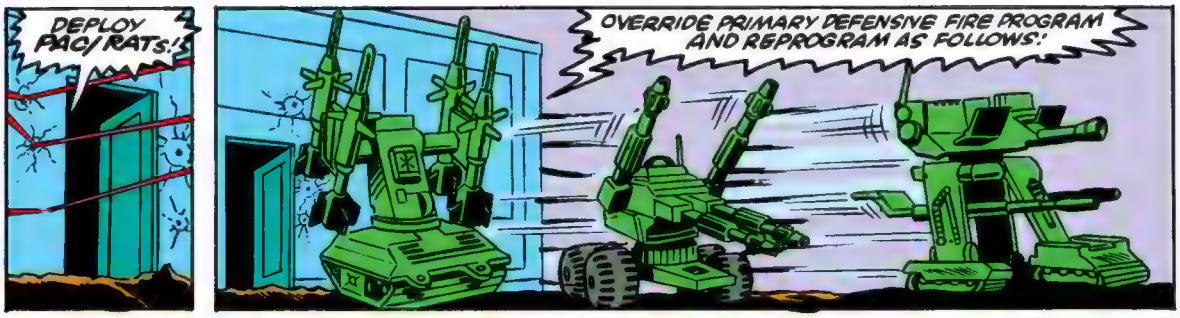
DR. VENOM! CALL IN THE SECOND WAVE OF F.A.N.G. HELICOPTERS! AFTER THE CHOPPERS MAKE THEIR RUN, OUR HISS TANKS WILL STORM THE FORT BEHIND A COVER OF INFANTRY!


CHOPPERS COMING IN!


WE'RE READY FOR 'EM!
ALL RADAR-GUIDED ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES IN FULL OPERATION!


BLAMM!
BLAMM!

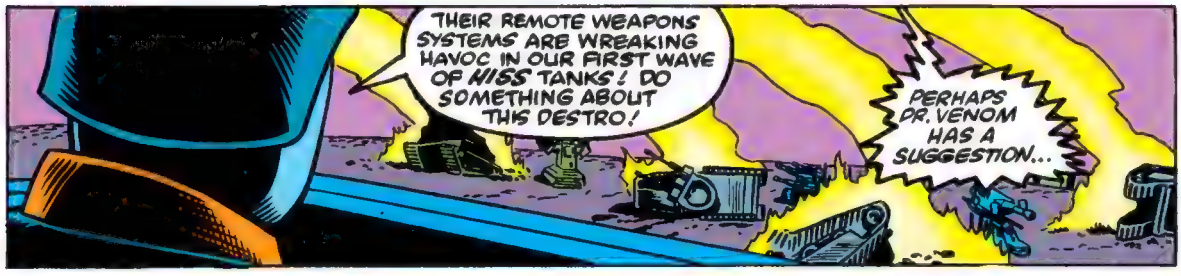
COBRA TROOPERS! FORWARD!
HMPH! THE FOOLS THINK THAT RING OF AMBULANCES WILL IMPEDE US? THEY MUST BE--
NNNNNGGGGGHH!
BLAAMM!
AMBULANCE
THEY'VE ANNIHILATED OUR AIR SUPPORT AND DECIMATED OUR INFANTRY COVER! ROLL OUT ALL HISS TANK SQUADRONS!
WE'LL GRIND THEIR PITIFUL LITTLE FORTRESS BENEATH OUR TREADS!
INSIDE THE FORT...
TORPEDO! OPEN THE SIDE DOOR FOR DEPLOYMENT OF PAC/RATS*!
HEY... BETTER THEM THAN ME!
*PROGRAMMED ASSAULT COMPUTER/ RAPID ALL TERRAIN
WE'VE NEVER USED THESE REMOTE WEAPONS SYSTEMS BEFORE. CAN THEY DO THE JOB?
WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT..
SO, "DOC"... DON'T YOU FIND IT AT ALL DEMEANING TO BE CONFINED WITH PRISONERS IN THE DETENTION CELL WHILE YOUR "COMRADES" GARNER ALL THE GLORY?
NAAA! HE LIKES IT JUST FINE IN HERE WHERE IT'S SAFE!
AWWW, YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT! I'VE BEEN CALLED A WHOLE LOT WORSE BY A LOT BETTER...

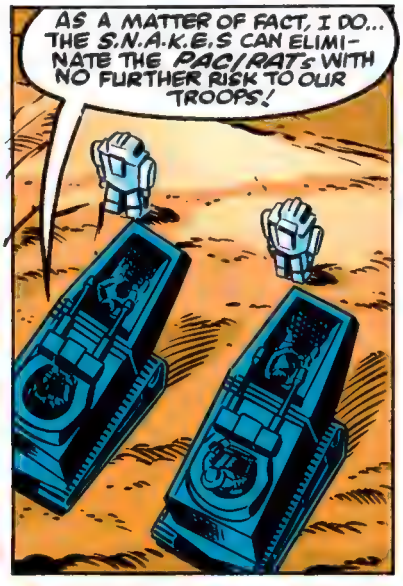

DEPLOY PAC/RATs!
OVERRIDE PRIMARY DEFENSIVE FIRE PROGRAM AND REPROGRAM AS FOLLOWS!

MACHINE GUNS TO FIRE AT VIEW PORTS AND ALL EXTERNAL SENSORS!

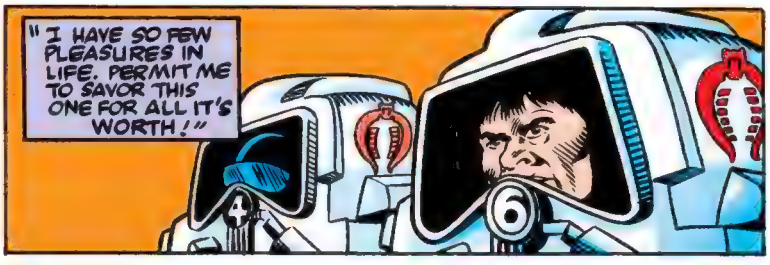
MISSILES TO DESTROY TREADS AND DRIVE MECHANISMS!

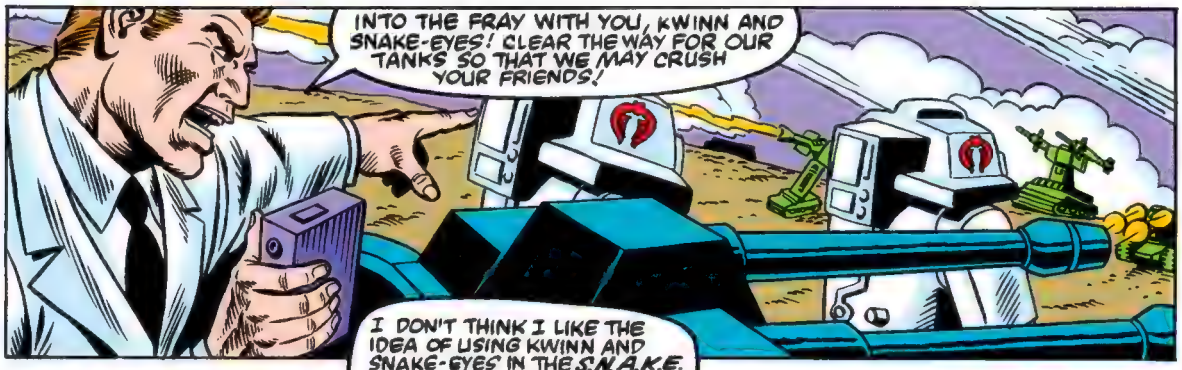
FLAMETHROWERS TO NEUTALIZE VENTILATION SYSTEMS AND ENGINE AIR INTAKES!


THEIR REMOTE WEAPONS SYSTEMS ARE WREAKING HAVOC IN OUR FIRST WAVE OF HISS TANKS! DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS DESTRO!
PERHAPS DR. VENOM HAS A SUGGESTION...

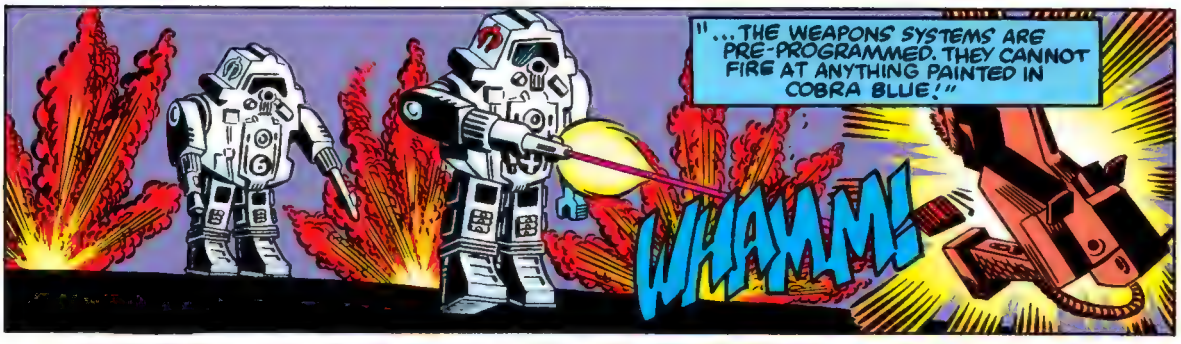

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DO... THE S.N.A.K.E.S CAN ELIMINATE THE PAC/RATs WITH NO FURTHER RISK TO OUR TROOPS!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR THEN? SEND THEM IN!!
A LITTLE PATIENCE, COBRA COMMANDER.

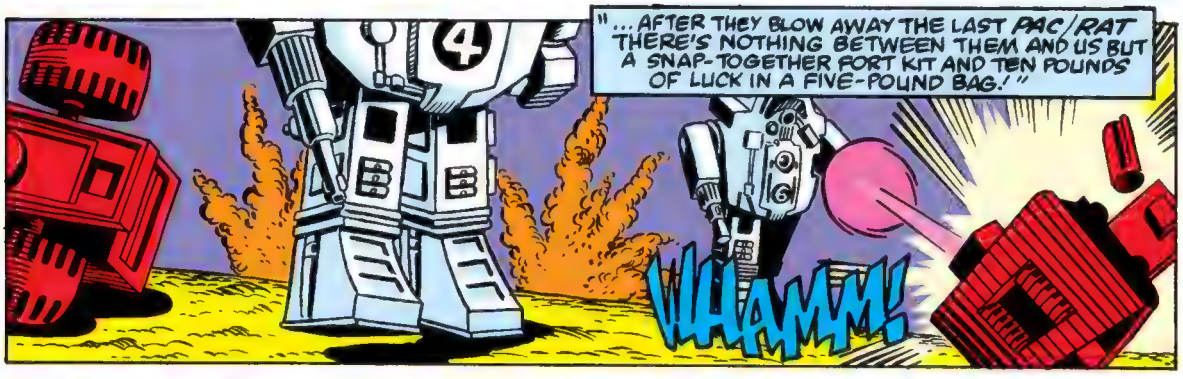

"I HAVE SO FEW PLEASURES IN LIFE. PERMIT ME TO SAVOR THIS ONE FOR ALL IT'S WORTH!"

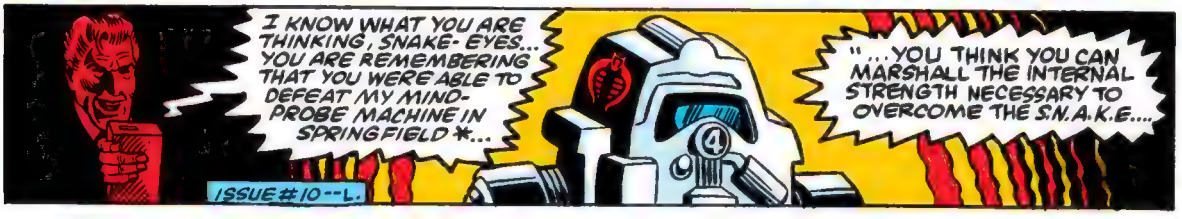

INTO THE FRAY WITH YOU, KWINN AND SNAKE-EYES! CLEAR THE WAY FOR OUR TANKS SO THAT WE MAY CRUSH YOUR FRIENDS!

I DON'T THINK I LIKE THE IDEA OF USING KWINN AND SNAKE-EYES IN THE S.N.A.K.E. SUITS! WHAT IF THEY OVER-COME THE MIND CONTROL COMPONENTS AND TURN THE WEAP-ONRY ON US--
IMPOSSIBLE...

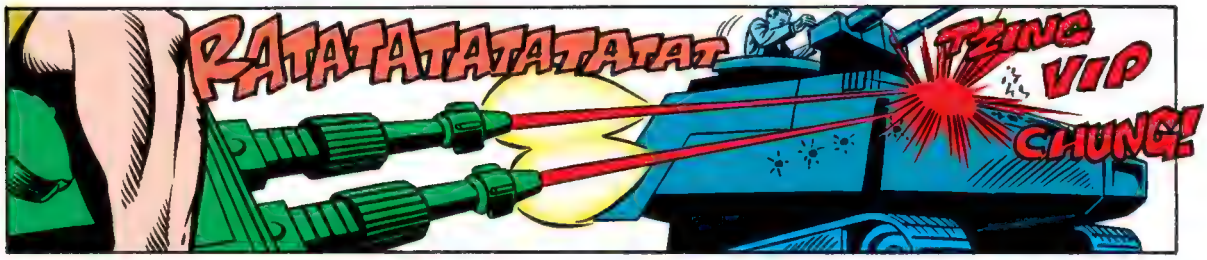

"...THE WEAPONS SYSTEMS ARE PRE-PROGRAMMED. THEY CANNOT FIRE AT ANYTHING PAINTED IN COBRA BLUE!"
WHAMM!

CRAZY... I COULD SWEAR ONE OF THOSE BATTLE SUITS OUT THERE HAS A FAMILIAR WALK...
MAYBE YOUR AUNT TILLIE FROM AKRON SIGNED UP WITH THE BAD GUYS? HAWK, WE GOTTA CALL IN THE AIR-SUPPORT.

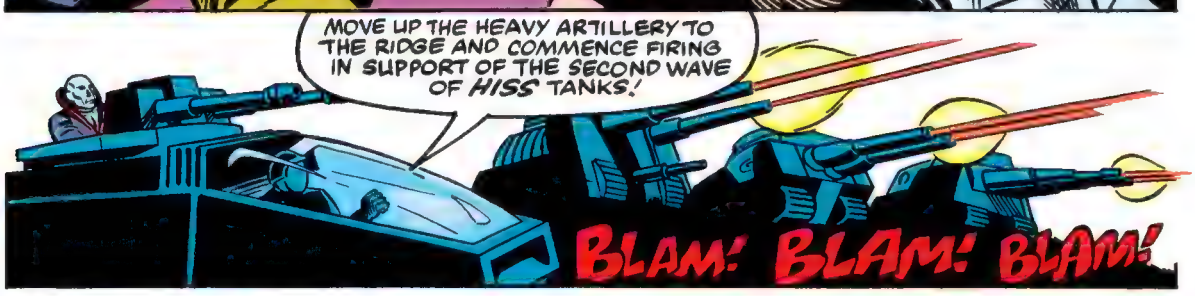

"...AFTER THEY BLOW AWAY THE LAST PAC/RAT THERE'S NOTHING BETWEEN THEM AND US BUT A SNAP-TOGETHER FORT KIT AND TEN POUNDS OF LUCK IN A FIVE-POUND BAG!"
WHAMM!

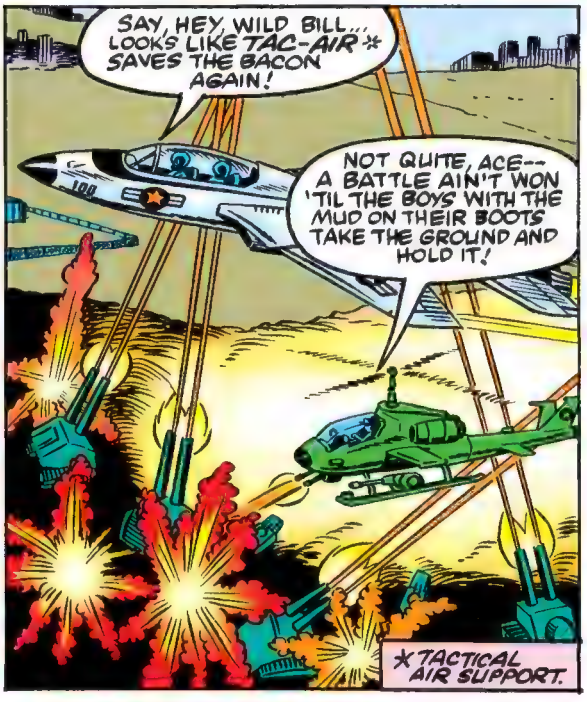

I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE THINKING, SNAKE-EYES... YOU ARE REMEMBERING THAT YOU WERE ABLE TO DEFEAT MY MIND-PROBE MACHINE IN SPRINGFIELD *...
"...YOU THINK YOU CAN MARSHALL THE INTERNAL STRENGTH NECESSARY TO OVERCOME THE S.N.A.K.E....
ISSUE #10--L.

"...AND YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT.' OH, THE CONCENTRATION WILL DRAIN YOU TO THE DEPTHS OF YOUR SOUL --"
"--THE PAIN WILL BE UNTHINKABLY EXCRUCIATING, LIKE A THOUSAND MAD DENTISTS DRILLING AWAY AT ALL YOUR NERVE ENDINGS!"
"BUT YOU WILL SUCCEED!"
BWAMMM
ALAS, TO NO AVAIL. YOUR WEAPONS ARE USELESS AGAINST ME. THE TANK IS COBRA BLUE...
HUMP!
TZING
...THE S.N.A.K.E. SUITS ARE NOT. KWINN, KILL HIM. SLOWLY.
SHADOW MAN! YOU HAVE YOUR WILL! THE SUITS ARE VULNERABLE TO EACH OTHER--
"--SHOOT THE RESTRAINING LOCKS FROM MY SUIT!"
BLAMM!
WHOOMF!
HE'S LOOSE! TURN THE TANK AROUND, I CAN'T DEPRESS THE GUNS FAR ENOUGH TO HIT HIM AT THIS ANGLE!
TOO LATE, VENOM!

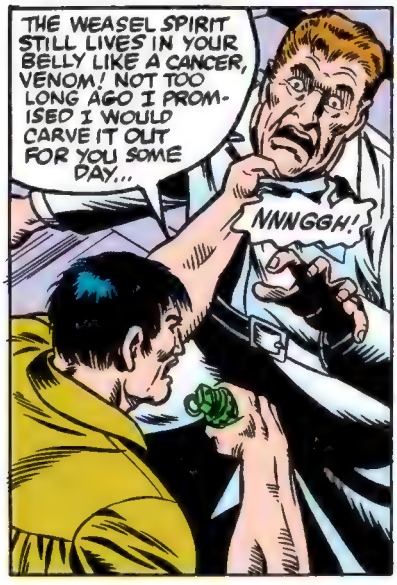

RATATATATATATAT
TZING
VIP
CHUNG!

YOUR DRIVER CAN'T HELP YOU NOW!
NOW YOU'RE MINE!


MOVE UP THE HEAVY ARTILLERY TO THE RIDGE AND COMMENCE FIRING IN SUPPORT OF THE SECOND WAVE OF HISS TANKS!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

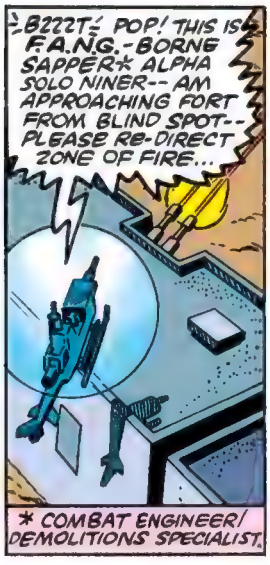

SAY, HEY, WILD BILL... LOOKS LIKE TAC-AIR * SAVES THE BACON AGAIN!
NOT QUITE, ACE-- A BATTLE AIN'T WON 'TIL THE BOYS WITH THE MUD ON THEIR BOOTS TAKE THE GROUND AND HOLD IT!
* TACTICAL AIR SUPPORT.

LET'S TAKE THE INITIATIVE JOES! MOVE OUT ALL FIGHTING VEHICLES AND DRIVE A WEDGE THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE COBRA ATTACK!


THE WEASEL SPIRIT STILL LIVES IN YOUR BELLY LIKE A CANCER, VENOM! NOT TOO LONG AGO I PROMISED I WOULD CARVE IT OUT FOR YOU SOME DAY...
NNNGGH!

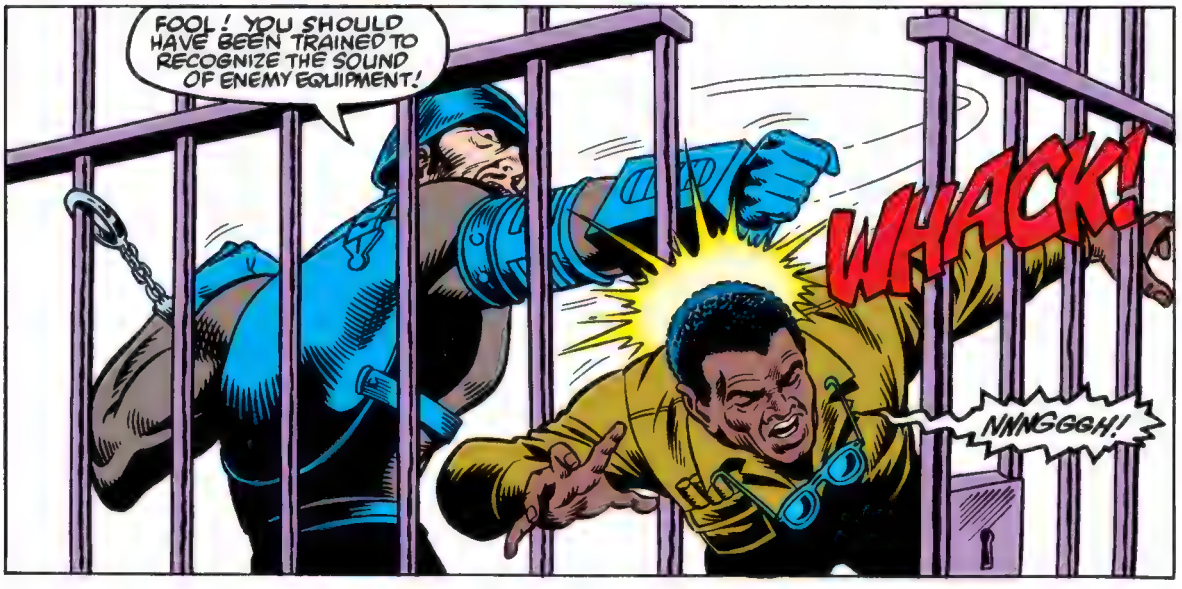
...BUT THE WEASEL HAS BURROWED TOO DEEP EVEN FOR A GUTTING KNIFE. MORE DRASTIC MEASURES ARE CALLED FOR...
G-G-GRENADE?!

YES. GRENADE. OF ALL PILLS, IT IS THE MOST BITTER. BUT YOU WILL SWALLOW IT. I'LL SEE TO THAT.


-B222T- POP! THIS IS F.A.N.G.-BORNE SAPPER* ALPHA SOLO NINER-- AM APPROACHING FORT FROM BLIND SPOT-- PLEASE RE-DIRECT ZONE OF FIRE...
* COMBAT ENGINEER/ DEMOLITIONS SPECIALIST.

--THEY TOLD ME TO SET THE TIMER FOR THIRTY SECONDS! I'D BETTER GIVE MYSELF A FEW EXTRA MINUTES TO-- BLAST! THE TIMER IS JAMMED!

SOMETHING OR SOMEBODY'S ON THE ROOF! SOUNDED LIKE A HELICOPTER. BUT WILD BILL WOULDN'T--


FOOL! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO RECOGNIZE THE SOUND OF ENEMY EQUIPMENT!
WHACK!
NNNGGGH!

THERE'S A F.A.N.G. HELICOPTER ON THE ROOF. ESCAPE IS NOW FEASIBLE WHEN MOMENTS BEFORE IT WAS NOT. LUCKILY THE MEDIC HAD THE KEYS TO MY HANDCUFFS IN HIS POCKET--
YOUR CUFFS? WHAT ABOUT MINE?
A F.A.N.G. WILL BARELY CARRY TWO AND I'M AFRAID THE BARONNESS WILL BE OF FAR GREATER VALUE AS A NEGOTIABLE COMMODITY... AS FAR AS DESTRO IS CONCERNED! SO--

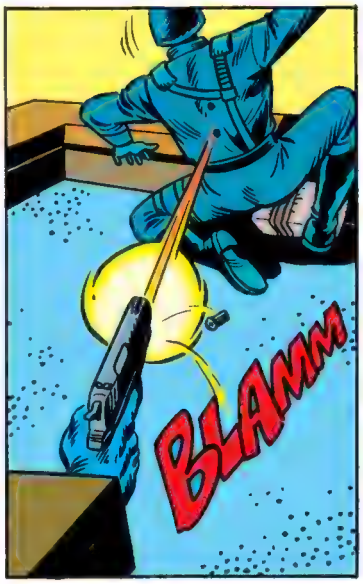
ASSUME THE POSITION, BLUDD! YOU'RE A 10-8* AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE STAYIN'!
GENERAL FLAGG!
*PRISONER

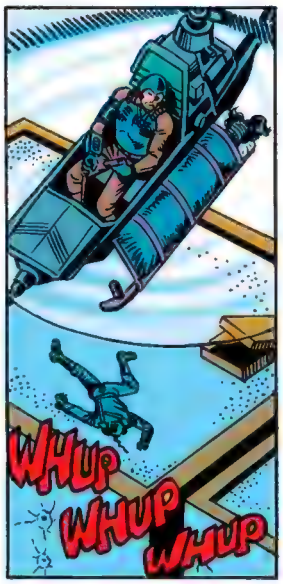
THWACK!
GO FOR IT, BLUDD!

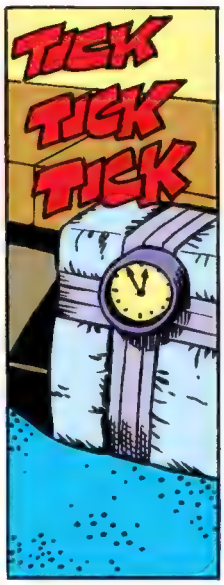
THANKS, SCAR-FACE! YOU'VE REDEEMED YOURSELF AFTER ALL!
BLAMM!

NNNNNNGGHH... WHU...
HEY! I KICKED HIS GUN OUT OF HIS HAND TO SAVE YOU! DON'T THAT MEAN ANYTHING?!
YES. I'M TOUCHED. I SHALL WRITE A POEM ABOUT YOU SOME DAY. BUT THERE'S STILL ONLY ROOM FOR TWO ON THE F.A.N.G..!

--THERE! THE TIMER'S WORKING AGAIN... LET'S SEE-- FIVE MINUTES SHOULD BE PLENTY--

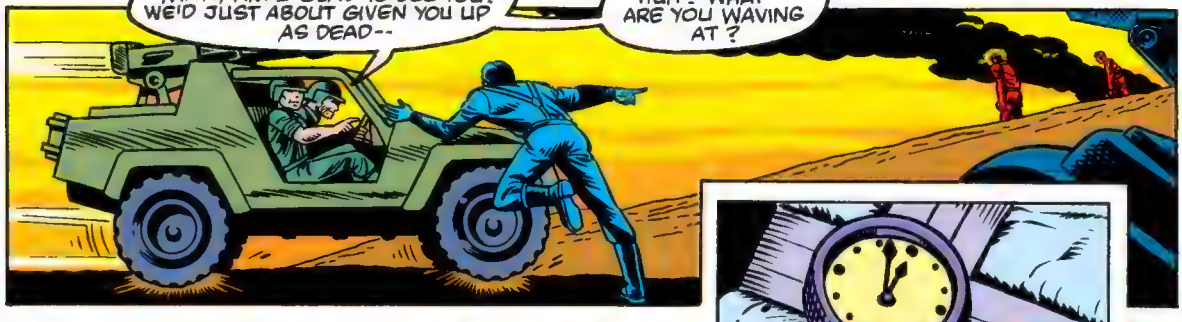

BLAMM


WHUP
WHUP
WHUP


TICK
TICK
TICK

THE WEASEL TAUNTS ME! HE WHINES AND WHIMPERS! HE WANTS BLOOD! HE LIVES IN YOUR BELLY YET HE CRAVES YOUR DEATH! THE WEASEL ISN'T STRONG LIKE THE BEAR--THE WEASEL RELIES ON CUNNING...HE LIES...

...THE WEASEL SPIRIT LIVES IN ME ALSO. I AM THE BIGGEST LIAR HERE. I HAVE LIED TO MYSELF. YOU CANNOT FIGHT THE WEASEL IN OTHERS UNTIL YOU CONQUER HIM WITHIN...
SNAKE-EYES!
TAKE YOUR MISERABLE LIFE, VENOM. I GIVE IT BACK TO YOU TO SQUANDER AS YOU WILL...


MAN, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! WE'D JUST ABOUT GIVEN YOU UP AS DEAD--
HUH? WHAT ARE YOU WAVING AT?

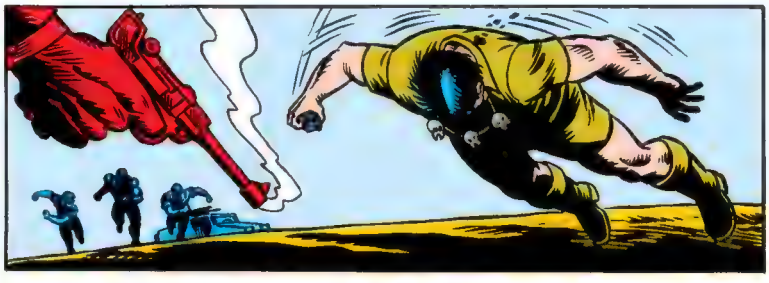
TICK TICK TICK
I'VE GOT TO GET GENERAL FLAGG OUT TO AN LZ* FOR A MEDEVAC ASAP!
YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE!
I HAVE TO! BLUDD TOOK THE KEYS WITH HIM!
*LANDING ZONE.

DON'T YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON ME, KWINN...YOU ARROGANT LOUT! YOU WEAR YOUR MORAL SUPERIORITY AS IF IT WERE A KNIGHT'S ARMOR! WELL, IT WON'T STOP--

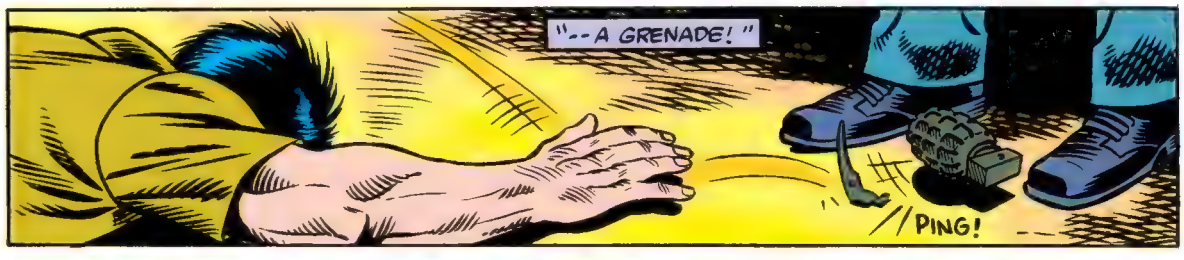
--THIS!
BLAMM!

SO, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY NOW? NO MORE MUMBO-JUMBO APHORISMS ABOUT WEASEL SPIRITS'? NO LAST LUNGE TO TRY TO STRANGLE ME WITH YOUR LAST BREATH?
NO, THERE IS NO ANGER LEFT IN ME, VENOM.

...I'VE MADE MY PEACE WITH THE WEASEL. KWINN WILL NOT HARM YOU WHILE HE LIVES -- THAT-- I-- PR-- PROMISE...



HE'S DEAD...
WHAT'S THAT IN HIS RIGHT HAND? LOOKS LIKE--


"--A GRENADE!"
PING!

...FALLEN FROM A DEAD-MAN'S HAND--

WHAMM!

TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-
G.I. JOE

KRAWHOOM!
MOTOR POOL

I COULDN'T STOP THE BLEEDING... GENERAL FLAGG IS DEAD!

WE'VE DESTROYED G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS! RE-GROUP AND RETREAT!

HOW'S THAT FOR A VICTORY? THEY LOST AND THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW IT. THE SECRET OF THE "PIT" IS STILL SAFE AND WE INFLICTED LOSSES OF MATERIAL AND PERSONNEL THAT THEY'LL FEEL FOR SOME TIME—

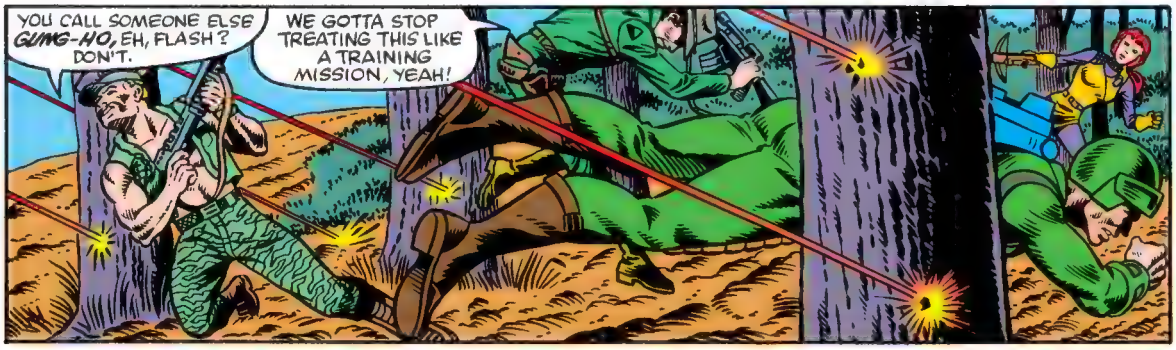
--SPEAKING OF LOSSES...IS EVERYBODY ACCOUNTED FOR?
ALL HERE EXCEPT FOR CLUTCH, BREAKER, DOC AND SNAKE-EYES...

...AND HERE THEY COME IN THE VAMP!
WHY THE LONG FACES, FELLAS? WE'VE JUST WON A--

--MAJOR...
...VICTORY.
END.

MARVEL
TM
60¢
20
FEB
02064
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
G.I. JOE
A REAL AMERICAN HERO!

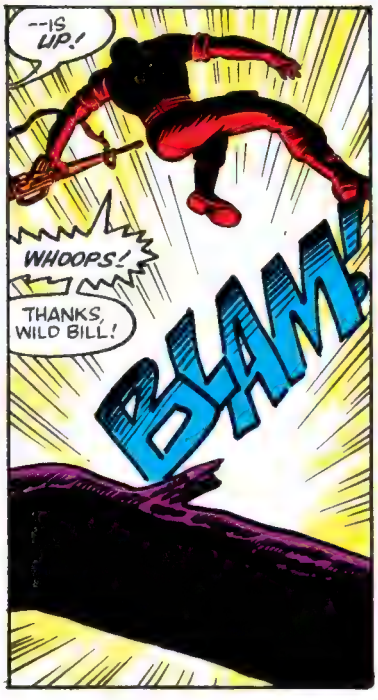
"HOME IS WHERE the WAR IS!"
BOGIE AT TWO O'CLOCK, GANG! MOVE IT!
SORRY WE'RE NOT GOING FAST ENOUGH FOR YOU, CLUTCH!
SHEESH! WHEN DID HE GET SO GUNG-HO?
STEVEN GRANT WRITER
GEOF ISHERWOOD PENCILER
D'AGOSTINO & TARTAG INKERS
RICK PARKER LETTERER
GEORGE ROUSSOS COLORIST
DENNIS O'NEIL EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

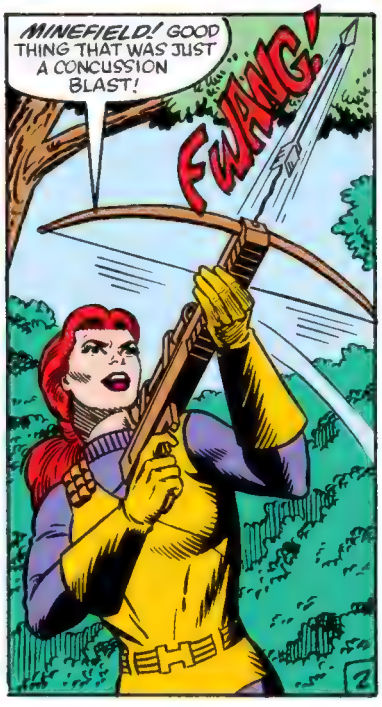

YOU CALL SOMEONE ELSE GUNG-HO, EH, FLASH? DON'T.
WE GOTTA STOP TREATING THIS LIKE A TRAINING MISSION, YEAH!

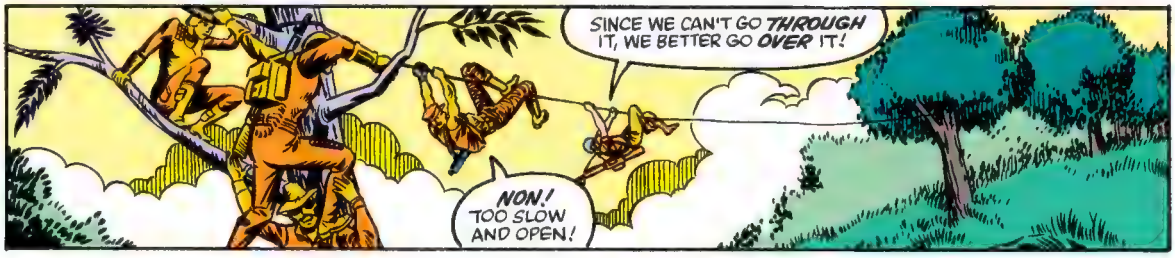
LET'S SHOW THAT PLANE WHAT'S REAL, OUI?

UH... OUI!
WHERE'D OUR CAJUN KOOK LEARN TO SHOOT LIKE THAT?
PROBABLY ON JERSEY BOYS PASSING THROUGH THE BAYOU.
BOOM!

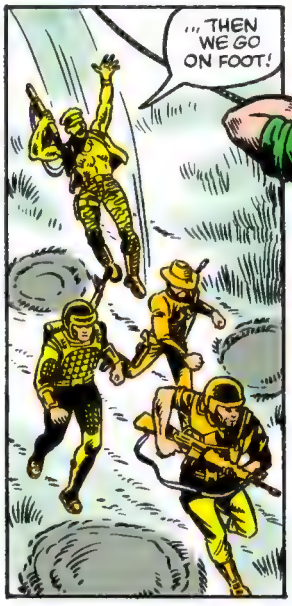
LOOKS LIKE SMOOTH ROADS AHEAD, AND SINCE I'VE GOT PLACES TO GO, LET'S GET THE LEAD OUT!
BEG TO DIFFER, PARD.
GO THAT WAY AND THE ONLY PLACE YOU'RE GOIN'--


--IS UP!
WHOOPS!
THANKS, WILD BILL!
BLAM!

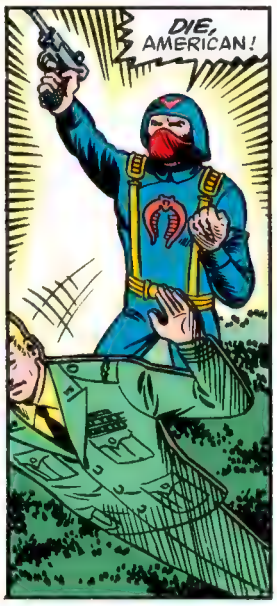

MINEFIELD! GOOD THING THAT WAS JUST A CONCUSSION BLAST!
FWANG!


SINCE WE CAN'T GO THROUGH IT, WE BETTER GO OVER IT!
NON! TOO SLOW AND OPEN!

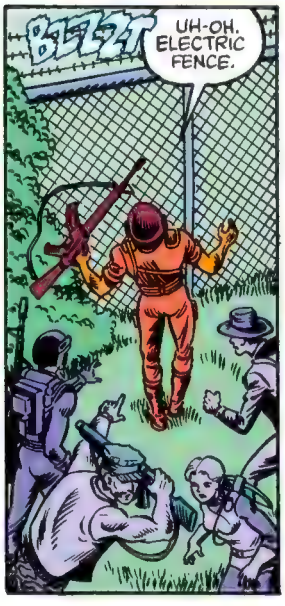
IF THE MINES GO...
BLAM! BLAM!


...THEN WE GO ON FOOT!

WHA--?! HAWK!
NOT THAT I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU, BOSS MAN, BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?


DIE, AMERICAN!

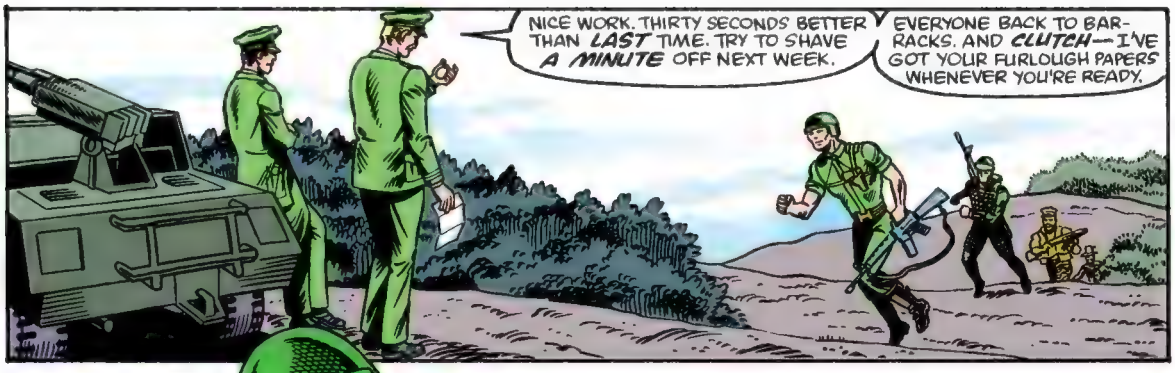
YEAH, WELL... ASK A STUPID QUESTION...
BAM!


BZZZT
UH-OH. ELECTRIC FENCE.

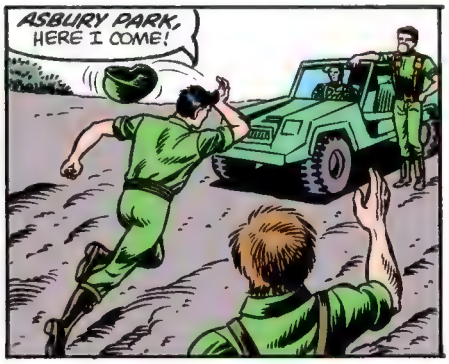
NO SWEAT. THIS THING'S GOT THE SIMPLEST CIRCUIT IMAGINABLE!
BY THE WAY, CLUTCH, NO ONE MADE YOU GENERAL
THERE. GO.

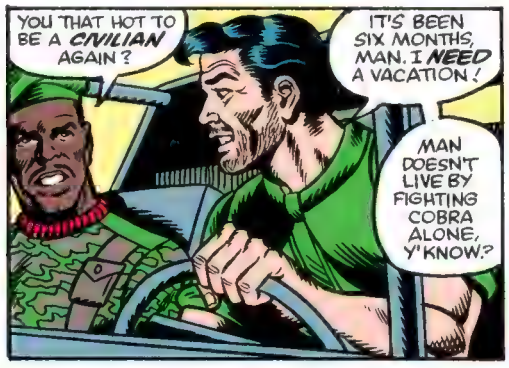
MUSIC TO MY EARS, PAL.

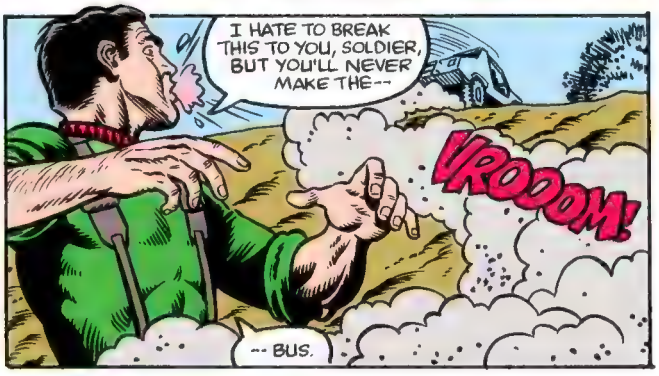
THERE'S OUR GOAL.
HOME COOKING, HERE I COME!
3


NICE WORK. THIRTY SECONDS BETTER THAN LAST TIME. TRY TO SHAVE A MINUTE OFF NEXT WEEK.
EVERYONE BACK TO BARRACKS. AND CLUTCH—I'VE GOT YOUR FURLOUGH PAPERS WHENEVER YOU'RE READY.

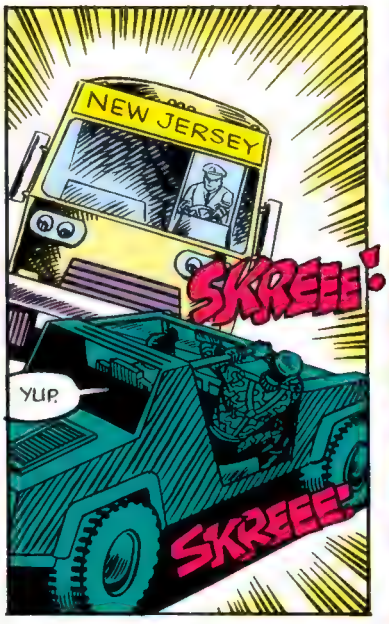
HAWK, I COULDN'T BE READIER!


ASBURY PARK, HERE I COME!


YOU THAT HOT TO BE A CIVILIAN AGAIN?
IT'S BEEN SIX MONTHS, MAN. I NEED A VACATION!
MAN DOESN'T LIVE BY FIGHTING COBRA ALONE, Y'KNOW?


I HATE TO BREAK THIS TO YOU, SOLDIER, BUT YOU'LL NEVER MAKE THE--
VROOOM!
-- BUS.

US TERMINAL
BREAKER CALLED THAT ONE RIGHT. YOU'VE MISSED YOUR RIDE HOME!
THINK SO? EVER PLAY CHICKEN WITH A GREYHOUND?
DO I HAVE TO?


NEW JERSEY
SKREEE!
YUP.
SKREEE!

STALKER, THAT WAS POSITIVELY SEDATE!
SEE YOU IN SEVEN. RAZZ SCARLETT A LITTLE FOR ME, OKAY?
4

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
NEW JERSEY
THIS IS FINE, PAL. THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING--JUST OVER THAT RIDGE.
THANKS FOR THE RIDE.
HEY! WHERE'S THE TICKERTAPE PARADE? WAKE UP, JERSEY--CLUTCH IS BACK!
NUTS!! GOOD THING THESE ARE NEW SHOES...
...OR MAYBE MY SNEAKER RUBBER DOESN'T HAVE TO MEET THE ROAD!
LET'S SEE IF I CAN FLAG DOWN A RIDE...
HEY!
CRAZY JERK WANTS TO KILL ME!
SCREEEECH
YOU!
BILLY KLINE!
YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE A BRASS BAND? HOP IN!
I AIN'T SEEN YOU WITHOUT YOUR OWN WHEELS SINCE YOU WAS ELEVEN.
I SEE YOU'RE STILL RIPPIN' OFF CARS FOR JOY RIDES!
THIS SUCKER'S MINE, SMART MOUTH! MY COMPANY BUILT IT!
YEAH?! TELL ME MORE.
5

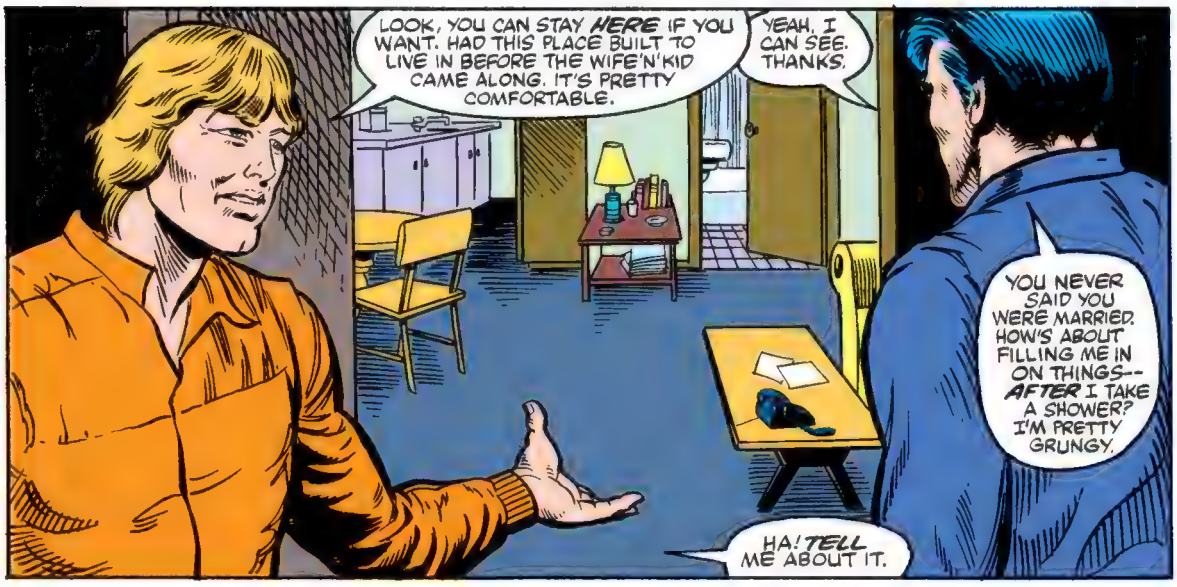
Watash INC.
AUTOMOTIVE
WHY TELL WHEN I CAN SHOW?
NICE DIGS, HUH?
WOW.

I'LL NEED SECURITY CLEARANCE FOR YOUR FRIEND, MR. KLINE.
IT'S OKAY, GUS, I'LL TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY.

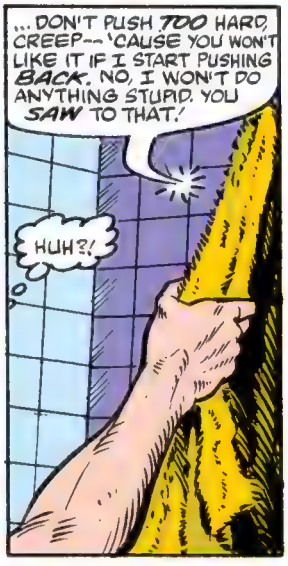
CLEARANCE?
AH, WE BUILD EXPERIMENTAL ENGINES FOR THE FEDS. THEY MAKE US KEEP AN EYE OUT.

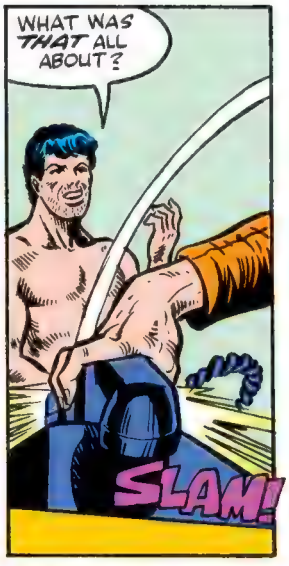
SOME OPERATION. QUITE A DIFFERENCE FROM TWELFTH GRADE SHOP CLASSES.
LIFE DON'T END WITH HIGH SCHOOL, CHUM. BUT WE CAN WORK IT LIKE THAT AGAIN -- ME BUILDING CARS, YOU TESTING AND RACING THEM. INTERESTED?

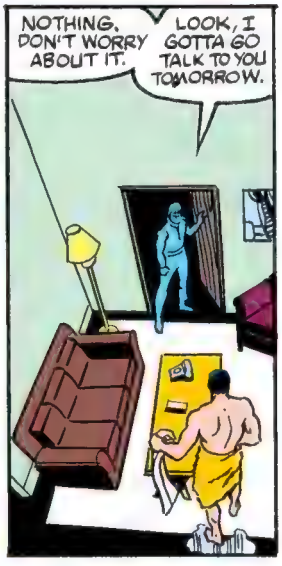
I'LL KEEP IT IN MIND. WHAT'S IN HERE? THIS WHERE YOU KEEP THE CONTRABAND?
TOP SECURITY
DO ME A A BIG FAVOR--DON'T EVEN ASK!
6

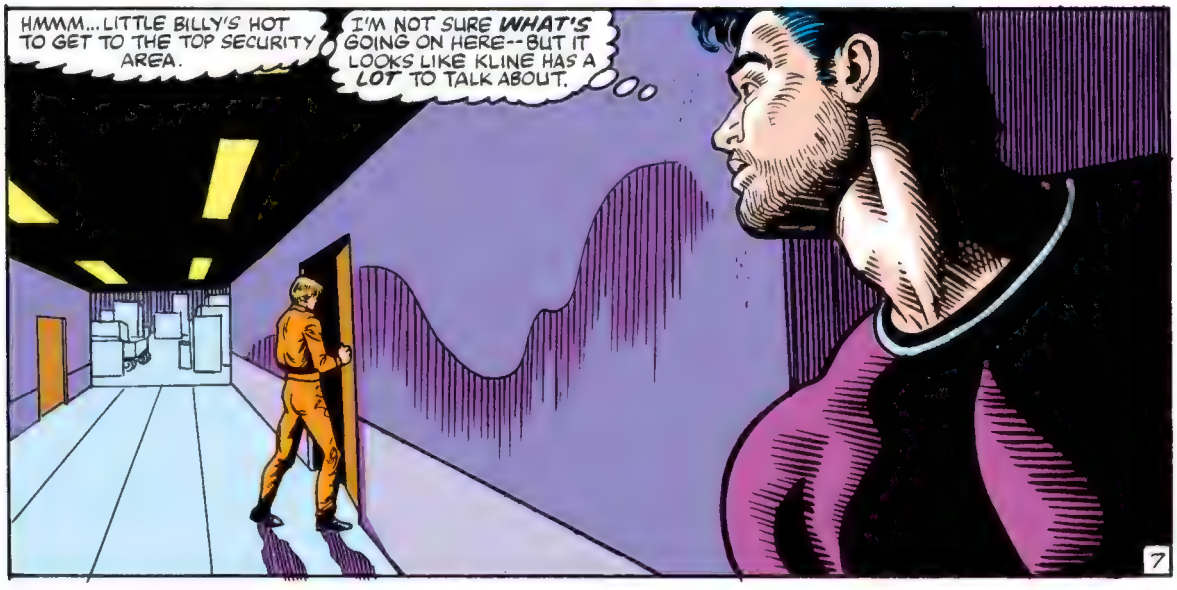

LOOK, YOU CAN STAY HERE IF YOU WANT. HAD THIS PLACE BUILT TO LIVE IN BEFORE THE WIFE'N'KID CAME ALONG. IT'S PRETTY COMFORTABLE.
YEAH, I CAN SEE. THANKS.
YOU NEVER SAID YOU WERE MARRIED. HOW'S ABOUT FILLING ME IN ON THINGS-- AFTER I TAKE A SHOWER? I'M PRETTY GRUNGY.
HA! TELL ME ABOUT IT.

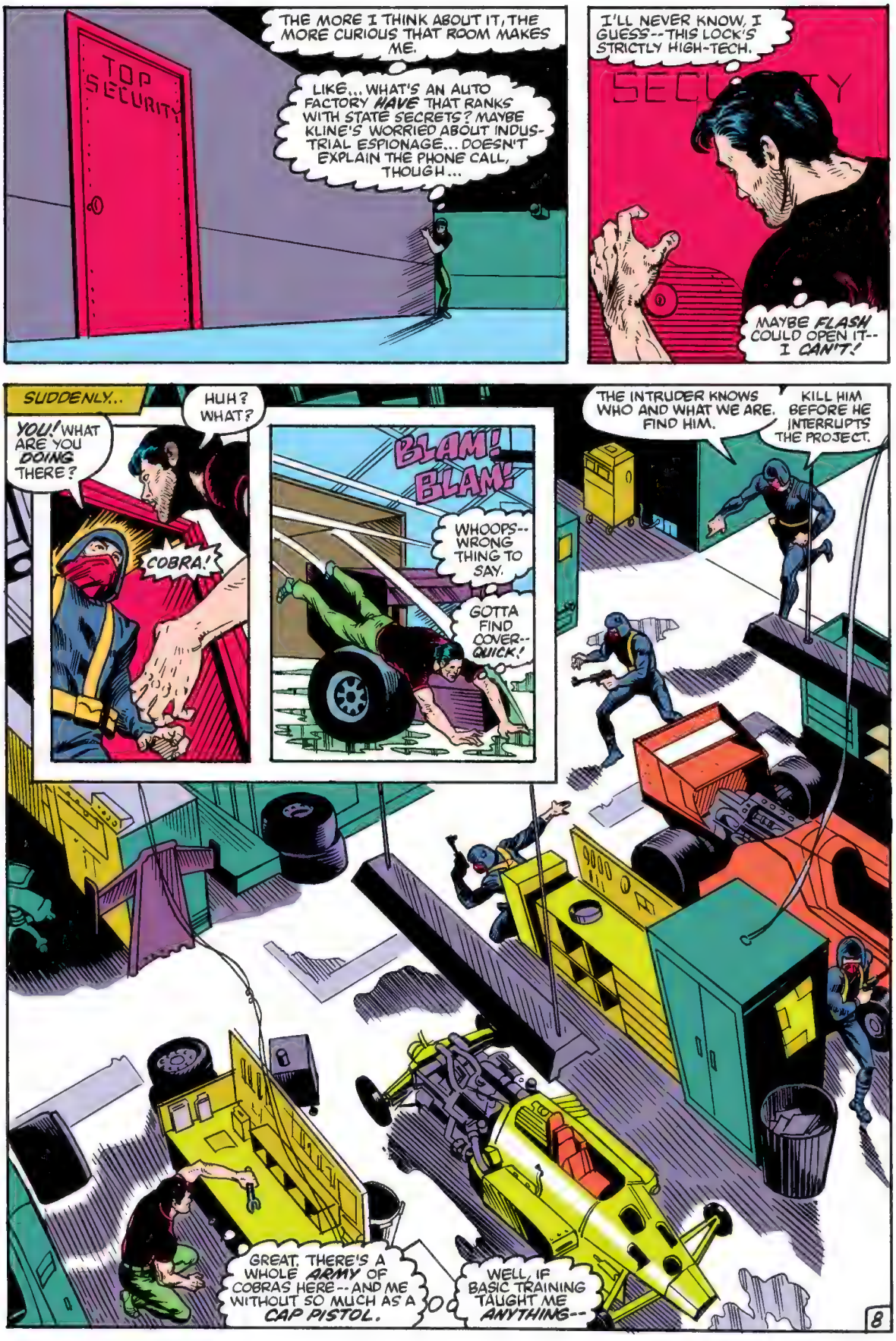
BILLY KLINE, A BIG INDUSTRIALIST--WHO'D'VE THUNK IT? MAYBE I'M IN THE WRONG LINE OF WORK.


...DON'T PUSH TOO HARD, CREEP--'CAUSE YOU WON'T LIKE IT IF I START PUSHING BACK. NO, I WON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID. YOU SAW TO THAT!
HUH?!


WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
SLAM!


NOTHING. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
LOOK, I GOTTA GO TALK TO YOU TOMORROW.

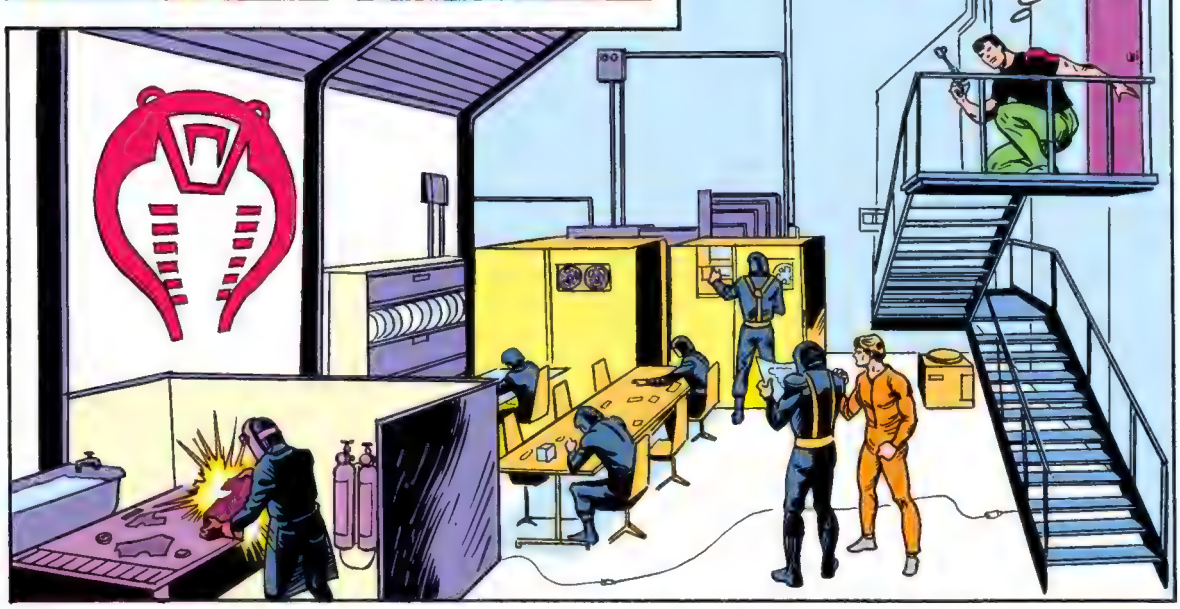

HMMM...LITTLE BILLY'S HOT TO GET TO THE TOP SECURITY AREA.
I'M NOT SURE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE--BUT IT LOOKS LIKE KLINE HAS A LOT TO TALK ABOUT.
7


TOP SECURITY
THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, THE MORE CURIOUS THAT ROOM MAKES ME.
LIKE... WHAT'S AN AUTO FACTORY HAVE THAT RANKS WITH STATE SECRETS? MAYBE KLINE'S WORRIED ABOUT INDUSTRIAL ESPIONAGE... DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE PHONE CALL, THOUGH...
I'LL NEVER KNOW, I GUESS--THIS LOCK'S STRICTLY HIGH-TECH.
MAYBE FLASH COULD OPEN IT--I CAN'T!
SUDDENLY...
YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?
HUH? WHAT?
COBRA!
BLAM! BLAM!
WHOOPS--WRONG THING TO SAY.
GOTTA FIND COVER--QUICK!
THE INTRUDER KNOWS WHO AND WHAT WE ARE. FIND HIM.
KILL HIM BEFORE HE INTERRUPTS THE PROJECT.
GREAT. THERE'S A WHOLE ARMY OF COBRAS HERE--AND ME WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A CAP PISTOL.
WELL, IF BASIC TRAINING TAUGHT ME ANYTHING--
8

--IT'S HOW TO IMPROVISE!
WHAM!
SWELL, MY PLAYMATE'S GUN IS ONLY A COUPLE OF FEET AWAY...
...BUT IF I GO FOR IT, HIS PALS VENTILATE ME!
I GOT LUCKY ONCE, BUT NO WAY CAN I TAKE OUT ALL OF THEM WITH A LOUSY WRENCH--AND NOTHING ELSE AROUND EVEN REMOTELY QUALIFIES AS A WEAPON.
OR IS THERE?
LOOK! THERE HE IS!
HEY, COOL IT! I GIVE UP! GIMME A BREAK, HUH?
DOWN
FOOL! COBRA GIVES NOTHING--
--EXCEPT DEATH--
AARRGGH!
KLONK!
SMARTEN UP, GUYS--IT'S A TRAP!
YOU NEED A CAR TO FALL ON YOU OR SOMETHING?
9

THAT'LL KEEP 'EM OUT OF MY HAIR...
ECURT!
...SO I CAN TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT...

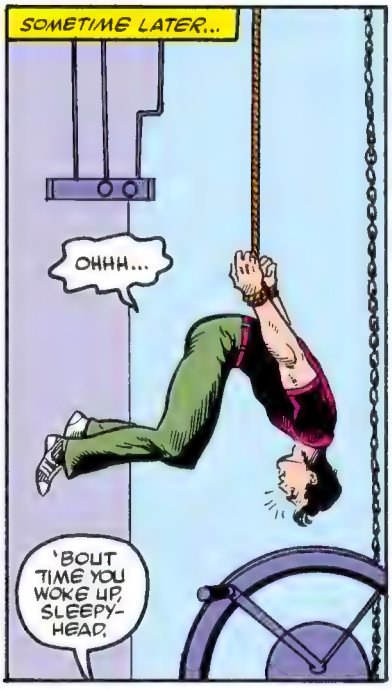
OMIGOSH.

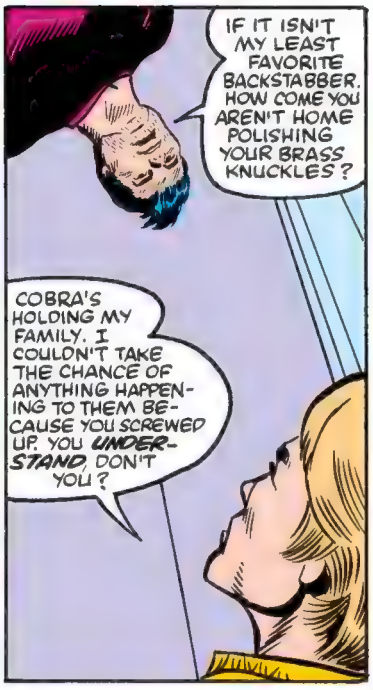

BILLY--AND HALF THE COBRA AGENTS IN EXISTENCE. THIS MUST BE ONE OF THE COBRA WEAPONS PLANTS THAT G.I. JOE IS TRYING TO FIND.
I CAN'T BELIEVE BILLY'S A TRAITOR. THEY MUST HAVE HIM OVER A BARREL SOMEHOW.
WHICH MEANS I HAVE TO BREAK THEIR HOLD ON HIM.

IF I'M NOT BEING TOO FORWARD--
EVERYBODY FREEZE!
CLUTCH! NO! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST.

WRONG, BILLY! I KNOW EXACTLY HOW TO HANDLE THESE SNAKES!

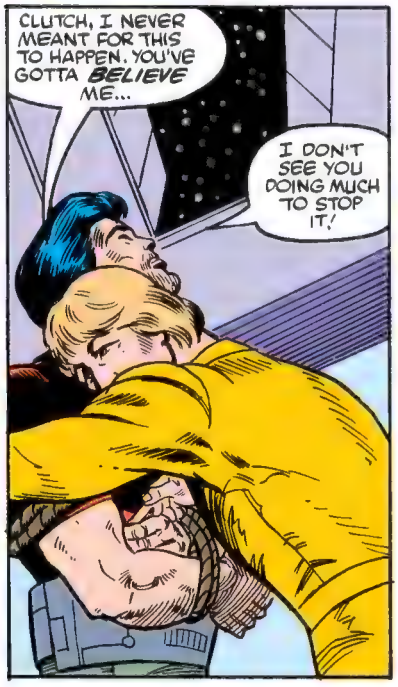
YOU FORGET, PAL-- I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE YOU!
10

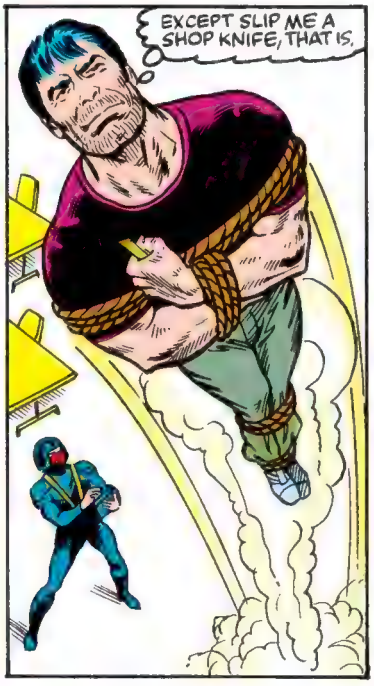

SOMETIME LATER...
OHHH...
'BOUT TIME YOU WOKE UP, SLEEPY-HEAD.


IF IT ISN'T MY LEAST FAVORITE BACKSTABBER. HOW COME YOU AREN'T HOME POLISHING YOUR BRASS KNUCKLES?
COBRA'S HOLDING MY FAMILY. I COULDN'T TAKE THE CHANCE OF ANYTHING HAPPENING TO THEM BECAUSE YOU SCREWED UP. YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU?

I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU, BILLY...
SILENCE! THE SUBJECT DESERVES NO EXPLANATIONS.

SUBJECT?!
YOU WERE GOOD ENOUGH TO DESIGN A COMPACT JETPACK TO OUR SPECIFICATIONS!
BUT IT'S NOT READY!
WE SHALL SEE.
YOUR FRIEND WILL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO TEST IT--UNDER OUR REMOTE CONTROL.


CLUTCH, I NEVER MEANT FOR THIS TO HAPPEN. YOU'VE GOTTA BELIEVE ME...
I DON'T SEE YOU DOING MUCH TO STOP IT!


EXCEPT SLIP ME A SHOP KNIFE, THAT IS.

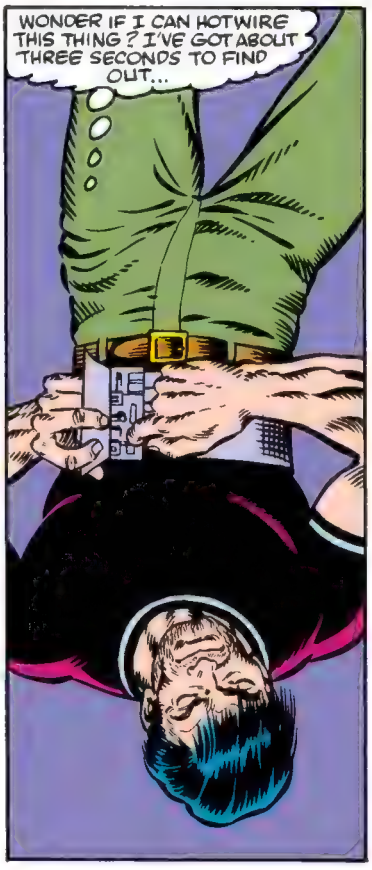
SUCCESS!
YOU ARE A GREAT TECHNICIAN, KLINE!
YEAH... GREAT...

I AM SATISFIED. THE TEST IS FINISHED.
SO IS CLUTCH IF YOU SWITCH OFF THAT REMOTE. HE'LL FALL TO HIS DEATH!
CLICK!
OFF
198
83
36
QUE SERÁ SERÁ.

MEANWHILE...
UH-OH. I WAS WONDERING WHAT THEY HAD IN MIND FOR ME IN THE LONG RUN.
SPUT
THAT SPUTTERING NOISE IS TOO FAMILIAR TO MISTAKE.
SPUT

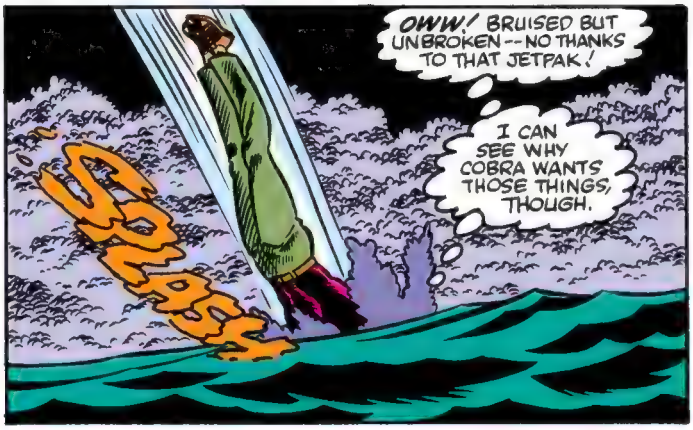
I DOUBT I'M OUT OF GAS, SO THE SNAKES PROBABLY CUT THE JUICE.
THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET OUT OF THOSE ROPES. GOTTA REMIND BILLY TO SHARPEN HIS KNIVES--IF I LIVE THROUGH THIS.

WHICH DOESN'T SEEM LIKELY, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT. WHY ISN'T STALKER EVER AROUND WHEN I NEED HIM?

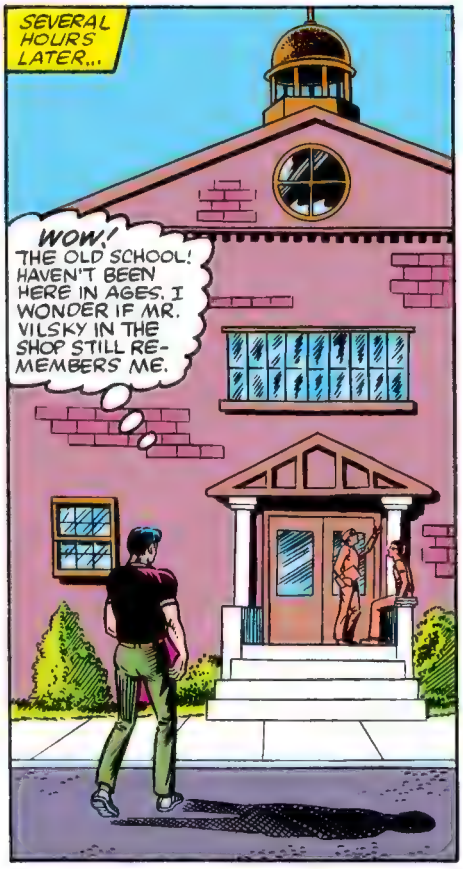

WONDER IF I CAN HOTWIRE THIS THING? I'VE GOT ABOUT THREE SECONDS TO FIND OUT...

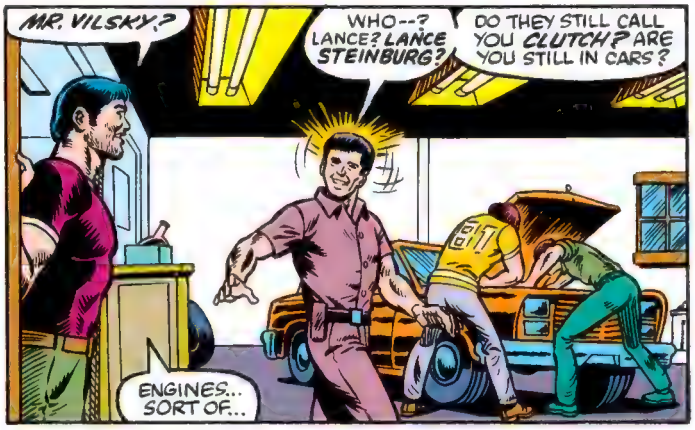
HOOHAH!
LOOKS LIKE I GET TO CHANGE FROM A SPLAT TO A SMEAR...IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY SPEED...
12

AS LONG AS I'M OVER YELLOW BROOK, I'D BETTER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.
BOMBS AWAY!

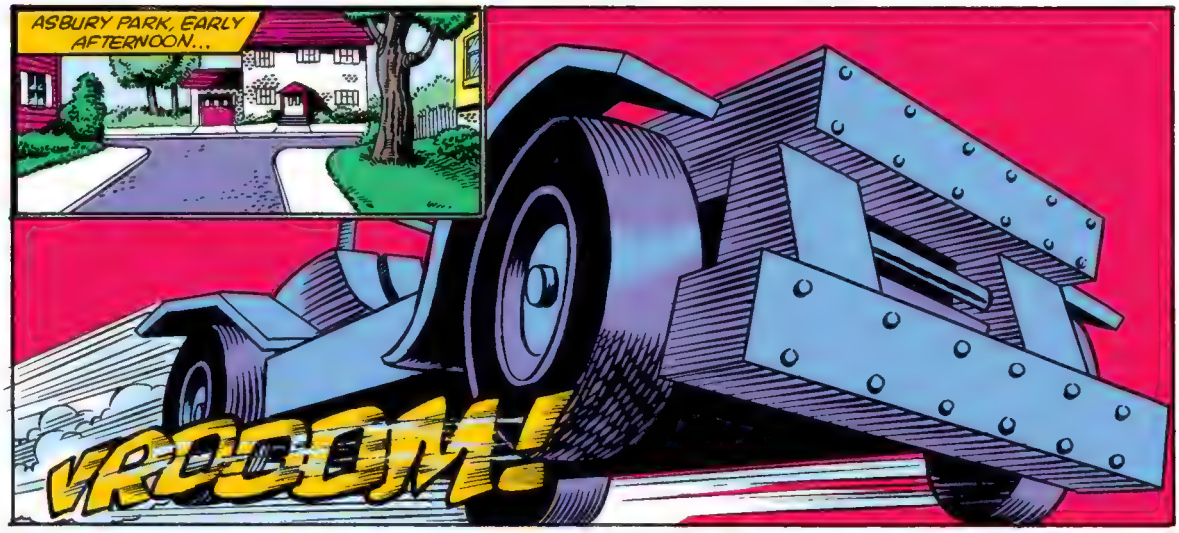

OWW! BRUISED BUT UNBROKEN--NO THANKS TO THAT JETPAK!
I CAN SEE WHY COBRA WANTS THOSE THINGS, THOUGH.
SPLASH

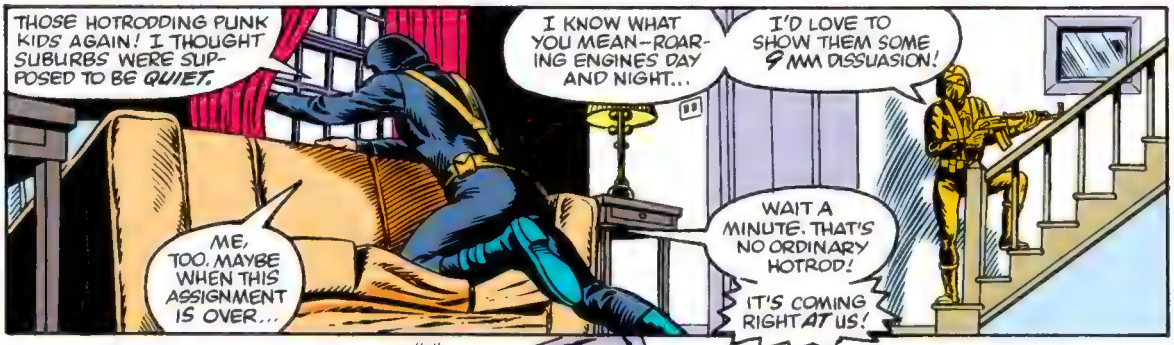
THOSE BABIES COULD BE STRAPPED UNDER AN ORDINARY SPORTS JACKET, MAKING IT EASY FOR COBRA AGENTS TO MAKE QUICK, CLEAN GETAWAYS AFTER THEY DO THEIR DIRTY WORK.
SOMEBODY BETTER STOP THEM.
SOMEBODY LIKE ME!

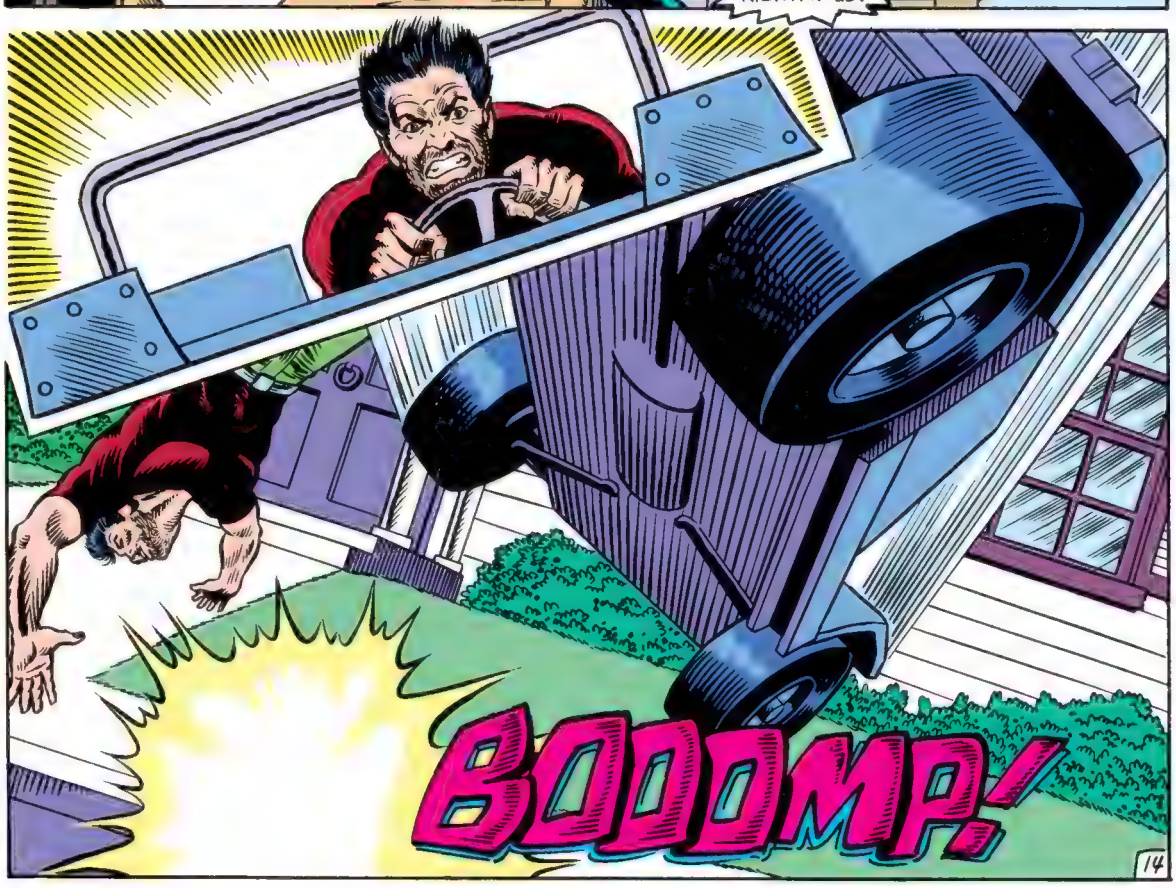

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
WOW! THE OLD SCHOOL! HAVEN'T BEEN HERE IN AGES. I WONDER IF MR. VILSKY IN THE SHOP STILL REMEMBERS ME.


MR. VILSKY?
WHO--? LANCE? LANCE STEINBURG?
DO THEY STILL CALL YOU CLUTCH? ARE YOU STILL IN CARS?
ENGINES... SORT OF...

WELL, IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME. GLAD TO SEE YOU.
GOOD TO SEE YOU, SIR.
MR. VILSKY... I NEED A FAVOR...
13

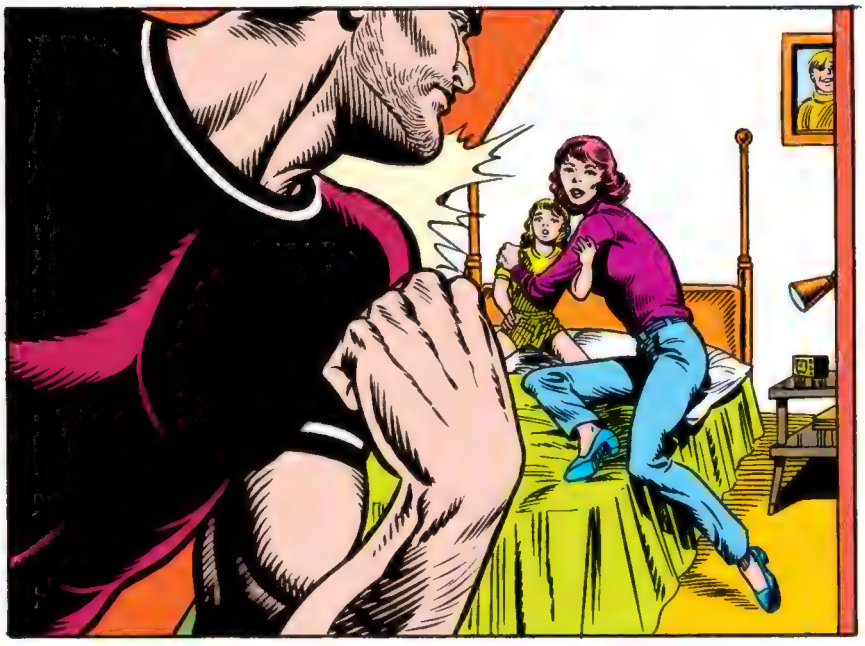

ASBURY PARK, EARLY AFTERNOON...
VROOOM!


THOSE HOTRODDING PUNK KIDS AGAIN! I THOUGHT SUBURBS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE QUIET.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN—ROARING ENGINES DAY AND NIGHT...
I'D LOVE TO SHOW THEM SOME 9 MM DISSUASION!
ME, TOO. MAYBE WHEN THIS ASSIGNMENT IS OVER...
WAIT A MINUTE. THAT'S NO ORDINARY HOTROD!
IT'S COMING RIGHT AT US!


BOOOMP!
14

KRRAASH!
DIDJA LIKE THAT, GUYS? IT'S A LITTLE TRICK I PICKED UP IN MY CHILDHOOD!
POK!
BLAM!
IF A SPEEDING CAR HITS A SMALL HOUSE JUST RIGHT, IT'LL KNOCK THE HOUSE BACK OFF ITS FOUNDATION. BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT, HUH?
PAM!
HEY-- DON'T THINK I MEANT YOU'RE IGNORANT.
I ONLY FOUND OUT BY ACCIDENT MYSELF.
15

MRS. KLINE!



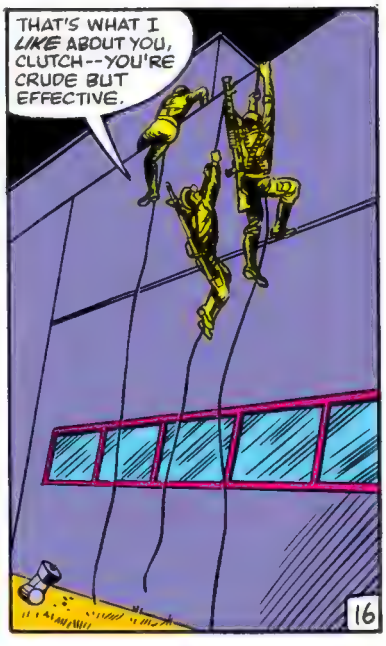
PACK SOME THINGS AND HEAD FOR THE HILLS.
IF I CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH SOME FRIENDS OF MINE, BILLY'LL BE HOME BY DINNERTIME.

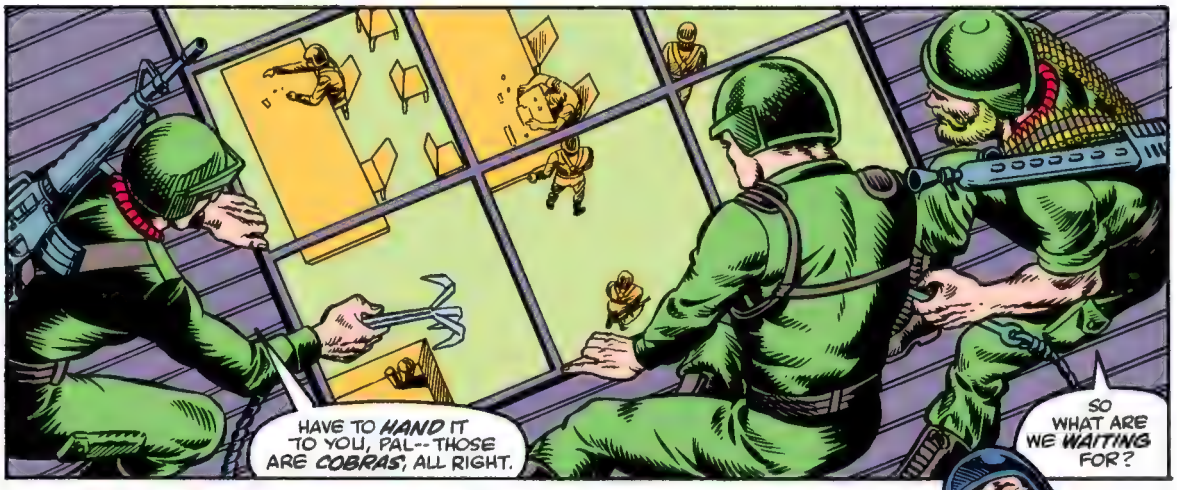
LATE AFTERNOON...
YOU SURE THIS FACTORY'S A COBRA DEN, CLUTCH? LOOKS PRETTY PEACEFUL TO ME.
BELIEVE IT, HAWK. IF THE SECURITY GUARD RAISES THE ALARM, YOU'LL SEE MORE COBRAS THAN YOU CAN SHAKE A CAMSHAFT AT.
WE'VE GOTTA GET IN WITHOUT RAISING A RUCKUS...

"...WHICH MEANS WE GOTTA TAKE CARE OF THE GUARD!"
WHAT IN--?!
TOK!

WHO'S OUT THERE?

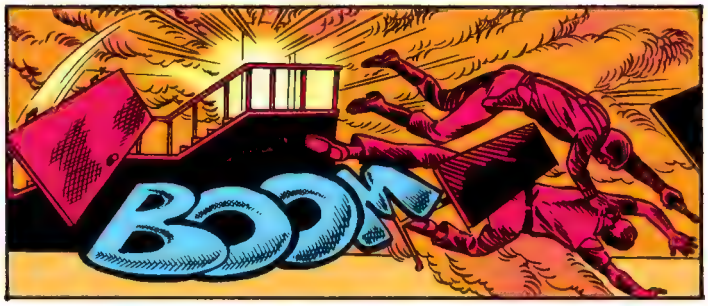
ARGO SECURITY
OHHH... JUST LITTLE OL' ME...
BAP!


THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, CLUTCH--YOU'RE CRUDE BUT EFFECTIVE.
16


HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, PAL--THOSE ARE COBRAS, ALL RIGHT.
SO WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

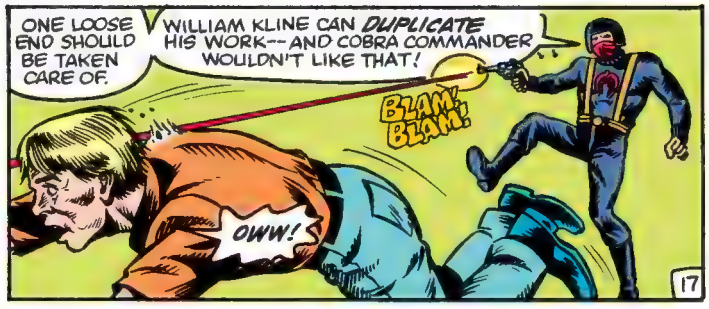
LET'S GET 'EM!
KRASH!
G.I. JOE?! HERE? NOW? IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!

NO MATTER! THE PROJECT IS FINISHED -- THE JETPAK READY!
AND WE HAVE HOSTAGES A'PLENTY TO SLAY IF YOU DON'T THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS, FOOLS!
I'LL COUNT TO THREE... ONE... TWO...


BOOM

SURPRISE, CREEP!
NOW I'LL COUNT TO THREE...

PROJECT LEADER TO MISSION CENTRAL. AM ABORTING CLEANUP AND COMING IN.
I BRING THE PROTOTYPE.


ONE LOOSE END SHOULD BE TAKEN CARE OF.
WILLIAM KLINE CAN DUPLICATE HIS WORK--AND COBRA COMMANDER WOULDN'T LIKE THAT!
BLAM! BLAM!
OWW!
17

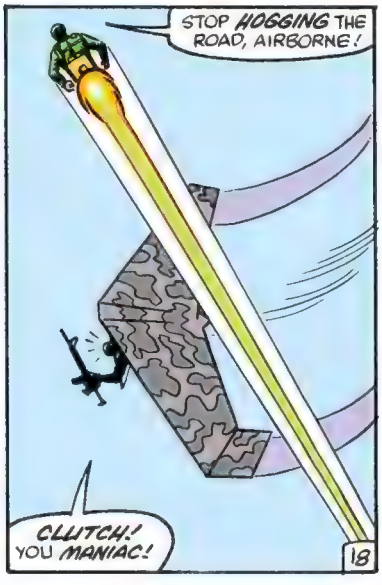
DESPITE YOUR INTERFERENCE, G.I. JOE, THIS HAS BEEN A MOST SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.
CIAO, FOOLS.
HEY! HE'S PUTTING ON THE JETPAK I TOLD YOU ABOUT! IF HE GETS INTO THE AIR...

...WE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM. BLAST IT!
HOW'S BILLY, DOC?
COUPLE CLEAN WOUNDS. HE'LL BE OKAY.
CLUTCH... THERE'S ANOTHER JETPAK...

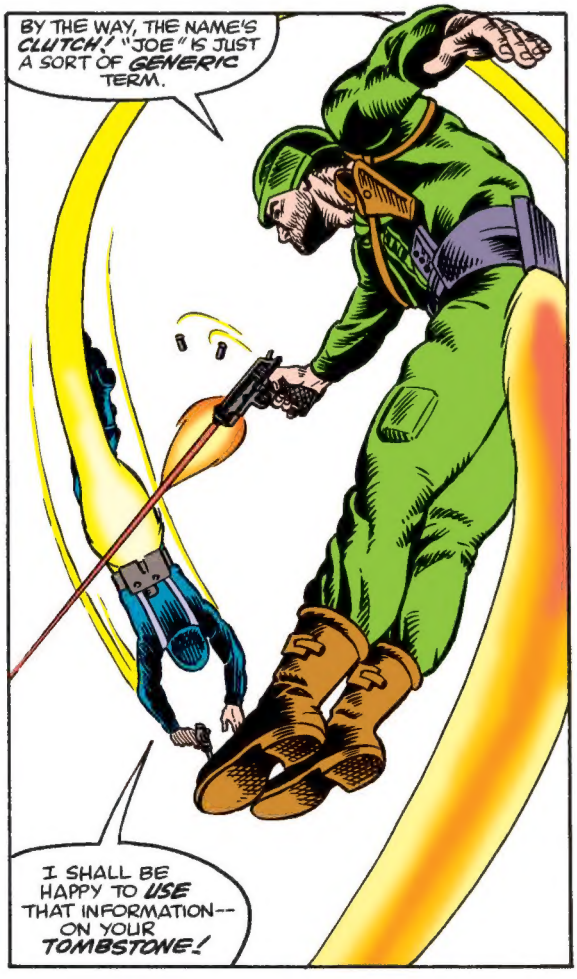
IN LOCKER... MADE TWO... COBRAS DIDN'T REALIZE...
HERE IT IS! BILLY-BOY, WE'VE GOT A CHANCE!
AIRBORNE! THERE'S A COBRA COMING AT YOU STOP HIM!

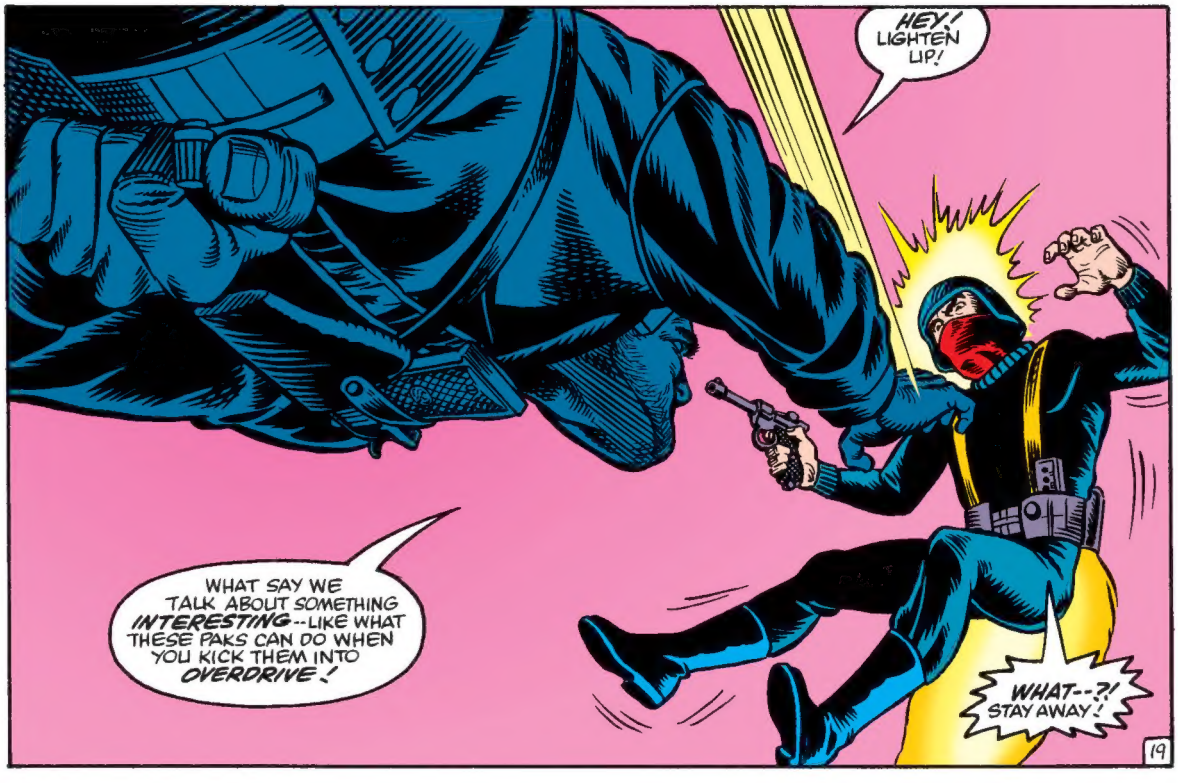
SOON...
I READ YOU, HAWK, BUT THERE'S NOTHING HERE--
YOW!
BUDDA! BUDDA!!

WHATEVER THAT WAS, IT WENT BY LIKE I WAS STANDING STILL. BARELY SAW IT...
LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER ONE COMING.

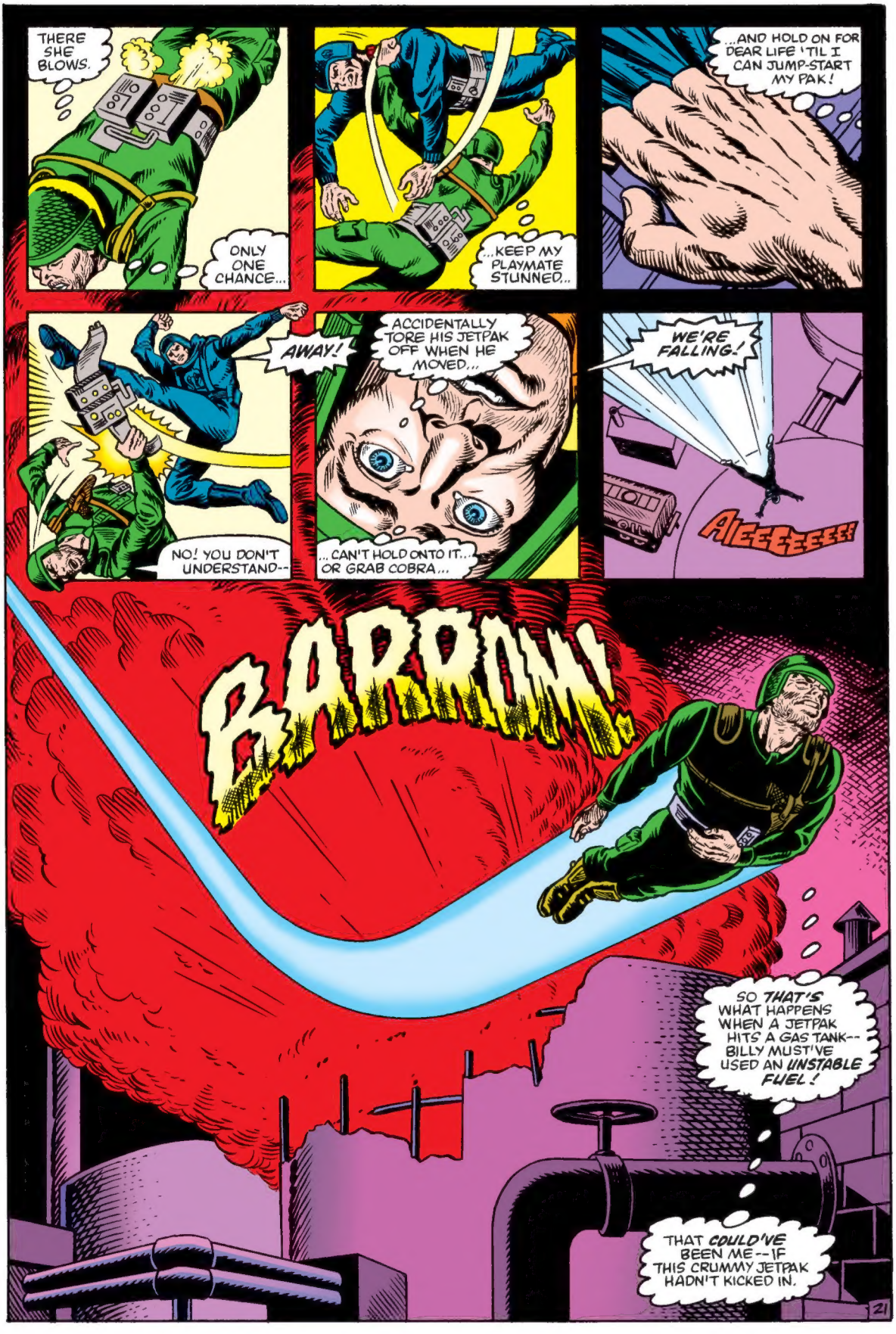

STOP HOGGING THE ROAD, AIRBORNE!
CLUTCH! YOU MANIAC!
18

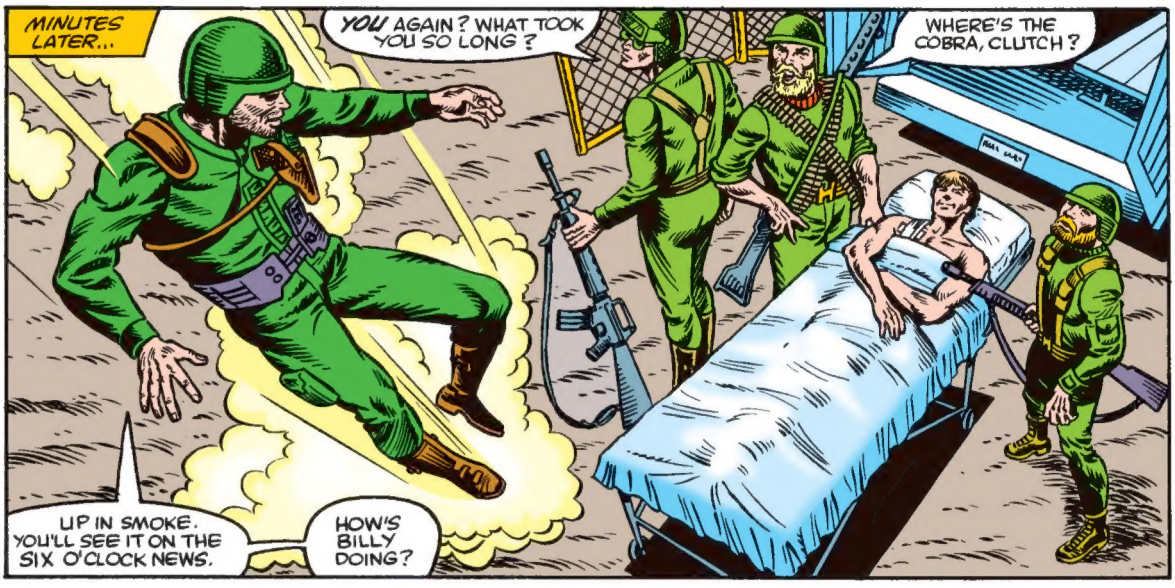
YOU DARE FOLLOW ME HERE? YOU OUTDO YOUR REPUTATION FOR STUPIDITY, JOE.
DON'T PAT YOUR BACK TOO HARD, PAL. A REALLY SMART COBRA WOULD'VE RECOGNIZED ME THE FIRST TIME WE MET.


BY THE WAY, THE NAME'S CLUTCH! "JOE" IS JUST A SORT OF GENERIC TERM.
I SHALL BE HAPPY TO USE THAT INFORMATION--ON YOUR TOMBSTONE!


HEY! LIGHTEN UP!
WHAT SAY WE TALK ABOUT SOMETHING INTERESTING--LIKE WHAT THESE PAKS CAN DO WHEN YOU KICK THEM INTO OVERDRIVE!
WHAT--?! STAY AWAY!
19

BAM!
BAM!
DUMB, DUMB, DUMB. THAT LITTLE STUNT CUT OUT THE MOTOR--AND ME HALF A MILE HIGH OVER A GAS FARM.
SURE FELT GOOD, THOUGH.
20


THERE SHE BLOWS.
ONLY ONE CHANCE...
...KEEP MY PLAYMATE STUNNED...
...AND HOLD ON FOR DEAR LIFE 'TIL I CAN JUMP-START MY PAK!
AWAY!
NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--
ACCIDENTALLY TORE HIS JETPAK OFF WHEN HE MOVED...
...CAN'T HOLD ONTO IT... OR GRAB COBRA...
WE'RE FALLING!
AIEEEEEEEE!
BARROM!
SO THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A JETPAK HITS A GAS TANK-- BILLY MUST'VE USED AN UNSTABLE FUEL!
THAT COULD'VE BEEN ME--IF THIS CRUMMY JETPAK HADN'T KICKED IN.
21


MINUTES LATER...
YOU AGAIN? WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
WHERE'S THE COBRA, CLUTCH?
UP IN SMOKE. YOU'LL SEE IT ON THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS.
HOW'S BILLY DOING?

GREAT--AND I HEAR LORI AND THE KID CAN SAY THE SAME.
THANKS. I WANT YOU TO STAY WITH US FOR THE REST OF YOUR VACATION.

NICE OFFER--BUT I'VE GOT OTHER IDEAS.

YEAH? WHERE'RE YOU GOING TO SPEND YOUR FURLOUGH?
JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME...

...I'VE HAD ABOUT ALL THE REST AND RELAXATION I CAN STAND!